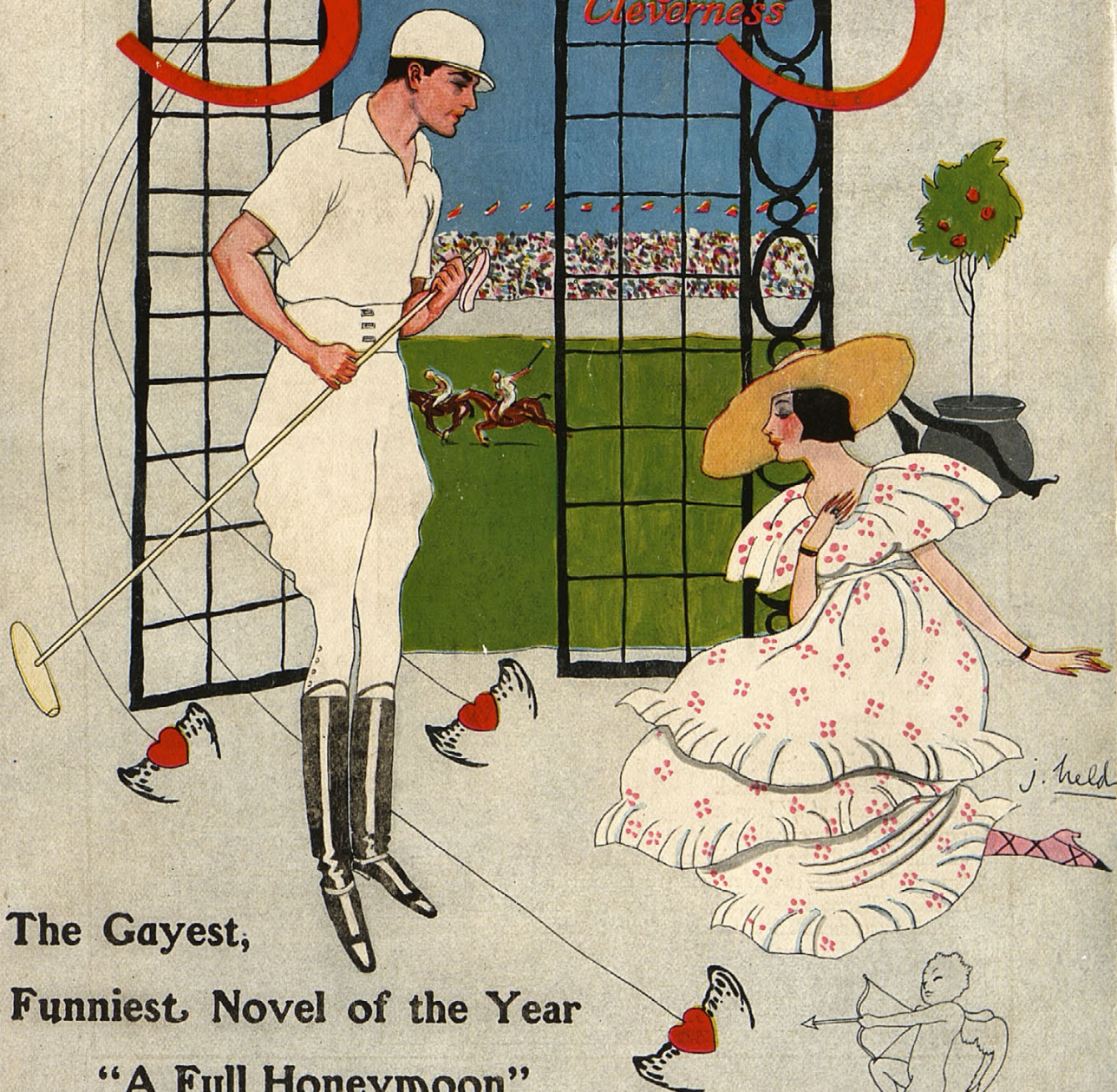


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SEPTEMBER, 1915

No. 1

THE SMART SET

Edited by
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

and
H. L. MENCKEN

Manuscripts must be addressed, "Editors of THE SMART SET"

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HALF A HUNDRED BURLESQUES, EPIGRAMS, POEMS, SHORT SATIRES, ETC.

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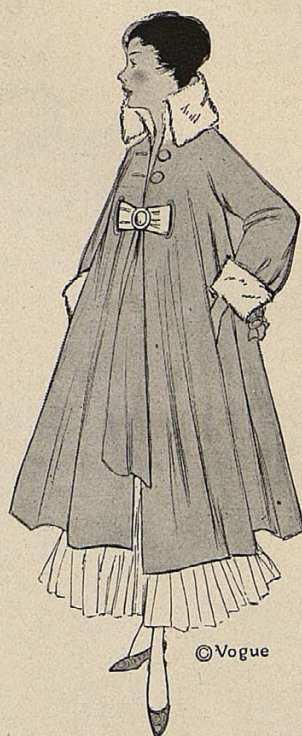
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YOUNG LOVE

By Frederick Ladd

A SLIM, white hand lay confidently within his own. His arm was busy. They sat on a perfectly appointed rock near the breakers. The sun had gone down, and it was the hour when lovers are thrilled. The sweet night air was filled with the fragrance of a land breeze and the sea was moaning softly. . . . The first stars came out; the gold-purple of the skies had gone. Her white-clad figure, there in the dusk, nestled very close. A motor-boat skurtled by, a hundred yards from shore. . . . A man was seen to leap into the waters—

"Do you suppose he'll get wet?" he asked, inconsequently.

"I don't know—kiss me, Darling!" . . . His great, manly arm crushed her to him.

"Tighter!" she murmured. . . .

A couple of warships half a mile away engaged in an encounter. The heavens were aglow with the red glare of the conflict, and the air trembled with the tremendous detonations. . . .

"What was that?" she asked, as a gigantic missile sailed by them.

"I didn't notice," he said; "kiss me again!"

He gently rocked her to rest, folding her so close that the historian finds no metaphor to describe the superlative quality of the squeeze. . . .

Eighteen warships, including a couple of super-dreadnaughts, were now engaged in a titanic duel. . . . Still others were steaming out of the murky glare of the horizon. Explosions occurred at ten-second intervals.

"Will you love me with all your heart and soul, forever and ever and ever?" she asked, pressing her lips to his.

He kissed her a million times. . . .

A 34,000-ton warcraft, afire from end to end, beached; and a mighty roar shook the world as a series of explosions hurled it into Eternity. The remains of a 12-inch gun landed at their feet.

"Did you notice anything?" he asked.

"I only know I love you," she said, caressing his face. . . .

She quivered in ecstasy . . . his lips stole a thousand delights. . . .

"I don't believe you love me!" she said.

"Oh, I do!"

"Darling!"

* * *

. . . There was scarce a ripple on the waters as the sun rose up in glory.

—"Shall I take you back to the hotel," he tenderly asked.

"Not quite yet," she sweetly chided; "kiss me!"

THE BEDSIDE MANNER

By Harold Hersey

THE great Dr. Marmaduke Francke lay upon his deathbed. The master mind which had so ably treated the illnesses of kings was soon to be shrouded in darkness. The world-renowned physician had but a few moments to live. Around him were collected the little knot of specialists brought to his bedside. Like little children they stood about the room, helpless in the presence of death. The only sounds that broke the silence were the soft crying of his wife and the steady ticking of the clock over the mantel.

Suddenly he started up from the hot pillow, his face livid with pain. Looking wildly this way and that, he seemed to be searching in the eyes of those grouped around him for some ray of hope, some sign that he might recover. Suddenly his face cleared and he sat bolt upright. The pain seemed to disappear and he became the suave, affable physician once more. "Good evening," he said, as though to some patient. "How much better you look to-day! My treatment, as usual, has proven effective." Smilingly he clutched his own wrist. "The heart is in fine condition. I have full confidence in a rapid recovery." Still holding his wrist he turned to the people around him. With a smile on his lips he made a half bow and pitched forward on his face, dead.



WE WHO HAVE LOVED

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

WE who have loved, alas! may not be friends,
Too faint, or yet too fierce the stifled fire,—
A random spark—and lo! our dead desire
Leaps into flame, as though to make amends
For chill, blank days, and with strange fury rends
The dying embers of Love's funeral pyre.
Electric, charged anew, the living wire
A burning message through our torpor sends.
Could we but pledge with loyal hearts and eyes
A friendship worthy of the fair, full past,
Now mutilate, and lost beyond recall,
Then might a Phoenix from its ashes rise
Fit for a soul flight; but we find, aghast,
Love must be nothing if not all in all!

A FULL HONEYMOON*

By Avery Hopwood

Author of "Seven Days," "Nobody's Widow," Etc.

CHAPTER I

How It Began

THEY were looking for Sadie Love, and it was no wonder. To begin with, she wasn't Sadie Love, any more. That was one reason why they were looking for her. Half an hour before, she had quietly, but firmly, become the Princess Pallavicini. I say quietly, because it was a quiet wedding, you know—no guests, or anything. I say firmly, because Sadie Love made her responses without a tremor, and, in general, went through the ceremony with such serious dignity that Mrs. Warrington (who was Sadie's Aunt Julia) heaved a sigh of relief, and reflected that, at last, Sadie had "settled down." But after the ceremony a dreadful thing had occurred. Sadie Love had disappeared! (Of course she was the Princess Pallavicini now, but that didn't alter the fact of her disappearance.)

This is the way it happened. Sadie and the Prince had just got through making impossible promises to each other; that is to say, they had just been married. After that was over, the Prince had kissed Sadie, and Sadie had kissed the Prince, and they had both kissed Aunt Julia, and she had kissed both of *them*, and had wept profusely, and Sadie was exclaiming (feeling a bit weepish herself), "Aunt Julia—if you don't stop that, I'll get a divorce this minute!" when Edward, the butler, came to say that "Miss Love—he begged pardon—the Princess" was wanted on the telephone. Whereupon Aunt Julia had wondered who on earth

could be calling up at *such* a moment, and Sadie Love—being of a practical turn of mind—had gone to find out. And that was the last that they had seen of her.

She had gone into the library, radiant in her wedding finery, and no one had noticed her come out. But she *must* have come out of the library, for she wasn't there any longer. What was much worse, she wasn't anywhere else! Upstairs and downstairs they had looked, and in my lady's chamber—but all in vain. And now they were waxing hysterical. "They," so far, were only Aunt Julia, and Celeste, Sadie's French maid; but if they didn't find her soon the Prince would have to be told. He was waiting, at that very moment, downstairs, to go on a honeymoon with Sadie. If she didn't appear he would think it odd, to say the least. For, of course, he couldn't go on his honeymoon alone.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" Celeste was exclaiming, and Aunt Julia was quavering, "Sadie! Sadie!" They had come into my lady's chamber again, for the sixth time since their search began, and Aunt Julia was despairingly interrogating the delightful but unresponsive walls, and even the pink-and-white floor, and the lovely, tinted ceiling. And then, suddenly, the door of the closet swung open and Sadie Love emerged. She was still in her bridal gown and veil. They looked a trifle rumpled and crumpled, as if she had not had any too much room in the closet. It must have been a bit warm in there, too, for her face was flushed. Her eyes looked as if she had been crying. Evi-

dently something was quite dreadfully wrong. Aunt Julia had never in all her life seen such an expression on Sadie's face—and she had seen all sorts of expressions there. For Sadie Love was a creature of charming change, and changing charm. And just now—though her gown and veil were crumpled, and her face was flushed, and she *had* been crying, and something *dreadful* was evidently the matter—in spite of all this, or perhaps because of it, Sadie Love had never looked so bewitching.

"Sadie Love!" gasped Aunt Julia, "*what* have you been doing in that closet?"

"I've been changing my mind!" said Sadie. Her voice was rather choky, but her face wore an expression of determination—if one could accuse an April day of looking determined. "Celeste," she commanded, "*fermez la porte—à clef!*" Celeste, her eyes quite goggly, obediently closed and locked the boudoir door. "*Maintenant, vous me deshabillerez!*" pronounced Sadie, and with that marched into her bedroom. Celeste, looking more goggly-eyed than ever, trailed after her. And Aunt Julia gathered her benumbed wits together and followed Celeste.

When they came into the bedroom Sadie was trying to take her veil off. It was caught, somehow, and she was tugging at it in a way that threatened to set her hair all askew. She had more hair than was fair for any one girl—and it was fair, too,—a distracting, reddish gold—and all curly, and crinkly, so that it made Sadie Love look exactly as if she had been drawn by Nell Brinkley.

"Sadie!" exclaimed Aunt Julia again—this time from the threshold of the bedroom, "*what* were you doing in that closet?"—as if Sadie hadn't the moment before explained it all by saying that she was changing her mind. Before Sadie had a chance to repeat her explanation Aunt Julia went on, agitatedly, "Do you realize that your husband is waiting downstairs for you to start on your honeymoon?"

"I don't want a honeymoon," replied Sadie, in a hollow voice. Sadie's lovely violet eyes were full of the most appealing distress, but she was trying to wear a look of grim determination. The result was wholly satisfactory. If there had been a man there he would have kissed her.

"You—don't want a honeymoon!" echoed Mrs. Warrington, blankly.

"Oh, Aunt Julia," said Sadie, agitatedly, "don't be too terribly startled, but—" she paused, and swallowed, and then, in an outburst, "I've married the wrong man!"

"Sadie!" gasped Mrs. Warrington. If she had not been so very well bred she would have screamed. Perhaps she would have screamed anyhow, if she had had breath enough. But she hadn't. That one, gasping "Sadie" was all that she had strength for.

"Aunt Julia," implored Sadie, "*don't* get excited."

Mrs. Warrington rallied her failing forces.

"Celeste!" she ejaculated weakly and pointed to the door.

"*Non, non!*" exclaimed Sadie to Celeste, detaining her. "Auntie, dear,—you *know* Celeste doesn't understand a word of English"—and she told Celeste, in French, to go on disrobing her. Celeste, who, though she didn't understand English, yet knew perfectly well that the world was coming to an end, obeyed. By that time Mrs. Warrington had got some of her breath back. At any rate, she was able to quaver:

"Sadie! What do you mean? Has Luigi *done* anything?" (Luigi was the Prince.)

"Oh—no!" exclaimed Sadie, unsteadily, "it's just—I've married the wrong man, I tell you. I've been in too much of a hurry, and—I've married the wrong man!"

"Oh—my dear!" Mrs. Warrington started toward her. "You're upset—you—"

"Of course I'm upset," interrupted Sadie, agitatedly. "Wouldn't you be upset if you'd married the wrong man?"

"I felt exactly the same way, the day I was married"—Mrs. Warrington was all fluttery sympathy now—"it's nervousness, my dear."

"But it isn't," interrupted Sadie, desperately, shaking her head so that the crinkly golden curls all wobbled, distractedly, "I *know* I've married the wrong man—because I'm going to marry someone else!"

"What!" said Mrs. Warrington, blankly. She was quite sure that she had not heard aright.

"If he asks me."

"Sadie!"

"It's Jim—Jimmy Wakeley. He 'phoned from New York right after the ceremony. He's on his way here now. He doesn't know I'm married. He's coming to propose to me."

"Oh, good heavens!" Mrs. Warrington sat down abruptly. It is not quite accurate to say that she sat. She flopped. She was a dignified, middle-aged woman of impeccable breeding, but there's no getting around it—she flopped!

"It's terrible," conceded Sadie, tearfully, "I know it is—but I can't help it." (Celeste, who was more than ever sure that the heavens were falling, had got Sadie out of her wedding gown by this time, and was now laying agitated hands on the going-away outfit.)

"Sadie!" cried Mrs. Warrington, and the horrified energy with which she spoke brought her up out of the chair—onto which she had flopped, a moment before, "Are you out of your senses? You're *married*!"

"Only half an hour," retorted Sadie, desperately. "If I'm *ever* going to get out of it, now's the time."

"Get out of it?" Mrs. Warrington almost sat down again. "You'll calmly—give up your husband?"

"Not calmly," corrected Sadie, indignantly. "I didn't say I'd give him up calmly. I'm very fond of Luigi. I wouldn't have married him if I hadn't been fond of him."

"And yet," cried Mrs. Warrington, increasingly appalled, "you'd give him up—for Jim Wakeley—whom you

knew for only a few weeks, at Nice, a year ago—whom you've never heard from since."

"He says he can explain everything. He's come back from Europe—just to explain."

"When he 'phoned you—you never told him you were married?"

"If I had he wouldn't have come," said Sadie Love, tearfully. Aunt Julia opened her mouth and threw up her arms. "I can't help it, Aunt Julia," cried Sadie despairingly; "you know how terribly much I cared for Jim. When he went away from Nice last winter—when he left me, the way he did—without a word, or a sign—it almost broke my heart. And then, I told myself that I must forget him. I thought that I had. I met Luigi, and he—he *helped* me to forget. But oh, Aunt Julia, the moment I heard Jim's voice, on the 'phone, just now—everything came back to me! I could see him again, just the way he looked that last day at Nice—slim, and eager, and handsome—with white lilacs in his hands—and I realized that I hadn't forgotten him—that I never would—that I'd made a terrible mistake—that he was the one man I'd ever loved."

"Then why, in heaven's name," cried Mrs. Warrington, in an outburst of despairing wrath, "why did you marry Luigi?"

"I had to marry *somebody*, didn't I?" retorted Sadie, tearfully.

Her tone was so heartrending that Celeste (who was getting her into the going-away gown now) sniffled, in perfect sympathy. "I thought I'd never see Jim again; and Luigi was so awfully nice! And he had such a way of looking into my eyes, and saying, '*Carissima, Io te amo*,' and the first thing I knew I was engaged—"

"And now," interrupted Mrs. Warrington, "you're married—and you're going to *stay* married!"

"But—Aunt Julia," protested Sadie, agitatedly, "I can't—go away with Luigi—I can't—be his wife—feeling as I do about another man. It wouldn't be *moral*."

"Anything's moral if you're married," declared Aunt Julia (who was old-fashioned).

"Oh—no!" exclaimed Sadie Love (who *wasn't* old-fashioned, and who was shocked). "If I've made a mistake—if Luigi and I are to part—the time to do it is now—to-day!"

It looked for a moment as if that would settle Aunt Julia, then and there. She got very pale, and her eyes rolled up so far that, for one awful instant, Sadie Love was afraid that they never would come back.

"Sadie Love!" gasped Mrs. Warrington. "Part—without even a honeymoon! What would people say?"

Sadie Love considered for a moment what they would say, and then *she* said, "Well, for appearances' sake, Luigi and I might go on a honeymoon, and separate afterwards." That, instead of soothing Aunt Julia, threatened to bowl her over altogether. She opened her mouth to gasp "Sadie!" but no sound came forth. Sadie came to the rescue. "I mean, of course, an *ostensible* honeymoon."

"Yes, yes—do!" exclaimed Mrs. Warrington, clutching eagerly at even this straw of respectability. "Start now. Start on *any* kind of a honeymoon!"

But Sadie dashed her hopes.

"Not till I've seen Jim," she said, with firmness. Then, she looked pleased in spite of herself. She had caught her own reflection in the mirror. She couldn't help feeling that she had never had anything quite so nice as that going-away gown. Of course, it was very simple (as she had written her ten best friends), but it was such a heavenly blue, and as for the hat—well, really. But, just at that moment Aunt Julia gave another preliminary gasp, and Sadie Love hastily composed her guilty countenance into a semblance of proper disturbance.

"And all this," wailed Mrs. Warrington, "just when I thought that, at last, you'd settled down. I thought you'd done everything unheard of that you could do—but this—this caps the cli-

max. To postpone your honeymoon so that another man can come and propose to you!"

"Maybe he won't," said Sadie Love, in an attempt to be consoling. But, it must be confessed, she herself looked worried at the idea.

"You'll break Luigi's heart," Mrs. Warrington began to sob.

"I wish I could marry them both," said Sadie Love, and she began to cry, too.

"Sadie Love!"

"Well, I do," said Saide, tearfully. "I don't want to break Luigi's heart! And they do marry them both—in the South Seas—or some warm place!" And with that she started for the door.

"Sadie! Where are you going?" cried Mrs. Warrington, in a panic.

"Downstairs," said Sadie. "I've got to tell Luigi, sooner or later. I might as well do it now."

"Sadie!"

But it was too late. Sadie had gone. Mrs. Warrington stood staring helplessly after her. For a moment she had the impulse to follow Sadie and stop her, at all costs—and then she realized that it would be of no avail. When Sadie Love made up her mind to do a thing, do it she would.

"She's half-way downstairs, by now," thought poor Mrs. Warrington, quaveringly. "Now she's all the way down! And *now*—she's telling him!"

But she wasn't. For, as Sadie reached the drawing-room, she was met by Edward, the butler. He was carrying his silver card-tray, and on it was a card, which he presented to Sadie. Sadie's heart gave a leap.

"It's Jim!" she thought, as she took the card. But it wasn't. For, as Sadie looked at the card, she read, "Comtesse de Mirabole."

"I beg pardon, Miss Love—Princess, I mean," ventured Edward, "but I think the lady wrote something on the back."

Sadie turned the card over. On its back was written, in a foreign-looking hand, "I would see you, at once. It is of an importance."

"It's something about Luigi." That, Sadie Love says, was the thought which flashed, instantly, through her mind. She gazed at the card for a moment, then, being a young woman of prompt decision, she turned to Edward:

"Ask the Comtesse to come in," she said.

That was when the trouble began.

CHAPTER II

Enter the Comtesse

"THE Countess de Mirabole!" announced Edward.

His announcement, as you perceive, was a trifle faulty. Instead of heralding the incoming lady as "Comtesse," he announced her as plain "Countess." And she wasn't a bit plain, for just then she came in, and proved that she wasn't. Even Edward (who was a veritable graven image of a butler) took another look at her, out of the corner of his eye, as he retired. In the same length of time which Edward consumed in that glance out of the corner of his eye Sadie Love had measured the Comtesse from head to foot, and back again, had acquired an exact description of her toilette, had determined, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that her gown had come from Marcelle, in the Rue de la Paix, and her hat from Georgette, in the same illustrious thoroughfare, and had decided, also beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the Comtesse, though young, made up outrageously, that her coiffure was wonderful, but not entirely her own, that she was chic, even beyond the high average of the Parisienne, and that she (this time she is Sadie Love) detested the Comtesse, instinctively, absolutely without reason, and for ever and ever, amen.

The Comtesse advanced into the room, a bit too quickly to suggest entire composure. She raised her veil, and, with a somewhat nervous smile, started toward Sadie. Yes, there was no denying it—the Comtesse de Mirabole was enormously attractive. She had the blackest of hair, and wonderful big dark eyes, and the whitest of skins, and

the reddest of red, red lips. Of course, she *was* made up—we will concede that to Sadie—but she was young, and needed no cosmetic, so that her make-up, instead of being a confession of weakness, became a triumph. It developed and accentuated all her good points, and the Comtesse (at the risk of making her seem prickly) could be described as fairly bristling with good points. But it was her dash, her verve, her chic, that was her greatest asset. She was an exotic, a brilliant, animated orchid—though Sadie Love vehemently objects to this description of her. "Orchid nothing," she snaps. "A painted, Black-eyed Susan! And she isn't a Parisienne. She's a Roumanian! She was brought up as a Mohammedan till she was eleven—and so far as I can make out she wasn't brought up as *anything* after that."

This, of course (about the Comtesse being a Roumanian), Sadie Love learned later. But she declares that she sensed it all, in that first, swift glance which she gave the Comtesse. And I daresay that she did. I've no doubt that she knew, then and there, everything that there *was* to know about the Comtesse. Women are like that. There was only one thing, she says, which puzzled her. The Comtesse was carrying something, which looked like a picnic basket transformed into a work of art. It was all gilded, and it had pink bows on it, which exactly matched the Comtesse's costume. It had a covered top, and it was closed, so Sadie couldn't see what was in it. She was to find out soon enough.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Comtesse, effusively, as she started toward Sadie—and then she suddenly became cognizant of the floral decorations. You see, she and Sadie were in the drawing-room, where the wedding had taken place. Though that function had been a very quiet one, just Aunt Julia present (because a great-uncle had died, a week before, and left Sadie Love some money, and so, of course, she was in mourning), still, the house had been decorated, especially the drawing-room,

which was more or less "a bower of roses," as the Society Editor would say. In fact, one could hardly have come into that room without realizing that someone had just been married there, or was just going to be, for the old-fashioned chandelier had been transformed into a huge wedding-bell. The Comtesse, suddenly becoming aware of all this, gave another "Ah!"—but this time it was a gasp, and she tacked a *Mon Dieu* onto it.

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" she exclaimed, turning to Sadie, "you do not marry yourself today!"

"What?" said Sadie, a bit startled.

"*Tout ça!*" cried the Comtesse, frantically, indicating the flowers and the wedding-bell. "Oh—Mademoiselle—you do not marry yourself today?"

"If you mean," replied Sadie, "am I going to be married today—I'm not going to be married! I—" and she was about to say that she *had* been married, but the Comtesse interrupted her.

"Ah," she ejaculated with evident relief, "*Dieu soit ben!* Sank Heaven, I am in time!" and she sank onto a chair. Sadie didn't sink onto a chair. But then she was not filled with evident relief.

"In time," demanded Sadie, blankly, "for what?"

"To stop the marriage," replied the Comtesse. "It *must* be stop!" and she rose to her feet again.

"What do you mean?" asked Sadie, who was beginning to feel decidedly queer. "It can't be stopped."

"Why not?" The Comtesse stared at her with manifest alarm.

"I'm not *going* to be married today," said Sadie, "I *was* married an hour ago."

"Oh!" cried the Comtesse, overcome, "I am too late!" She picked up her gilded basket, which she had set down on the table, and started to go. But Sadie interposed.

"Too late?" she exclaimed, her eyes big with astonishment and indignation. "What do you mean? Why should you wish to stop my marriage?" The Comtesse, without replying, started

again for the door. "You can't come here, on my wedding day," cried Sadie, "and say the things you have, and then go away without an explanation." But the Comtesse was going, just the same. "Then you'll force me to ask my husband." Sadie started for the other door. The Comtesse gave a little cry.

"Ah, *non, non!*" she exclaimed. "Don' ask Luigi!"

Sadie stopped short, and turned, a distinct point of fire in each lovely eye.

"I will tell you," went on the Comtesse, "eef you *mus'* know!" with tearful exasperation. Then, with a sudden revival of hopefulness, she started toward Sadie. "Perhaps, zen, you give him up?"

"Give up—my husband?" exclaimed Sadie Love. The tone in which she said it would have made you believe that she had owned the Prince for at least ten years, and wanted to go on owning him for at least ten more!

"Your 'usband," repeated the Comtesse, agitatedly. "Yes—your 'usband—but he belong to *me!*"

"What!" gasped Sadie.

"*You* know him," continued the Comtesse, intensely, with increasing agitation, "tree—four—five week! I know him—before ze world began!" Then, as at that Sadie only stared at her, speechless with astonishment, the Comtesse went on, emotionally, "Ah, you do not understan'. I meet him—ze first time—at Capri—eet ees a night of *Avril*. I look him in ze eyes, and zen—in one instant"—and she quivered all over—"I know zat we are twin soul—zat we are meant for each ozzer, through all ze ages. *He* know it, too! We love—oh, madame—'ow we love! We are fiancées. He give me—Zozo." With that she opened the mysterious gilded basket, and a big Angora cat stuck its head out from the cover, for all the world like a Jack-in-the-box. The Angora was white and had on a pink bow which, like the ribbons on the basket, exactly matched the Comtesse's costume.

"He gave you—that cat!" gasped Sadie. She stared at the cat, and the

cat stared back at her, in precisely the same way—except, of course, that he had whiskers, which made him more impressive. He certainly seemed to impress Sadie. She gazed at him as if she had never seen a cat before. But there was a reason. Somewhere in the house—probably standing guard over the hand-luggage—there was, at that very moment, an Italian poodle, called Mikey—which was short for “Michelangelo.” Some people would have said that he was a French poodle, but, as Sadie Love pointed out, the Prince had given him to her, so he *must* be Italian. Because she had received him on the day that the Prince proposed to her Sadie had always referred to Mikey as “a canine engagement-ring.” And now, here was this cat—this big, white, be-ribboned, bewiskered thing—and Luigi had given *him* to the Comtesse! Somehow that seemed to put the stamp of verity upon everything that the Comtesse had said. One might have doubted her bare word, but one couldn’t doubt Zozo. Not when he gazed at one and solemnly murmured: “Miaow!” For that is what he did, just then. Whereupon the Comtesse agitatedly pressed down the lid of the basket and Exhibit A disappeared from view.

“All this,” Sadie Love indicated the cat-basket, “all this, I suppose, happened some time *since* the world began.”

“Ah—*oui, oui*,” replied the Comtesse emotionally. “I tell you—at Capri. An’ zen—we quarrel! I tell him ‘Go!’ I do not mean it, but he go. ‘Marise,’ he say, ‘eet is finish! You do not love me—but anozzer will.’ He go—to l’Amerique—he meet you—he propose—in a fit of pique—”

“That isn’t so!” interrupted Sadie, indignantly.

“I wait an’ wait,” went on the Comtesse, not heeding the interruption, “an’ zen—eet ees now four week—I cable ‘Reviens’—that ees ‘Come back.’ He respond—he ees fiancé. I cable ‘Romps’—that ees ‘Break eet.’ An’ zen he write me, oh, madame! he write, ‘He know he have made a great mistake,

but he cannot—wat you say—trow you over. He mus’ now, as an honorable man, marry himself wiz you.”

“He wrote that!” cried Sadie.

“*Voici la lettre*,” exclaimed the Comtesse. She set down the Zozo-basket once more and started to produce the letter from a handbag. It must be confessed Sadie Love promptly stretched forth her hand to receive the missive. But she drew her hand back again as quickly as she had advanced it.

“No,” she said, “I don’t want it! What else *could* he write? If he—pardon me for suggesting it—no longer cared for you—he couldn’t say it, in so many words.”

She spoke as if she were trying to convince the Comtesse. But it was Sadie Love that Sadie was trying to convince.

Just then the door from the library opened and the Prince came in.

CHAPTER III

Go to Reno!

THE Prince was young—twenty-eight, or thereabouts—and extremely good-looking. (When I tell you he was rich, into the bargain, and hadn’t married Sadie for her money, you will think that this is a fairy tale, but it isn’t.) He was tall, and dark, and slim, with clear-cut features, and a head that was quite Roman, and a nose that wasn’t. As for his eyes, they might have come straight from some immortal canvas of Guido Reni.

“*Diol!*” gasped the Prince, as he caught sight of the Comtesse. She, too, gave vent to a stifled exclamation of surprise and alarm as she perceived him. But, after a moment, she pulled herself together, and remarked, collectedly enough:

“*C’est une surprise*—Prince.”

“The cat,” thought Sadie Love, indignantly—(no—she did *not* mean the one in the basket). “The cat—calling him ‘Prince’—as if I didn’t *know* that she calls him Luigi!”

“Comtesse,” said the Prince, “it is indeed a surprise.” (The Prince’s

mother had been an American, and he spoke English very well, with only a touch of accent.) He went to the Comtesse, and, taking her hand, kissed it, in the foreign fashion. Sadie Love knew perfectly well that it was the foreign fashion, and she had never minded in the least when he had done it to anyone else—in fact, she had rather liked it. But now she felt murderous.

"The cat," she thought—and again she didn't mean the one in the basket—"and he's kissing her paw!"

The Comtesse murmured something to the Prince about having come over from Europe very unexpectedly, and that as she was in New York and it was so very near she had run down to congratulate. The Prince, knowing very well that she had run down for nothing of the sort, and feeling as if he were walking on eggs (full of dynamite), thanked her, and said he was so glad, and smiled, and smiled—"and was a villain still." (It was Sadie Love, watching him, who completed the quotation.) Then the Comtesse, who also was aware of the eggs under the drawing-room carpet, and who, doubtless, suspected the dynamite, made a move to go.

"Adieu, Princesse," she said. Sadie Love, thus addressed, felt her cheeks pull hard, as if the skin would crack, as she grimaced a response.

"Adieu, Prince," murmured the Comtesse, giving the Prince her hand. As she did so she raised her other hand with the cat-basket. "Zozo," she murmured emotionally, "he nevaïr leave me."

The Prince started, a bit, then he bent down and kissed her hand again. That was all—at least it looked as if it were going to be all. The Prince and the Comtesse thought it was going to be all. I may even say that, at that delicate moment (considering the eggs and everything) they hoped it would be all. As for what Sadie Love thought or hoped, just then, I really don't know, for she couldn't have told, herself. But just as the Comtesse reached the door Sadie suddenly made up her mind, and

then she did know what she thought.

"Comtesse," she said, "just a moment." The Comtesse halted, but she looked as if "just a moment" were the last thing in the world that she wished to grant. "Before you go," said Sadie Love, "we'd better all—understand each other." The Comtesse, however, did not seem to share in that desire. She started to murmur an objection, but Sadie Love went on—turning now, however, to the Prince: "Luigi—the Comtesse has come all the way to America, to tell me that she and you are—twin souls—that she knew you—before the world began—and that, at some time between that remote period and the present you became engaged."

"Yes," said the Prince, uncomfortably, "so it was."

"She says," went on Sadie, "that you quarreled, and that then you came to America, met me, and proposed to me—simply in a fit of pique—that you married *me* to get even with *her*! Is it true?"

"Ah, no, Sadie—no!" protested the Prince. "I liked you." And then, realizing his mistake, he hastily corrected: "I loved you, I mean!"

"You mean," said Sadie Love, drawing herself up, "that you *liked me* and *loved*—her? Tell me the truth! Did you marry me because you felt that you had to—though it was the Comtesse for whom you really cared?"

"No," said the Prince, but he said it without conviction.

"You're not telling the truth," cried Sadie Love. "If you are why did you write her, when she cabled you, and tell her that you'd made a terrible mistake—but that you couldn't back out—that you were in honor bound to marry me?"

"Oh, Marise!" The Prince, visibly shocked, turned to the Comtesse.

"I deed not want to tell," the Comtesse defended herself, tearfully. "She make me!"

"Don't blame her!" cried Sadie Love, turning upon the Prince, "and don't think I'll break my heart. I hadn't been married to you ten minutes before I was

wondering how I'd get rid of you." "Sadie!" The Prince stared at her, aghast.

"And if I—if I feel like crying—it's because I'm angry, that's all. What did you mean by telling me you loved me—by marrying me? When she cabled you, why didn't you come to me and tell me the truth? Why don't you tell it now, instead of—"

"I will tell the truth," the Prince interrupted, desperately. "It is true that I loved Marise. When she send me away—my heart—it break."

"And you brought me the pieces," said Sadie Love. "Thank you."

"No, no, Sadie. You help me to forget. You quiet my pain."

"I see!" exclaimed Sadie, in a rage. "I was your anesthetic!"

"When Marise cabled me to come back I say 'No, I have give my word to Sadie.' I *keep* my word." The Prince, as he said it, drew himself up and looked heroic.

"But if you hadn't given your word," Sadie confronted him, "if you'd been free, you'd have gone back to her—you'd have married her? I want the truth."

"I tell you the truth," protested the Prince. "If I had been free, yes—I would have gone back—I would have marry Marise—but I was not free! I write her, 'It is too late. Between you and me, Marise, it is now to an end.'"

"Luigi!" The Comtesse was suppressedly hysterical, "I am in your life—no more?"

"Out of my life, Marise, you must go,"—the Prince was waxing nobly emotional—"but out of my memory—never! You shall be for me—always—the romance unfulfill—the sweet regret, which does not die."

"Oh, *Mon Dieu! C'est trop!*" cried the Comtesse, and she began to weep beautifully. It was spoiling her complexion a bit, but she couldn't help it.

"While you, Sadie," went on the Prince, with evident relish, "you, Sadie, shall be to me—the romanza fulfill—the good companion—the good wife—the good mother."

"I don't want to be your good wife," Sadie turned upon him, with indignant wrath. "I don't want to be your good mother. I don't want to be your good anything! And I'm not going to come between you and any—unfulfilled romance. Go ahead. Fulfill it!"

"Sadie!" The Prince stared at her, aghast. "You forget—we are married."

"That's just what I intend to do," retorted Sadie Love, "forget it."

"You divorce him?" asked the Comtesse, with glad surprise.

"I certainly shall," said Sadie with energy.

"Ah—*ma chérie!*" The Comtesse plumped the Zozo-basket down on the table, and made straight for Sadie with the manifest intention of embracing her. But Sadie saw her coming. The Comtesse, though, did get hold of Sadie's hands, and pressed them to her own heaving breast (Sadie declares that it wasn't heaving a bit, and that the Comtesse has no heart-beat at all, and that if she has, it's way under normal, and—however! To get back to the Comtesse.) "Ah, *ma chérie*," she repeated, gratefully, and then she exclaimed, "Go to Reno. Eet ees beautiful in Reno. I got *one* divorce zere."

"One?" The Prince looked astonished. He had not, it seems, been aware that there had been more than one.

"Ah—*oui, oui*," replied the Comtesse. "My first 'usband, he was an American—Mestair Bolton. He teach me to divorce. I have never tell you, Luigi, zat I 'ave two 'usband? Ah—*mon Dieu*," and she waved the question aside. "Zat firs' marriage, eet did not mattair. Eet was so short."

"Not so short," said Sadie, with determination, "as this one's going to be."

The Prince, at that, looked positively appalled.

"My family," he protested, "the Pallavicini—they never have a divorce!"

"Well," retorted Sadie, "it's time they began."

"We mus' find a ground!" cried the Comtesse, happily excited, and then, being a lady of experience, she immedi-

ately discovered what she was looking for. "I 'ave eet!" she exclaimed, triumphantly, 'Incompatibilitay!'"

"I never did!" The Prince drew himself up indignantly. "I know not what it is, but I never did!" But the Comtesse paid no attention. She turned eagerly to Sadie:

"Start for Reno to-morrow—*non*—to-day! That ees your—go-away gown?"

"And I can go away in it? I see. Well, I won't do it!" Sadie Love sat down, with a "here-I-am-and-here-I-stay" expression. "If you think I'm going to pack off to Reno—"

"Eef the long voyage to Reno ees too *ennuyant*," interrupted the Comtesse, who seemed resourceful, to say the least, "stay at 'ome—and Luigi shall desert you." This idea seemed to appeal to her, for she turned to the Prince and commanded him, energetically, "Desert her to-day!"

The Prince was about to enter a protest, but Sadie gave him no chance. In fact, from that point on the Prince kept on trying to enter a protest, and the Comtesse and Sadie kept on not giving him a chance.

"Desert me—on my wedding day?" exclaimed Sadie, indignantly, and she rose, as she said it. "What would people think? No! I'm willing to get a divorce—I demand a divorce—in due time. But—"

"Wat you mean—due time?" interrupted the Comtesse suspiciously.

"Why," said Sadie, "six months or so."

"Six mont?" cried the Comtesse, aghast, "I cannot wait six mont. I will not wait six mont."

"Very well—take him *without* a divorce."

"Oh!" gasped the Comtesse, horrified.

"That—or wait till I'm ready. I won't have a scandal."

"But—" The Comtesse by this time was quite weak with astonishment, "will you tell me, please—wat you intend to do?"

"Why—" Sadie was on the defen-

sive now, "live with him—for half a year or so—and then—"

"Live wiz him?" The Comtesse threw up her hands in expressive horror.

"*Ostensibly*," said Sadie, haughtily. "Then I'll desert him. If there's any deserting done, I'm going to do it."

"I do not care," replied the Comtesse with decision, "who desert who—but you cannot live togezzel!"

"Pardon me," remarked Sadie, "but after all, you know, this is my divorce. We will go on our honeymoon, as if nothing had happened—"

"On your 'oneymoon?" cried the Comtesse. If she had been shocked before, she was scandalized now.

"It will, of course," replied Sadie, and she became haughtier than ever, "be simply an ostensible honeymoon!"

"Ostensible?" queried the Prince blankly.

"A—a honeymoon that isn't," said Sadie Love.

The Comtesse drew herself up. "I will not consent to a 'oneymoon!" she declared with emphasis.

"Not even," queried Sadie, with caustic forbearance, "an ostensible honeymoon?"

"I do not believe," retorted the Comtesse, "in an ostensible 'oneymoon. I nevair 'ear of such a sing."

"But," protested Sadie, "if I give you my word—if I solemnly promise you? If we both promise you?"

"I would trust no man," replied the Comtesse with decision, "upon a—ostensible 'oneymoon."

"Perhaps," queried Sadie sarcastically—she had about reached the limit of her endurance—"perhaps you'd like to come with us?"

"I would!" replied the Comtesse with prompt decision.

"What?" Sadie gazed at her, dumbfounded.

"Wy not?" asked the Comtesse.

"You want to—come on my honeymoon?" Sadie Love could not believe her ears.

"Eef eet ees only an—ostensible

'honeymoon—wy not?" asked the Comtesse.

"Oh, personally, of course," said Sadie, with wrathful irony, "I'd be delighted."

"But—Marise!" protested the Prince, who looked as if all the eggs and the dynamite had exploded under his feet, and as if the sky were rocking above his head.

"Luigi!" said the Comtesse, emotionally, "don't you want me to go on your 'honeymoon?"

"Oh," replied the Prince, who was always the soul of politeness, "I would be charmed, but—"

"That settles it!" interrupted Sadie Love, in a rage, and then, turning to the Comtesse, "Very well. You shall go with us. We leave for New York this afternoon. We sail to-night at one o'clock, on the *Sant' Anna*, of the Italian Lloyd."

"To-night—at one—the *Sant' Anna*," repeated the Comtesse, happily surprised, "but I also have reservation—" on zat very boat. *Mon Dieu*, eet ees fate!"

"It is impossible!" cried the Prince, desperately, "I cannot go home with two wife!"

"Not even if one of them is—prehistoric?" and Sadie Love indicated the Comtesse.

"Prehistorique?" exclaimed the Comtesse, outraged. Sadie Love had not been aware that the word existed in French, but she didn't care if it did.

"Before the world began," she explained, but the Comtesse did not look as if the explanation entirely satisfied. Indeed, she seemed very much ruffled, and she turned quite fiercely upon the Prince, who was starting to object.

"Keep still, Luigi. We settle thees."

"Ah, *Dio!*" cried the Prince. "It is my honeymoon also!"

"Oh, no!" said Sadie Love. "You're simply being taken along!"

"You will not mind," the Comtesse turned to Sadie, "eef I take Zozo?"

"I won't mind," replied Sadie—then she added, with satisfaction, "but Mikey may."

"Mikey?" said the Comtesse, blankly.

"My dog," explained Sadie Love, "he's coming with us. A gift from—" and she indicated the Prince, who was looking frightfully guilty, "Luigi!" she went on. "You must have a whole menagerie. Have you a monkey? I've always wanted a monkey."

The Comtesse was disturbed.

"Zozo," she explained, "does not like ze dog."

"Mikey," replied Sadie, "does not like the cat."

"*Vous comprenez, Princesse,*" the Comtesse appealed to her, "I nevair leave Zozo."

"I understand perfectly," replied Sadie, "because I never leave Mikey!"

"You give up your husband!" the Prince turned wrathfully upon her, "but not Mikey!"

"That's quite different," said Sadie. "Mikey has no twin soul."

Just then Mrs. Warrington, who simply had to know what was going on, came into the drawing-room. And who should follow her in but Mikey himself. He was an extraordinary-looking beastly, was Mikey—large of his kind and very white, of course, and very woolly in spots, for he was marvelously shaven. Islets of wool dotted his surface and formed neat geometric designs upon him. He stood high up on rather stiffly held legs, each with its ringlet and furbelow of wool. He wore with dignity a number of blue-ribbon bow-knots, which perfectly matched Sadie's going-away gown.

The Comtesse, upon perceiving Mikey, gave a little cry of alarm and clutched the Zozo-basket to her bosom. Zozo miaowed faintly. Mikey pricked up his ears and looked excitedly around. Mrs. Warrington's ears remained in their customary position, but she looked around, too; and then Sadie presented the Comtesse. The Prince during this ceremony looked as if he expected the eggs and the dynamite to explode all over again. The Comtesse, what with Zozo and Mikey and the rest of it, didn't look any too much at ease, either. As for Aunt Julia, she fairly radiated

disturbed inquiry. An explanation of what was in the wicker basket did not seem to satisfy her. Indeed, she looked more puzzled and anxious than ever. Nor did it seem to clear the atmosphere perceptibly when Sadie Love remarked, "The Comtesse, Aunt Julia, has come on a charitable mission. She's endeavoring to find a home—for a prehistoric wife."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Warrington blankly. "That's something quite new—isn't it?"

It was at this point that Edward entered with another card. He gave it to Sadie. She glanced at it and her face lit up. There was no mistake this time. She turned to Edward.

"Ask Mr. Wakeley to come in," she said triumphantly.

CHAPTER IV

Jim—But No Lilacs!

WHEN Edward had gone out there was a moment's pause. Sadie Love stood very erect, her head up, her eyes sparkling, her breath coming a little faster. Aunt Julia stood as if she couldn't stand erect much longer, and her head looked as if it expected to be taken off and as if the gentleman who was to remove it had just been announced. As for her breath, it didn't come faster or slower or anything. It just stopped—for a full minute. Anyone with half an eye could have seen from the aspect of Aunt Julia and Sadie that there was something in the air. The Prince, who had two eyes, both in excellent order, was not slow to perceive that the unusual was approaching.

"Who," he demanded, "is Mr. Wakeley?"

"I met him at Nice—a year ago," replied Sadie, speaking raptly, and looking straight before her, as if she were seeing a vision, "slim and eager and handsome—with white lilacs in his hands." The Prince stared.

"Mr. Wakeley," announced Edward.

And then Jimmy Wakeley bounced in. At least that is what Sadie Love maintains that he did. Jim himself declares that he entered in his usual

manner, but Sadie will have it that he bounced. And Sadie ought to know. She was standing there, looking at him, and when she saw him come in, her eyes certainly got bigger than ever and quite round with wonder.

"Sadie—Love!" cried Jimmy, and he made straight for her, his hands outstretched, his face aglow. Sadie kept staring at him with the same blank amazement. It was not till he had seized her hands and was shaking them fervently that she managed to rally her wits and galvanized her face into a fixed smile. "And Mrs. Warrington!" Jim turned to her. Mrs. Warrington's smile as she greeted him was also of the fixed variety, but she bore up very presentably, everything considered, and managed to get through the presentations to the Comtesse and the Prince. Jim, this performance over, turned again to Sadie Love. She was gazing at him with undiminished blank amazement.

"Yes," acknowledged Jim, a bit ruefully, in answer to her expression, "I know," and he glanced himself over, "I've got plump." He had—there was no use denying it—he had got plump. It was astonishing. Only little more than a year had elapsed—to be exact, a year and four months—since Sadie had seen him last at Nice, "slim and eager and handsome—with white lilacs in his hands." And now, though he was still undeniably handsome—even if he didn't have any white lilacs in his hands—and though he was, presumably, still eager—he was slim no longer. Jimmy Wakeley—breezy, buoyant, boyish Jimmy Wakeley—had gone the way of flesh. He stood there and blushed about it—Jimmy always did blush on the slightest provocation. He smiled and crimsoned to the roots of his wavy blond hair, and Sadie tried to smile, and didn't feel at all like crimsoning. In fact, she felt a trifle pale. And then Jim, noting the flowers all around the room (but not struck yet by the floral bell), asked:

"What have I blundered into? A reception?"

"No, Jim," said Sadie, "you've blundered into a wedding."

"A wedding?" Jim looked blank as he repeated it, but he was nowhere near guessing the truth. "Whose wedding?"

"It happens—to be mine," said Sadie Love.

"And the Prince," added Aunt Julia, whose breath had just come back to her, "happens to be Sadie's husband." And she glared at Jim, as if he had been a young Lochinvar come out of the West. But Jim did not notice her expression. He was too busy trying to manufacture an expression of his own. In the first moment of the announcement his countenance had played a traitorous trick upon him. Amazement, disappointment, chagrin, had blazoned themselves all too plainly there. And then self-possession and pride and social convention had come to the rescue, and he had hastily pulled his features into a more presentable mask and had donned his own particular variety of fixed smile.

"Well!" he exclaimed, and the effort with which he pulled himself together was as perceptible as if he had been performing gymnastics. "Congratulations." And he began shaking hands with everybody, and wound up by asking the Comtesse if she had been bridesmaid. The Comtesse seemed dreadfully shocked at this, whereupon Aunt Julia, who always did say the wrong thing at the right moment, started to explain that the Comtesse had called on a charitable mission.

"She's trying to find a home for—an hysterical wife, was it?" turning helplessly to Sadie. "No, no! Not hysterical, of course. What kind of wife was it?"

"Antediluvian," said Sadie Love.

Jim started to explain, then, how it was that he hadn't known about Sadie being married. He had, it appeared, returned from Europe only a few hours before; had, in fact, rushed straight down here from New York the moment he docked. The Prince, hearing that, looked distinctly suspicious. Jim, observing this, tried to fix things up, and

only succeeded in making them worse by patently contrived explanations of how he was coming down onto Long Island, anyhow, and how he thought he simply must stop at Williamstown and call on Mrs. Warrington, because they had not seen each other for so long and were such great friends (Mrs. Warrington looking, at the moment, divided between a fear of Jim biting her and a desire to bite him). Jim, conscious that he was floundering more and more obviously, tried a new tack. "And to think," he exclaimed, with an attempt at jocularly, "that you never invited me to your old wedding."

"We didn't invite anyone, Jim," said Sadie. "There were no guests, no wedding breakfast—no anything. But the cook insisted upon a cake. You shall have a piece."

"Put it under my pillow, don't I?" asked Jim. "And then I dream."

"Eat it," replied Sadie Love, "and you're sure to dream. Do sit down, Jim." Jim did sit down, and almost sat on Mikey, who had got up on a chair. Mikey was too taken by surprise to protest, but Sadie wasn't. She screamed and Jim stopped short in a half-sitting position, and Mikey was saved.

"He was given to Sadie by the Prince," said Mrs. Warrington impressively, taking Mikey under her protection and glaring at Jim.

"He's going on my honeymoon," added Sadie, and she looked defiantly at the Zozo-basket.

"He wouldn't have if I'd sat on him," replied Jim, choosing another chair. Then he added, "I must say—it's the first time I ever heard of a dog going on a honeymoon."

"But, Jim," protested Sadie, "it isn't as if he were going on his own honeymoon. That, of course, might excite comment."

Aunt Julia, feeling vaguely comforted by this patter of small talk, and convinced, somehow, that Sadie was giving up her outrageous ideas, rang for tea. Though, for that matter, if she had known that Sadie were planning to blow

up the house the very next moment, Mrs. Warrington would have rung for tea just the same. One has to hold on to something. Edward responded with austere promptness to the summons and brought with him portentous messages, which took Mrs. Warrington, rustling agitatedly, out of the room. (Two reporters were in the hall and they had to be faced.) Mikey accompanied her—still trying to locate where the "miaows" came from.

The enemy departed, the Comtesse let Zozo poke his head out for a breath of fresh air and to meet Jim, who didn't like cats, but who tried to act as if he did. He may have deceived the humans, but Zozo knew. It occurred, at this moment, to the Comtesse that she ought to telephone to New York to her maid to give her some final instructions about packing. So the Comtesse went into the library, with the Prince accompanying to show her where the telephone was. And Sadie and Jim were left alone in the drawing-room, with the flowers and the wedding-bell—and their fate.

Sadie had risen when the others went out and so, of course, had Jim. They stood now, looking at one another, in silence. Sadie was the first to speak.

"Oh, Jim—why did you do it?"

"What?"

"Get—plump."

"Why did *you* do it?"

"What?"

"Get married."

"I had to get married *some* time," said Sadie Love, "but—oh—Jim—you didn't have to—do what you did." And she sat down and gazed at him reproachfully.

"You don't suppose," replied Jim, a bit resentfully, "that I did it on purpose?" and he sat down, too, and gazed at Sadie Love and tried to look reproachful, but didn't succeed very well. You see, he had a guilty conscience. He hadn't got plump on purpose, but still he had done nothing to prevent it.

"It isn't," said Sadie Love, feeling that she had been a bit severe, "that I don't like—plump people. I was almost

in love once with a man who was quite—plump. But he was—plump—when I met him."

"Can't you—plump me up a bit in your memory?" asked Jim hopefully.

"I can't," replied Sadie despairingly, "that's just it. I had that image of you—the way I saw you that last day at Nice—slim and eager and handsome—with white lilacs in your hands."

"I could buy some white lilacs," suggested Jim.

"But, anyhow—I'm awfully glad to see you," said Sadie Love, "though I didn't expect to see quite so *much* of you."

"I'll begin reducing to-morrow," declared Jim earnestly.

"That's the trouble," sighed Sadie Love. "People always begin reducing to-morrow. The time to begin is yesterday."

"Well," said Jim, "anyhow—if I gave you a surprise, you certainly gave me one." He paused a moment and then, gazing at her, as if he still could scarcely believe it, "Married!"

"You deserved a surprise," said Sadie Love.

"You mean for leaving Nice the way I did—for not writing you all this time? Sadie—there was a very good reason for that—and there was a very good reason for my rushing here to-day, the moment I landed. What those reasons were it doesn't do much good to explain, now—"

"I wouldn't be so sure," interrupted Sadie Love.

"No," said Jim, shaking his head and glancing at the wedding decorations, "it wouldn't do any good—now. But you and I were such—good friends at Nice—" ("Good friends," thought Sadie, "the man made violent love to me.") "we were such good friends," went on Jim, "that I don't want you to keep a wrong impression of me—or of my feeling for you. I want you to believe that there was a good—an imperative reason—for my—apparent neglect—and I want you to know this," and he leaned toward her across the little table, "if you ever need a friend

—I'd do anything for you." He paused. His eyes were down and so were Sadie's. After a moment he added: "I hope you'll be—awfully happy."

"Thank you, Jimmy," said Sadie Love, and there were tears in her voice, "but I won't."

"What!" exclaimed Jim, and his eyes came up in a hurry and opened to their widest. He did not think that Sadie could be in earnest, but when he saw her face he knew that she was.

"The Comtesse," said Sadie, unsteadily, "you saw her—"

"Who is she?"

"I don't know exactly—but I'll have plenty of time to find out. She's coming on my honeymoon!" She got up as she said it.

"What!" And, you may be sure, Jim got up, too.

"They're *both* coming—both cats. I wouldn't mind the Angora. You can put her in a basket."

"Sadie—you don't mean—"

"That's exactly what I do mean. She's my husband's twin soul—she knew him before the world began—and she's coming on my honeymoon!"

"Good Lord!" Jim was fairly gasping now. "Coming on your honeymoon? What for?"

"So it won't *be* a honeymoon."

"Oh," said Jim weakly. "I never heard of such—" words failed him.

"Two women—on one honeymoon! They'll think he's Brigham Young." And Sadie Love sat down again, laughing hysterically.

"And you—consented?"

"Yes," said Sadie, staring before her, her hands clenched, "I consented. Do you think I'd let them see that I care? Not that I do care. I'll go through with it if it kills me. It will kill me—tête-à-tête with them day in and day out—I alone, and they—" she stopped short and gave a sort of a gasp. And no wonder. It was then that she got her great idea. Sadie to this day protests that there was nothing remarkable about it, and that the only strange thing was that she didn't think of it before. Well, anyway, she did think of it now,

and it made her start so and caused her eyes to flash open so wide that Jim was more disturbed than ever.

"Sadie," he demanded agitatedly, "what's the matter?"

"Jim," said Sadie hushedly. She rose slowly, trying to be calm, but he could see that she was quivering with suppressed excitement. "Jim—" her voice was almost a cry now, and she took a step toward him and clutched him, "you've got to do it!"

"Do what?" asked Jim, blank, but apprehensive.

"Come with us!"

"Good Lord!" And then, as Sadie's grip on his arm tightened and she gazed up at him, her violet eyes wide with excitement, "You don't mean—go with you—on your honeymoon?"

"She's going with him! Why can't you go with *me*?"

"Oh, good Lord, Sadie! I couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"Why I—I wouldn't know how to behave!"

"We *won't* behave!" exclaimed Sadie. "Jim—you *must* do it! You're my only hope!"

"You'll have to get another hope," said Jim weakly, but with decision.

"And you call yourself my friend." Sadie, releasing him, stood off from him and surveyed him with wrathful scorn.

"Good heavens, Sadie! I don't go on my friends' honeymoons!"

"It's the only favor I'll ever ask of you." Sadie came up to him again, "I'll leave you alone—all the rest of your life."

"I don't want to be left alone all the rest of my life."

"Then I won't leave you alone." She was very near him now, and her tone was pleading and her eyes, as she gazed up at him, were melting. Jim, feeling himself giving way, took a firm stand as his only salvation.

"I can't do it, Sadie—I simply can't."

"You can't?" Sadie drew off from him again, "In spite of what you said a few minutes ago—that if I ever need-

ed a friend—you'd do *anything* for me? This is when I do need a friend, if I ever will. But you won't help me. Very well—I'll go through with this—alone." She turned away with a catch in her voice—which was just where she wanted it to be. Then she sank onto a couch and said, unsteadily, "I might as well get used to being—alone," this with a sob. That settled Jim—which was just what Sadie wanted it to do.

"Oh, damn it," he said, "I'll go!" Whereupon Sadie's tears went, too, with miraculous dispatch, and she sprang to her feet and seized Jim's hands, and he thought she was going to kiss him, but she didn't.

"Oh—Jim—you dear!" she cried, gazing gratefully up at him, her eyes moist, but shining. "You've saved me. And we'll save him. We've got to save him—from that woman!" Then, as Jim at this looked suddenly blank, "Not that I want him. Don't for a moment think that. But *she* shan't have him. *She* won't make him happy. She may have a twin soul, but she hasn't a soul of her own. She's a heartless, soulless, man-eating cat."

"I foresee a pleasant trip," said Jim.

"It's our duty to save him," Sadie pointed out energetically. "He's my husband."

"He's not my husband!" protested Jim.

"And when he finds out what she really is," went on Sadie, "when he comes back to me—when he says—'Sadie—I've made a mistake—it's you I love!' Then—then—"

"Well—what then?"

"Then I'll say—'It's too late. I'm going to marry—someone else.'"

"Good Lord!" said Jim, and he looked as if this final shock would prove fatal. "Whom?"

"Why—you, of course," replied Sadie, surprised, apparently, that he should put such a question. Then she suddenly remembered something: "Oh!" she gasped, "good heavens! I forgot. You haven't asked me."

"Well," said Jim, beginning to re-

cover, "if that's all that worries you—" But just then the Comtesse came back into the room from the library, with the Prince following her. At the same moment Edward came in with tea.

"You needn't wait, Edward," said Sadie Love.

Edward bowed submissively and, having placed the tea-wagon, withdrew.

It was well that he did.

CHAPTER V

Much Too Much!

"EET ees good!" exclaimed the Comtesse, happily excited, "I 'ave reach my maid."

"How nice," said Sadie Love, "Jim—hadn't you better 'phone your valet?"

Jim knew what she meant, but the Prince, who didn't, looked a trifle blank. Sadie proceeded to enlighten him.

"You see," she explained, smiling a bit and in the most casual manner, "Mr. Wakeley is coming with us."

"What!" said the Prince—which, when you come to think of it, was the only thing that he could have said.

"On our honeymoon," nodded Sadie, with the sweetest of expressions and as calmly as if she had been talking about the weather or the price of hats.

"If you don't object," added Jim to the Prince with a decidedly uncomfortable smile.

"Object!" exclaimed the Prince. "I certainly do."

"What!" said Sadie. (What else, after all, could you have expected her to say?)

"Four of us!" cried the Prince. "Oh, my Lor'! What will people say? They think we are a Cook's tour."

Sadie Love turned upon him. Her smile had disappeared; it was difficult now to believe it had ever been there. A bright red spot was burning in each cheek, her violet eyes looked almost black and her hair—no, don't be alarmed—her hair did not change color—but it did almost bristle. It certainly shook and waved defiance

from every one of its crested curls.

"What if they do think we're a Cook's tour?" she demanded. "That's better than having them think you're a Mormon elder—giving his harem an outing. That's what they'd have thought if there were three of us. But that was all right! Oh, yes! You had no objection to *that*. Why shouldn't I take a friend on my honeymoon? I have to have *something* to amuse me. I can't sit and talk to Mikey all day."

At that the Prince drew himself up to his full height. Everyone knew that he was going to say something, and sure enough he did.

"I will not go on this—much too much honeymoon."

"Very well," retorted Sadie. "No honeymoon—no divorce!"

The Comtesse gave a gasp.

"Luigi!" she exclaimed. "You 'ear wat she say? No 'oneymoon—no divorce. Eef you don't go—you don' love me."

"I will *not* go," said the Prince, and he drew himself up to more than his full height.

"Ah, *Mon Dieu!*" cried the Comtesse. "*Tu ne m'aimes pas!*" and she abandoned herself to her grief in a handkerchief so beautifully lacy that it must have made weeping a pleasure. The Prince stood it as long as he could—which was about half a minute—then he came *down* from more than his full height and exclaimed despairingly to the Comtesse (exactly as Jim had to Sadie), "Oh, damn it, I go!"

"Luigi!" The Comtesse seized his hands and pressed them gratefully to her bosom. At this Sadie Love drew herself up to fully a third more than her usual height and exclaimed, "Is the much too much honeymoon ready to start—on its Cook's tour?"

At that Sadie declares to this day Jim cast a longing glance at the tea and toast—not to mention the cakes. This Jim vehemently denies—though he says it would have been no more than natural, seeing that he hadn't had a bite to eat since breakfast. But someone must have looked at the tea-tray, or

why else should Sadie Love have exclaimed: "Yes—I know there's tea—but we'd better be going. The longer we wait, the more of us there are. There are four of us now. The first thing we know Number *Five* will be showing up."

And then—at that very blessed minute—in came Edward. Once more he bore his tray and on it, again, was a card. Sadie was about to take it, but Edward, pronouncing discreetly, "For Mr. Wakeley," presented the tray to Jim, who, looking a trifle surprised, picked up the card. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed aghast. Everyone looked at him—everyone, that is, except Edward, who, of course, gazed discreetly into space. Jim, acutely conscious that he was being stared at, made a move as if to go out of the room, then checked himself.

"In a moment," he murmured flusteredly to Edward, who, with disturbing discreetness, bowed and withdrew.

There was silence for a moment, then Jim said agitatedly:

"I don't know what to think of it!"

"Who is it?" asked Sadie.

Jim hesitated for an awful, breathless moment, then took the chasm in a wild, despairing leap.

"My wife!" he said.

"Your—*what?*?" asked Sadie Love blankly. She didn't so much as quiver an eyelash. She couldn't.

"My wife," repeated Jim, trying to be unconcerned and matter of fact about it, and failing lamentably, "I don't know what she wants," and he looked again at the card, "or how she found out I was here—"

"Jim Wakeley!" It was Sadie who interrupted, and her voice was as the trump of doom, "Do you mean to say—you're married?"

"Heaven help me, I am!" exclaimed Jim, weakly.

"Oh!" said Sadie. The Comtesse said, "Oh!" at the same time and so did the Prince, so that there was a perfect volley of exclamations. There was an awful pause after that, then Sadie Love, gazing at Jim, as if he had been

Hamlet, and Jim his father's ghost (Hamlet's father's ghost), Sadie Love gasped: "A *married man*—on my *honeymoon*!"

"Don't jump on me!" protested Jim pitifully (he quite looked like somebody's father's ghost), "I've got troubles enough!"

"I'd like to jump on you," cried Sadie Love wrathfully. "Is there any truth in any man?" and she included the Prince in the wrathful broadside of her glance. "Is there any honesty? Is there any—"

"Sadie," began Jim, "I can explain—"

"Explain?" interrupted Sadie. "You can't explain away a *wife*! You were coming on my honeymoon—I beg your pardon," and she turned to the Comtesse, "*our* honeymoon!—as a single man, and all the while—"

"I was as single as I could be," protested Jim wretchedly. "My wife left me—two years ago."

"Two years ago!" Sadie gazed aghast at Jim. If she had been shocked before, goodness knows what she was now. "Then—you were married—when I first met you at Nice—when you were so slim and with your hands full of lilacs! You were married—that moonlight night—on the Promenade des Anglais—"

"What happened that night?" demanded the Prince, bristling.

"I was on the point of telling you a dozen times," protested Jim to Sadie, "but I simply couldn't. That's why I went away—that's why I didn't write."

"Why didn't you tell me to-day?"

"What was the good, when I found that you'd married someone else? I'd come to ask you to marry me—" At that everyone gasped, and the Prince, turning upon Sadie, exclaimed, "And you call me a Mormon!"

"You see," Jim hastened to explain to Sadie, "my wife had sent word she was going to divorce me, and so—I came to you—I felt that I had a right to come now."

"Oh!" Sadie was visibly softened.

"Then you did care for me all the time? You did come to propose?"

"Why, Sadie dear," Jim took both her hands in his and gazed into her eyes, "I've loved you from the first moment I met you and you know it."

This was too much for the Prince.

"You think I stand here," he exclaimed, "and listen to such—" But Sadie interrupted him.

"Go away if you don't like it," she recommended politely. "Go on, Jim."

"I could go on all day and all night," replied Jim ardently, "and I'd only be saying the same thing. I love you, Sadie!"

"Oh!" It was the Comtesse who exclaimed, and she seemed really scandalized. "Thees ees—much too much!"

"He's my twin soul," explained Sadie, turning to the Comtesse, as if from her at least she expected understanding and encouragement, "I knew him—before the world began. Yes, Jim—when I met you at Nice—slim and eager and handsome—"

"Don't forget the lilacs," interrupted the Prince wrathfully.

"I cared for you, Jim," went on Sadie emotionally, "more than I ever had for anyone. When you went away I tried to forget you—I met Luigi—I thought I'd succeeded—"

"Thought!" interrupted the Prince, and the anger went out of his dark eyes and an appealing expression of pain came into them, "Sadie! You did not mean it—that night, last week—in the garden—under the roses?"

"What 'appen under the roses?" demanded the Comtesse suspiciously.

But the Prince did not heed her. He went on earnestly, still with the pained look in his eyes, "Sadie! You did not mean what you say, to-day, when you marry me? You did not mean—anything?"

"I may have thought I did," said Sadie, "but the moment Jim 'phoned me, I knew that I'd made a mistake. I realized the moment I heard his voice that it was he whom I had cared for all the time."

"And—now that you do realize it,"

asked Jim eagerly, "will you marry me?"

"Jimmy dear," said Sadie Love, "I will!" and she put her hands in his.

"You have a husband!" cried the Prince, aghast, to Sadie. "He have a wife!"

"Oh, we'll get over that," replied Sadie reassuringly. But she lost a bit of her composure when Edward came in just then, moving with surprising speed and, addressing Jim, faltered:

"I'm very sorry, sir, but the lady wouldn't wait." Then, with as much dignity as he could summon on such short notice, he drew himself up and tried to look impassive as he announced:

"Mrs. Wakeley! Mr. Crewe!"

CHAPTER VI

Put That Down!

"MR. CREWE?" repeated Jim blankly.

There was a short but awful pause, then Lillah Wakeley swept into the room. She was a tall, handsome, smartly dressed woman, with a commanding personality. Sadie Love, now that it is all over, persists in declaring that Mrs. Wakeley has a hooked nose. But, of course, under the circumstances, Sadie can scarcely be blamed for saying almost anything about the lady in question. In the interests of veracity, however, I must set down that Mrs. Wakeley's nose is only slightly aquiline, in a distinctly patrician manner, and that it does not in the slightest detract from her very considerable claims to good looks. Of course, it might be objected that her mouth and chin are too firm for beauty, but her coloring (which is her own) is undeniably effective. Her hair is reddish auburn, and her eyes, somehow, seem to be of the same hue, though that, probably, is an optical illusion. She has a great deal of color, and, in moments of excitement, a great deal more of it. Sadie refers to her as being "buxom," but here, again, I must protest. Lillah Wakeley's curves may be a trifle generous, but she has her figure well in hand. In fact, she

generally has everything well in hand.

In the wake of the energetic Mrs. Wakeley came, much more timidly, Mr. Crewe—whoever he was—a thin, politely pallid individual of about thirty—good-looking in a mild sort of a way. His attire was impeccably correct, as was his manner—though he was, plainly, rather nervous. He advanced into the drawing-room as if he knew perfectly well about those eggs and the dynamite under the carpet. As Edward withdrew (more discreetly than ever) Lillah Wakeley swept the room with a widely suspicious glance. Her gaze rested on Jim.

"Good heavens!" she said, "but you've got fat!"

"You're not any thinner," retorted Jim. Then, these preliminary amenities concluded, he went through the introductions. Lillah, in turn, presented her companion, "Mr. Mumford Crewe." Then she turned to Jim. "Well!" she demanded accusingly, "which is it?" and she pointed to Sadie and the Comtesse. "Which are you in love with? Which did you rush here to see?"

There was a general gasp, and Jim looked quite dazed. It was half a minute before he rallied.

"Who said I was in love?" he asked, staring dazedly at his wife. "Who said I rushed here to see?"

"I was at the dock this morning, watching for you. When you landed I followed you. You did rush! Which is it?" and again she indicated the Comtesse and Sadie. "I demand an answer!"

"Ah—*ma chere Madame!*" exclaimed the Comtesse, who was beginning to look alarmed, "I meet your husband—ze first time—to-day!"

"It's the *other* one!" cried Lillah, and she glared at Sadie. "She *admits* it! Mumfy—put that down!"

Mumfy (which was short for Mumford Crewe) gave a funny little squeak of assent, and, producing a pencil and a tablet, proceeded to "put it down."

"I admit nothing of the sort!" gasped Sadie, recovering from the shock of this unexpected attack. "I'm just mar-

ried. This is my husband." She indicated the Prince.

"Where's *your* husband?" demanded Lillah, turning accusingly upon the Comtesse.

"I don't know!" exclaimed the Comtesse, taken aback; then, hastily correcting herself, "I mean—I 'ave no 'usband!"

"She had some husbands," explained Sadie Love, "but she lost them. She's careless with her husbands."

"Careless with her husbands," Lillah glared at the Comtesse. "Mumfy—put that down."

Mumfy squeaked and obeyed.

"Lillah!" said Jim, staring, quite goggly-eyed, at his wife. "In Heaven's name—what's the matter? What are you trying to do?"

"Get a divorce," declared Lillah, "and what's more—I shall!"

"But—who's stopping you?" expostulated Jim. "I'll let you get one."

"Yes," replied Lillah, "but where?"

"Go to Reno," exclaimed Sadie involuntarily, and she glanced at the Comtesse. "It's beautiful in Reno."

"But I don't want to go to Reno," objected Lillah energetically. "I don't want to go to any stupid, faraway place for a whole year. I want to get a divorce comfortably—in New York."

"But, Lillah," protested Jim, "surely you're aware—in New York—there's only *one* ground for divorce—the most *serious*! It—it's about the Seventh Commandment." And Jim blushed like a schoolboy. But Lillah didn't.

"I know," she retorted, "that's why I'm here! I want to establish that one ground. Then I won't have to go away for my divorce. Why, even if I went to Reno right now I couldn't get back in time for the Horse Show." She looked dreadfully abused at the mere thought. Or, rather, she looked as abused as she could. Lillah was a trifle too strong-minded to look anything in the passive tense.

"I'm extremely sorry, Mrs. Wakeley," said Sadie, drawing herself up with awful dignity, "but I'm afraid

you'll have to go elsewhere to establish your—one ground."

"Don't try to deceive me," retorted Lillah formidably, "I'm telepathic. I can read your mind. I know just what you're thinking."

"Oh—I trust not," replied Sadie with polite concern. And then Jim intervened.

"Lillah, dear," he began diplomatically, "possessed, as you are, of this marvelous power of reading minds—you must realize what a mistake you've made. I rushed here, it is true, to the wedding of Miss Love—"

"Who?" demanded Lillah in awful tones.

"Miss Love," and he indicated Sadie, "who is now the Princess Pallavicini. The Comtesse I had never seen before to-day. Are you satisfied?"

"I am not," retorted Lillah. "I want a divorce—and I want it in New York!"

"And why, may I ask,"—Jim began to bristle—"are you suddenly so anxious for a divorce?"

"Because I'm married to *you*!" replied Lillah haughtily. "Isn't that reason enough?"

"You want to get rid of me," declared Jim, glowering suspiciously at her, "to marry someone else." He turned his gaze on Mumford Crewe. "Who is—Mumfy?" he demanded. "And why does he put things down?"

"Mr. Mumford Crewe," responded Lillah haughtily, "is my representative and personal adviser."

"What else is he?" demanded Jim quite fiercely. "What else is he going to be? You might as well confess. I also can read minds!"

"My friendship with Mr. Crewe," answered Lillah icily, "is above reproach. It is true, when I divorce you, I shall marry him."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Jim wrathfully. He turned to the others with quite an abused expression. "My wife, whom I trusted—the woman who bears my name!"

"But Jim"—it was Sadie who spoke; she had been silent for a long time (for Sadie!)"—"how can Mrs. Wakeley help

caring for Mr. Crewe, if he's her—twin soul?"

"Oh—yes, yes," said Lillah gratefully.

"She knew him," went on Sadie earnestly, "before the world began."

"Oh," Lillah was manifestly touched. "How well you understand."

"Oh, yes," answered Sadie Love. "I know all about twin souls. I married one." Mrs. Wakeley, of course, didn't catch the meaning of this, but the Prince did, and he looked uncomfortable.

"Well," said Jim, moved, apparently, by Sadie's defense of Lillah, "I suppose I can stand losing you, Lillah, if Crewe can stand marrying you." Everyone felt that that was a nasty cut, but no one cared much, except Lillah and Mumfy.

"Mr. Wakeley," protested Mumfy, "it will be the happiest day of my life when I marry your wife."

"I thought the same thing," said Jim, "the day I married her!" (Which, of course, was nasty or not, depending on how you looked at it.)

"Well," exclaimed Lillah, and she seemed relieved, "that's settled, anyhow. But will I have to leave New York?" That thought seemed to worry her. She turned to Sadie. "Have you been to Reno?" she inquired.

"Not yet," said Sadie Love.

"There are mountains, aren't there?" asked Lillah, trying to take a hopeful view of the matter. "I could climb. I might lose a few pounds."

"Jim," said Sadie Love, "that'd be a good place for you."

It was then that the Comtesse got her inspiration.

"Let us *all* go!" she exclaimed suddenly. Then, when they looked blank, she went on, "Let us all go—to Reno! I would *love* eet—to go back! It would be like to go 'ome!" She explained, then, that Sadie and Mrs. Wakeley could get their divorces simultaneously, and that she, just to see that everything was done properly, would remain with them. Lillah Wakeley, who, of course, didn't understand the situation, looked

dazed. As for Sadie, she objected at once and energetically.

"Just a moment," she protested, "I must draw the line *somewhere* on this honeymoon. It's getting—much too much! It *was* a Cook's tour! It's become an excursion! If we keep on, it'll be a *national movement*!"

"We are only six," said the Comtesse, as if that were quite the usual number for a honeymoon.

"But how do I know," asked Sadie, "that your two ex-husbands won't turn up next? And perhaps Mr. Crewe has a wife around somewhere?" (Mumfy, at this, gasped protestingly), "and perhaps those husbands and wives have other husbands and wives—and so on. It's like one of those endless-chain things! You see where it begins, but you don't know where it will end. Of course, I don't want to be narrow-minded—but something in my nature rebels against more than four people on one honeymoon."

Lillah Wakeley was more than ever mixed up by this, so the Comtesse explained to her that Sadie, also, wished to divorce.

"Just married," gasped Lillah, "and talking about a divorce already! Good heavens! The next thing, people will be divorcing before they marry."

"I wish some of 'em had," spoke up Jim involuntarily, and he looked at Lillah in a fashion which left no doubt as to his meaning. Then the Comtesse, in order to clear things up entirely, went on to explain to Lillah how Jim was going on Sadie's honeymoon.

"What!" Lillah turned, still not comprehending, to Jim and Sadie.

"He's my twin soul," explained Sadie.

"Mumfy!" gasped Lillah, "put that down!"

Mumfy squeaked and obeyed.

"You know, Lillah," protested Jim, "you haven't a monopoly on twin souls." And then, on top of this, Sadie calmly announced: "You see, Mrs. Wakeley—I'm going to marry your husband."

Lillah drew herself up till she looked like a female Gibraltar.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," she declared.

"But, Lillah," protested Jim, "you said you were going to divorce me."

"I won't do it!" exclaimed Lillah, whereupon Mumfy looked very peculiar—whether it was from relief or depression one could hardly say.

"I'll make you divorce me!" declared Jim, "and the moment Sadie is free—"

He was interrupted by the Prince, who had stood mute through it all, like a horrified Roman god, but who now came suddenly to life.

"She shall not be free!" exclaimed the Prince. The Comtesse, horrified, cried out "Luigi!" but he gave no heed to her. He went straight over to Sadie, and, standing in front of her, declared, passionately: "You are my wife—you *stay* my wife."

"Oh, will I? Will I?" cried Sadie. "Do you know what you are—both of you?" and she confronted the Prince and Lillah. "You're dogs in the manger."

"Oh!" gasped Lillah, outraged.

"That's just what you are," exclaimed Sadie Love. "You wanted to get rid of Jim" to Lillah, "and you," she turned to the Prince, "wanted your twin soul. You didn't care what became of us—what our lives would be! But the moment you find out that Jim and I also have twins—" There was a simultaneous horrified gasp, and Jim turned red as a lobster, "twin souls, I mean!" corrected Sadie wrathfully, "the moment you find out that we care for each other, that we want to be free, that we want to get married, you say 'No! No!' Well, I say you've got to give us our freedom! If you don't do it willingly, we'll *make* you do it! We—we—we'll do something awful!" this in a climax of rage. Then, turning to Jim, "Jim! Think of something awful!" The demand was sudden, but Jim rose nobly to the emergency.

"We'll go away—together," he declared, "here and now."

"We will!" said Sadie excitedly, and felt to see if her hat was on straight, which showed that she meant it.

"We'll go some place," exclaimed Jim, "where everybody will know about it. To Chicago or Bermuda—"

"Or China," supplemented Sadie, "or anywhere—on a honeymoon of our own—and it won't be ostensible, either! You won't need to go to Reno for your divorce," this was for Lillah, "you can stay right in New York!"

"We'll be unfaithful to you!" exclaimed Jim to Lillah and the Prince.

"We will!" echoed Sadie, "*openly* unfaithful! Then you'll have to divorce us!" She took Jim's arm, and they actually started for the door. But the Prince barred their way.

"You do not leave this house!" he thundered.

"No?" retorted Sadie. "Very well—we won't! Come on, Jim!" she seized him by the hand. "We'll be unfaithful to them *here!*" She started up the staircase, Jim with her. On the first landing she turned: "Mumfy!" she cried, "put *that* down!" She and Jim disappeared around a curve of the stairs on their way to the second floor. There was a moment's horrified, breathless pause, then the Prince, rallying his dazed wits, exclaimed something in Italian, and rushed up the stairs after them. The Comtesse, crying out something in French, followed him. Lillah, saying many things, volubly, in English, followed them both. As for Mumfy—through force of habit—he had taken out his pad and pencil, at Sadie's command, and had begun to "put it down."

"We'll—be unfaithful to them—*here!*" he murmured. Suddenly, realizing what he had written, he let the pad and pencil fall, and stood, staring before him.

"Oh—my God!" he said weakly. Then *he* went upstairs, too.

CHAPTER VII

What Happened Then

THE first that Aunt Julia knew about it was when she met Sadie and Jim at the top of the stairs. Aunt Julia was on her way down. Jim and Sadie, just as evidently, were on their way up,

and they seemed to be in a hurry. Sadie was in the lead and Jim was right behind her. There was plenty of room for him beside her on the wide staircase, but, to tell the truth, he couldn't run quite so fast as Sadie. He might have been able to a year before, when he had white lilacs in his hands, but not now.

When Aunt Julia saw the two of them rushing madly up those stairs she didn't know what to think—but she did know, instinctively, that there was something wrong.

"Sadie Love!" she exclaimed, standing in the center of the staircase. "What are you *doing*? Where are you *going*?"

Though Aunt Julia stood in the middle of the stairway, Sadie Love (who vouchsafed no reply to her Auntie's challenge) slipped by her successfully. But Jim, who needed a little more room than Sadie did, and who would have had to jostle Aunt Julia in order to pass—Jim preserved his manners, even in this crisis, and halted—only for a moment—but that moment was fatal! For just then Aunt Julia heard from the drawing-room below a terrible hullabaloo—cries and exclamations—and the next thing she knew she saw the Prince bounding up the stairs, six steps at a time. (At least so she maintained afterward, but we must take her statement with a grain of salt. After all, the Prince was not a kangaroo.) Behind the Prince came the Comtesse, but she could not run fast, and she was overtaken on the first steps of the stairs by a strange woman, tall and reddish-haired (Lillah Wakeley, of course), who pushed her unceremoniously aside and flew up the stairs at least three steps at a time. (This, again, on the authority of Mrs. Warrington. Sadie Love maintains that Lillah Wakeley couldn't have come up those stairs three steps at a time with the skirt that she had on! Mrs. Warrington, however, asserts that Mrs. Wakeley lifted her skirt to the point where—well, where running begins and modesty ends. This Mrs. Wakeley indignantly denies. I have given you all sides of the case; believe whom you choose.)

Mrs. Warrington's first thought, when she saw this mad rush up the stairway, was that the house was on fire—though why they were running upstairs, instead of down, she couldn't quite make out. Still, it would have been just like Sadie. But this assumption had barely flashed through her mind when the Prince, taking the rest of the stairs at one leap (again on the authority of Mrs. Warrington), seized upon Jim, who was standing, apparently frozen to his own particular step, and attempted to throw him aside. Jim resisted valiantly, and there was a brief but vivid encounter. The next thing that anyone knew Jim was standing (a few steps below his own particular step) holding his eye. And then the Prince, who had attained the second floor, snatched up Sadie, who was standing there, and carried her bodily out of sight, down the hallway. Mrs. Warrington, who would certainly have fainted if she had had sufficient presence of mind to do so, clung, gasping, to the banister. Jim, the Comtesse and the reddish-haired woman all stood—also gasping—on the stairs below her. And below them all was a strange man (Mumford Crewe). And *he* was gasping, too!

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Warrington at last, feebly. Then, while they all stood, gasping together, on the stairs, Lillah Wakeley told her. The fact that Mrs. Warrington didn't faint, even then, is proof that she was a Spartan aunt. Not that she didn't want to faint. She had it decidedly in mind. But she realized that there wasn't time. For, as Lillah finished her dreadful recital, Jim (even though he was holding one eye) started determinedly up the stairs again. Mrs. Warrington, gathering her shattered forces, barred his way. She spread out her arms majestically and transfixed him with an "over-my-dead-body" glance.

"Mr. Wakeley!" she exclaimed in awful tones, "you will kindly leave my house—at once!"

"Not without Sadie," declared Jim, still holding on to his eye (he had a

terrible conviction that if he didn't hold on to it, it would come out). He turned upon Lillah, "We told you what we're going to do," he exclaimed, "and we'll do it!"

Just then something happened down in the drawing-room. The Comtesse heard it first and rushed, screaming, down the stairs. Everybody followed her. Mrs. Warrington says that she thought the Prince had brought Sadie downstairs the back way and was killing her in the drawing-room, under the wedding-bell. ("It would have been just like an Italian," she points out.) But when they got to the drawing-room what they saw was a gilded basket doing somersaults on the floor, under the frantic paws of a wild-eyed poodle. Zozo, inside the basket, was yowling like a whole sextette of cats, and Mikey was shrieking with a voice like a razor. The uproar was appalling, and it brought the servants, as well as everyone else. The Comtesse, who had had too much emotion for one day, fainted into the most comfortable chair in the room, and then the Prince, as wild-eyed as Mikey, burst upon the scene, waving a key, and announcing, in Italian, that he had locked Sadie up. Mrs. Warrington, who didn't know a syllable of the Prince's native tongue, was quite sure, then, that Sadie had been killed, and she immediately sent the servants out of the room, as the first step toward a decent inquest. Then the Prince went over to Jim, and talked in his face, in faster and faster Italian, and Jim talked back, in the Prince's face, in more and more fluent English. In fact, a number of times he spoke American! Still holding onto his eye, he declared again, with passionate emphasis, that he wouldn't leave the house without Sadie.

"You can't take her with you if he's killed her!" cried Mrs. Warrington hysterically, and she pointed to the Prince. The Prince explained, then, that he hadn't killed Sadie, but that he was on the point of killing someone else, and he seemed about to dispose of Jim, then and there, on the drawing-room carpet.

But Mrs. Warrington determinedly intervened.

"I don't care what you do to each other," she exclaimed, agitatedly, "but you shan't do it in my house! I won't have a scandal!"

Just then, the Comtesse, under the ministrations of Lillah Wakeley and Mumford Crewe, returned to consciousness, and everyone was sorry that she had, for she went straightway into the most awful hysterics. She did it in French, which made it difficult to know what it was all about. Aunt Julia thought that it was anxiety for the cat, and put the gilded basket into the Comtesse's arms, to convince her that Zozo was alive and well. But it happened that the Comtesse was having her hysterics on account of the Prince, who, she was sure, no longer cared for her. At least that's what she kept affirming, in the most frightfully fluent French. The Prince understood it well enough, and he kept telling her (in Italian) that he was her twin soul, and that he had known her before the world began, but it didn't seem to do the slightest bit of good. The more he said, the worse she got, and when she began tearing up the sofa pillows and scattering the feathers all around, and then falling face downward on the couch and kicking her heels (French, of course) up into the air, he retreated in despair, informing Mrs. Warrington that the only remedy for the Comtesse was bed and a doctor. He had, it appeared, seen the lady once before in a similar condition. Mrs. Warrington, her world falling about her ears, 'phoned for the physician. Her only consolation was that he wouldn't understand a word the Comtesse said. Then the Prince and Mumfy carried the Comtesse up to the Red Room, and that started a whole new fit of hysterics. She was, it appeared, dreadfully susceptible to color, and red made her violent. They had to take her to the Amber Room, and that seemed better, but she was still in a very bad way.

Mrs. Warrington, by now, was longing to indulge in hysterics herself, but it was like the fainting—she didn't have

time. When she went down into the drawing-room again Jim was standing (holding one eye) and gazing out of a window with an affectation of great interest, while Edward, quite open-mouthed with amazement, was listening to Lillah Wakeley repeating her order for some fresh tea and a piece of raw beefsteak. Of course the beefsteak was for Jim's eye, but Edward didn't know that. He went to the kitchen and informed the cook that the strange lady who had been the last to arrive was some kind of a cannibal. Cook, however, thought that the meat might be for the Comtesse, who had been taken upstairs, raving mad. The system of news distribution in Mrs. Warrington's establishment was, as you perceive, not entirely lacking in efficiency.

It wasn't till all these things had been attended to that Mrs. Warrington went up to Sadie. The Prince went with her, for he had the key to the boudoir door. But when he unlocked it and he and Mrs. Warrington went in, Sadie was nowhere in sight. She had retreated to her bedroom, had locked herself in, and there was no seeing her, no speaking with her. To pleas, reasoning, threats and cajoling, Sadie, secure in her bedroom, turned a deaf ear, and gave forth no response. For one awful moment, Mrs. Warrington, alarmed by this unprecedented silence, had feared a suicide, but when she peeped through the keyhole she saw Sadie powdering her nose—a performance which, under the circumstances, seemed to Aunt Julia nothing short of scandalous. She and the Prince retreated, finally, taking care to lock the boudoir door. As a further precaution the Prince went downstairs with a pair of big scissors, which Mrs. Warrington had found for him, and snipped one of the electric wires, to put the push-button in Sadie's room out of commission. On no account, Mrs. Warrington had explained to the Prince, must the servants know of what had happened. They must be kept away from Sadie's room—all of them—even Celeste, Sadie's maid.

When Mrs. Warrington (after her

fruitless visit to Sadie) got back once more to the drawing-room Lillah Wakeley was standing in the middle of the room, with a piece of raw steak in her hand. She was determinedly surveying Jim, who was still looking out of the window (and still holding his eye). And Mikey, who thought that the steak was for him, was sitting up on his haunches in front of Lillah.

"If you'll kindly assign me a room," said Lillah, haughtily, to Mrs. Warrington, "where I can put a bandage on—him." And she shot an awful glance at Jim. His back was to her, but he felt the glance strike him and he stirred uneasily.

Mrs. Warrington would have liked to have refused Lillah's request; she would have liked to have said that there was no room in her house for Jim Wakeley or for his wife, either (not to mention Mumford Crewe); she would have liked to have requested them, all three, to leave her home at once; she would even have liked to have taken the piece of raw steak away from Lillah, and to have given it to Mikey, who really deserved it. But she did none of these things. Lillah, somehow, intimidated her.

"If you'll come this way," she said stiffly, and led them upstairs. "Hold on to your eye," she commanded Jim, severely, "the servants must not know."

When they got to the second floor she started to lead Jim and Lillah to the Red Room (it would have matched the beefsteak); but, seeing one of the servants coming along the hall, she hastily executed a right-about-face, and led the way to the back stairs, and up to the third floor. There was a guest suite there, so Lillah could bathe Jim's eye, and beefsteak and bandage him, and bully him, and quarrel with him, to her heart's content, and no one be the wiser. (No one, that is, except Jim!)

Having thus temporarily disposed of Jim and his mate, Mrs. Warrington went down to see how the Comtesse was getting on. That lady was consid-

erably quieter, but still in a very disturbed state. The Doctor, who came presently, prescribed a sleeping-draught. Mrs. Warrington groaned at this, but she couldn't very well object. The draught was administered and the Comtesse slept.

"Now I've got *her* on my hands," thought Mrs. Warrington, despairingly.

And then, when the Doctor had gone, Lillah Wakeley appeared, flushed but triumphant, with Mumford Crewe timidly in her wake.

"Where's Mr. Wakeley?" asked Mrs. Warrington, apprehensively.

"I've locked him in that room," replied Lillah Wakely, and she brandished a key; "and what's more, I shan't let him out till that niece of yours is safely out of the country."

CHAPTER VIII

Not Yet—But We Will!

WHEN she heard that—about Jim being locked up, and Lillah Wakeley not going to release him till Sadie was out of the country—Mrs. Warrington didn't know what she *would* do. It was all very well for Mrs. Wakeley to talk about getting Sadie Love out of the country, but how, in the name of goodness, were they going to do it? There was Sadie, shut in her bedroom, refusing to see or speak to anyone. She might stay there for a week. One never knew, with Sadie Love!

"I can't help it," said Lillah, when Mrs. Warrington had pointed all this out to her. "As for locking Jim up, there was nothing else for me to do. All the time that I was bandaging him—the ungrateful wretch!—he kept saying that he 'wouldn't leave this house without Sadie.' I've got him now where he can't leave the house with or without her! I've done my part. Now let the Prince do his! Let him take his wife away." Then she said that she was completely exhausted, and had to lie down, so she got the Red Room!

Mrs. Warrington, finding she still had Mumford Crewe on her hands, asked him if he were going to stay, too.

He was sorry, he explained, but he had to; he couldn't desert Mrs. Wakeley. This almost finished off Aunt Julia, but she summoned strength enough to go upstairs and make another attempt at reasoning with Sadie. It failed as signally as the first had done. She kept on trying, though, at regular intervals, and so did the Prince.

The dining hour approached. Mrs. Warrington realized that, though she hadn't invited these people, though she didn't want them, though she wished she'd never seen them—they had to be fed. Lillah Wakeley, who had finished her nap, came downstairs and declared, quite openly, that she was ravenous. She, and the Prince, and Mumfy, and Mrs. Warrington had a sort of a meal together. The Prince was in a terrible state of mind because Sadie wouldn't respond even to offers of food. And then, about nine o'clock, the Comtesse woke up. Everyone had hoped that she would sleep all night, if not longer, but she didn't! She rang for nourishment, and when it had been brought and she had partaken thereof she felt better, and decided to get up, but she didn't feel equal yet to leaving. "And she *won't* feel equal to leaving, as long as the Prince is here," thought Mrs. Warrington, despairingly.

It was then that she determined to call a general council of war. Some agreement, she declared, must be arrived at. The present state of affairs couldn't continue. So she asked Lillah, and Mumfy, and the Comtesse to meet her in Sadie's boudoir. She went on ahead with the Prince to see if, between them, they could lure Sadie out of her bedroom. For, of course, there wouldn't be much use of a general discussion if Sadie didn't take part in it.

It was precisely ten o'clock in the evening when Mrs. Warrington, followed by the Prince, approached the door of Sadie's boudoir. At that particular moment Sadie Love, still in her going-away gown, was reposing on the most comfortable chaise-longue in the whole world. She did not, however, look at all like Madame Récamier

(who, as everyone knows, never did anything but repose on a chaise-longue). She looked exactly like Sadie Love—which was saying a good deal. She looked, moreover, like Sadie Love in a temper—but that had happened before! But she looked, finally, like Sadie Love in a temper which had lasted for several hours, and which promised to last for several more. And that was serious; that had never happened before.

Sadie Love had been trying, for some time, to read, and had not been succeeding at all. Sadie Love had been trying, for some time, to settle herself entirely comfortably, on that chaise-longue, and she had not been succeeding in that, either. The cushions didn't suit her, or perhaps she didn't suit the cushions! Whatever it was, something was wrong. She moved, she turned, she twisted, she sighed impatiently. And then she stopped doing all these things, and listened intently. Her keen ears had detected someone outside in the hallway. (The someone, of course, was Aunt Julia—not to mention the Prince.) Sadie Love threw down her book, rose quickly, and, crossing to the bedroom, went into it, closing and locking the door after her.

A moment after the boudoir door was unlocked and opened and Mrs. Warrington came in. She saw that Sadie wasn't there, and sighed despairingly. Then she noted the condition of the room, and sighed again. It was in what could be best described as picturesque disorder. Most of Sadie's luggage had been sent off early in the day (before the ceremony), but one steamer trunk and a hat trunk and some smaller pieces were to have departed simultaneously with their mistress. As Sadie, however, had not departed, neither had the one steamer trunk, nor the hat trunk, nor the smaller pieces; and Sadie had since partially unpacked them.

Mrs. Warrington crossed to the bedroom door and knocked.

"Sadie!" she said. There was no response. "Sadie!" she repeated. Still

no response. "Sadie Love! I must speak to you. I must!"

Less of a response than ever. Mrs. Warrington threw up her hands despairingly and turned away. It was then that the Prince (who had been standing, watching, in the doorway) got his idea. Putting his fingers to his lips, to enjoin silence, he motioned Mrs. Warrington to move away from the bedroom door. Next, he himself closed the door which led out into the hallway. He did it with ostentatious loudness. Mrs. Warrington understood then that she was supposed to have departed. At least, that was what Sadie Love was to be led to think. And now Mrs. Warrington and the Prince were to wait until Sadie, believing the coast to be clear, should come out again into the boudoir. Then they would corner her! It must be owned, the idea of cornering Sadie did not particularly appeal to them. But they were there to do their duty. They exchanged glances of sympathetic understanding, and waited, in silence. They had a sufficiently long wait, did the conspirators. It seemed, indeed, as if their strategy were doomed to failure; they were on the point of acknowledging themselves defeated, and abandoning the field, when they heard the key turning in the lock of the bedroom door. Then the door opened and Sadie Love came into the boudoir. When she saw them an exclamation escaped her, and she was on the point of retreating, but her pride would not permit her. She crimsoned with wrath, and drew herself up haughtily, but she said nothing. Neither did the others, for a moment. Then the Prince spoke:

"I come, at your Aunt's request, to ask you once more—"

"To listen to reason!" finished Aunt Julia. She simply had to say something.

"I've been doing nothing else—through the bedroom door," replied Sadie Love, icily, "since four in the afternoon. It is now ten in the evening."

"You must—you will listen!" ex-

claimed the Prince, and his dark eyes flashed with suppressed wrath.

"Very well," answered Sadie, with haughty resignation. "But before you begin let me tell you this: Don't think you can keep me shut up here much longer! I'll ring," and she pointed to the push-button, "I'll summon the servants—"

"You can't ring!" interrupted Mrs. Warrington, and then she told about the Prince cutting the wires.

"Oh!" gasped Sadie, quite breathless with indignation, "and you *let* him?"

"The servants must not know," said Mrs. Warrington agitatedly, "there must not be a scandal. Though I don't know how we're going to prevent it. They suspect something, I know they do. And if it ever gets to that newspaper correspondent, at that odious hotel!" She referred, thus disparagingly, to "The Seaside Inn," a summer hostelry, which had recently been erected, almost across the road from her own exclusive grounds. At the mere thought of the noisy, gossipy hotel, and the newspaper person whom it harbored, she sat down meekly. Then she went on agitatedly: "I've told the servants that you're ill. But who ever heard of a bride getting ill when she was starting on her honeymoon—and then suddenly giving a house-party for a lot of people who weren't at the wedding!"

"You won't even let Celeste come near me," exclaimed Sadie Love. "What do you suppose she thinks?"

"I don't want to think what she thinks," retorted Aunt Julia, and she looked so disturbed that Sadie, in spite of her wrath, felt sorry for her.

"Aunt Julia," she protested, "if only you wouldn't be so upset!"

"What, in Heaven's name, do you expect me to be?" exclaimed Mrs. Warrington agitatedly, "with you, on your wedding day, trying to run away—with another man."

"I will run!" said Sadie, with determination, and she looked wrathfully at the Prince. "Don't think that by locking the door, and cutting off the bell, you'll keep Jim away from me."

"Let him come here—let him try!" The Prince clenched his hands. "I give him *another* black eye."

"I shall never forgive you for striking Jim, never." Sadie, enraged at the remembrance of it, turned indignantly away.

"To think," exclaimed Mrs. Warrington, "that I should have lived to see a fight—a fist fight—in my house!"

"It wasn't enough to strike Jim," Sadie turned back to the Prince, "you had to try to throw him downstairs. And then—to drag me here, the way you did—by physical force!"

Of course, the Prince hadn't dragged her. He had picked her up and carried her—which was even worse. If she had been dragged she could have felt like a heroine. But to be carried! It was ignominy.

"What you expect?" demanded the Prince, and *he* was indignant, too, "when you tell me, to my face, that you and Wakeley intend to—you know what you said!"

"And we will!" declared Sadie, with determination. "We haven't yet, but we will!"

"Sadie!" gasped Mrs. Warrington, "don't say such things!" The Prince turned upon her.

"Why you let that man stay in your house?"

"Let him?" cried Mrs. Warrington exasperatedly, "I had nothing to say about it. He stayed, without being asked. They *all* stayed without being asked. I never had such a house-party. None of them invited—and everybody wanting to marry somebody else—if not something worse." And she looked at Sadie.

"There couldn't be anything worse," replied Sadie, with a withering glance at the Prince. Then she remarked: "The others, at least, have the advantage of being fed!" She looked a perfect martyr as she said it.

"Is it my fault you do not eat?" demanded the Prince, in desperation.

"Absolutely," declared Sadie. "I told you—while I'm shut in here, not a morsel of food passes my lips. If any—"

thing happens to me, you're to blame. Something probably will happen. I'm not very strong." (Looking, of course, the picture of health, as she said it.)

"What you try to do? Drive me mad?" cried the Prince, despairingly. "I keep you here because I must—to save you from yourself—"

"I don't want to be saved," interrupted Sadie. "Go and save your twin soul!" And then, as there was a knock on the door, "You don't need to. She's come to save you."

The door opened, and, sure enough, in came the Comtesse. She was not the first to enter, though. Lillah led the way. Lillah always did lead the way. She looked austere handsome—a sort of Joan of Arc of matrimony. Sadie Love says she always felt like handing Lillah Wakeley a banner. Sadie Love also says that every hour that Lillah remained in the house her hair grew redder and redder. (Lillah's hair, of course.) And if you appear to doubt this, Sadie Love will point out to you that if hair can turn white, overnight, there's no reason in the world why it shouldn't turn redder during an afternoon and evening. However that may be, Lillah came in now, with a decided militant air, and her hair did look surprisingly red. And behind her came the Comtesse, wonderfully refreshed after her long nap. Her make-up had all been nicely re-applied, and she wore a perfect "cat-that-ate-the-canary" expression. Sadie, observing it, felt uneasy. The last time that she had seen the Comtesse, in the afternoon, that lady had been terribly upset, because the Prince had announced that he would not let Sadie divorce him—which had meant, of course, that the Comtesse wouldn't be able to marry him. But now something had happened. The Comtesse's mind was obviously at ease. She fairly purred.

Mumfy, who trailed after the Comtesse, had an expectant air. One could see that he anticipated putting more things down.

Lillah gave Sadie the frostiest of

nods—and Sadie gave her a frostier one.

"I asked these ladies and Mr. Crewe to come here," explained Mrs. Warrington, agitatedly, to Sadie. "Something must be done at once to put an end to this situation. I can't stand it any longer."

Sadie glanced around the room. "If you're going to have a—general council of war," she said, "where's Jim? He's as much concerned in this as anyone. Where is he? What have you done with him?"

"If you must know," replied Lillah, haughtily, "I've locked him up!"

Sadie gasped at that. "Is this a country home," she demanded, "or a penitentiary?"

"It seems," said the Prince, dryly, "to combine the advantages of both."

"You locked him up," Sadie turned indignantly upon Lillah, "with his poor black eye."

"She could not lock him up without it," remonstrated the Prince. Lillah, growing redder and more frigid every minute, addressed herself to Sadie. (You may not understand how anyone can grow red and frigid simultaneously; you may protest that it is contrary to the laws of physics. And so it may be—but it isn't contrary to Lillah Wakeley.)

"I came here," said Lillah, "to learn what you propose to do?"

"I have not changed my intentions," replied Sadie, defiantly. "In spite of the fact that you won't free Jim—in spite of the fact that you," and she turned to the Prince, "refuse to divorce me—"

"I do not!" interrupted the Prince. "When I say, this afternoon, that we will not divorce, I speak without thinking. If we do not divorce, I cannot marry Marise."

"And eet ees zat, Madame," purred the Comtesse, "zat he wish to do!" And then Sadie understood why the Comtesse had come in with that cat-that-ate-the-canary expression. She had, evidently, had a talk with the Prince, and the Prince had changed

his mind! Sadie turned upon him. "May I ask," she demanded, "since you don't want to stay married to me—just why do you keep me shut up here?"

"To protect you," replied the Prince, haughtily, "from that man Wakeley—who is not free to marry you."

"And he won't be free!" pronounced Lillah, with determination. "I feel it's my duty to remain Jim's wife. I'm going to redeem him."

"It would be more to the point to reduce him," said Sadie.

And then the Comtesse had the effrontery to turn to Sadie and exclaim, "*Princesse—soyez genereuse*. Give him up to her!"

"I won't give him up!" cried Sadie Love, indignantly, "I'm getting tired of giving people up! First you want me to give up my husband. Now you want me to give up someone *else's* husband! No one gives up any husbands to me! Whom do I get? Mr. Crewe?"

"Oh—Comtesse!" exclaimed Mumfy, pleasantly surprised, and he beamed all over.

Lillah, to bring the discussion back to the capital point, turned to Sadie with a frigidity that had become positively Polar:

"Your attitude, then, is the same?"

"Jim and I told you, this afternoon, what we propose to do," said Sadie Love, "and we'll do it!"

"Till you propose to do something else," declared the Prince, "you stay—locked up!"

"Then," said Sadie, defiantly, "you'll have to keep me locked up indefinitely."

"Then," retorted the Prince, "we will keep you locked up—" and he tried to say "indefinitely," but that was a new word for him, and he got quite hopelessly mixed in it, and had to give it up, as a bad job.

"In order to—safeguard the interests of all concerned," said Lillah, with icy dignity, "Mumfy will occupy a couch in Jim's room to-night!" (Mumfy, at this, looked decidedly uncomfortable.) "Mrs. Warrington, I will ask you to—pass the night with the Princess." (Aunt Julia

didn't look exactly rejoiced either, but she didn't venture to protest, any more than Mumfy had.) Sadie Love, however, found a word to say. (But then, Sadie always did.)

"Do you think," and she confronted the Prince and Lillah, "that you can keep Jim and me locked up, and—under guard—forever?"

"It will not be necessary!" Lillah looked irritatingly confident.

"If you think," replied Sadie, indignantly, "that we'll weaken, you're very much mistaken."

"Jim will!" declared Lillah, and her expression of haughty confidence grew even more pronounced. "Jim's bound to weaken. I'm not feeding him."

"Oh!" cried Sadie Love, horrified, "That's barbarous!" She turned to Mumfy. "You're going to be shut up with Jim—and he's not being fed. Jim will eat him alive." This last, with emphatic conviction, to Lillah.

"Perhaps," suggested Mumfy, obviously disturbed, to Lillah, "I'd better take something *in*—a sandwich, or a bottle of olives."

"If you don't take something *in*," predicted Sadie, "you won't come *out*." She turned once more to Lillah. "Mrs. Wakeley," she said, "Jim is the kind that has to be fed! He'll go mad, or blow up, or something."

"The responsibility," retorted Lillah, icily, "rests absolutely with you. As long as you persist in the stand you are taking, you can tell yourself—you are starving Jim, inch by inch."

"Inch by inch," repeated Sadie. "That will take a long time!" And then her face lit up. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "he'll get thinner, won't he? You're not starving him, you're reducing him!"

"Mumfy," said Lillah, pretending to ignore Sadie's remark, but growing redder and redder, "when Jim is asleep go through his pockets. He used to have a key-ring, with a skeleton key."

"That's unjust," protested Sadie. "Jim couldn't have a skeleton anything."

Lillah, quite crimson now, went out,

in a glacial rage, with Mumfy in her wake. He ventured a timidly ardent glance at Sadie as he departed.

The Prince looked as if he would have liked to stay, to speak with Sadie, but the Comtesse said that she didn't feel strong enough to walk alone, so he had to accompany her. So did Mrs. Warrington, whom the Comtesse wished to consult about moving to another suite. Zozo, the Comtesse said, had been behaving very strangely. He seemed uneasy. She wasn't sure, but she thought it might be because there were birds on the wall-paper in her bedroom.

"Put him in with Jim and Mr. Crewe," recommended Sadie, "and let them all be uneasy together."

They went out—all but Sadie Love. She couldn't go out, because they locked her in again. Left alone, she stamped her feet, then sat down on the chaise-longue, and prepared to cry her eyes out, from sheer rage—and hunger. But she had no more than started when she was interrupted.

For it was then that she saw Jim, on the rope, outside her window!

CHAPTER IX

The Way the Porters Do

SADIE LOVE maintains that what first drew her attention to Jim was an exceedingly reprehensible ejaculation which escaped him. This Jim denies, though he admits that he may have said *something*. As he points out, he could hardly be blamed if he did. At the moment when Sadie Love, turning round on the chaise-longue, perceived him, he was convinced that the rope was breaking, and he was making wild efforts to land on the little balcony upon which one of the French windows of Sadie's boudoir opened. After a desperate minute he did finally get his foot onto the edge of the balcony railing, and half dropped, half fell, into the room. He was breathless, and his hair was standing on end, and he had a bandage over one eye.

"Jimmy!"

Sadie, by now, as you may believe, was off the chaise-longue.

"Sadie!" exclaimed Jim. He seemed surprised to see her, which was rather queer. She thought he must have known that this was her room. Why else should he have slid down to it? But when he got his breath he explained that he hadn't suspected that she was in there. He had meant to slide all the way down to the ground, but he thought he felt the rope giving, and so he had swung onto the balcony, and in through the window, without stopping to find out whose room it was.

"To think," exclaimed Sadie Love, "that you've been right over my head, all this time, and I never knew it! But Jimmy dear—how did you get a rope?"

"Made it from the bed-clothes," replied Jim.

"Oh!" cried Sadie, "How splendid!" She beamed at him, and Jim quite puffed up with pride. "And what did you mean to do, when you got down to the ground?"

"Find out where your room was, get hold of a ladder, and put it up for you."

"For me?" exclaimed Sadie, taken aback.

"Why—we're going away together, aren't we?" demanded Jim, "to Bermuda, or China, or somewhere?"

Sadie, to tell the truth, had rather forgotten about that, but she remembered it now, and made up her mind all over again.

"We will go, Jim!" she declared. "He says, now, that he wants a divorce! I'll give him *grounds*! We *will* go!" She went over to the French window, and out onto the balcony, and began examining the rope.

"But—how can we go?" demanded Jim, alarmed. "You don't mean—down that thing?" and he pointed to the rope. (Not that he expected that Sadie would slide down it. But he was afraid that she'd expect *him* to.) "It was giving!" he declared. "I could feel it giving!"

"Nonsense, Jim. It's all right. See!" and she jerked the rope, to show him. She seemed quite sure that it was all

right, but then, of course, she wasn't going to slide down it! She was quite happily excited about it, and told him where he could find a ladder (there was one belonging to the painters, at the back of the house). He could put the ladder up for her, and then *she* would come down, too, and they'd bolt for the garage, pop into Aunt Julia's car, and away they'd go! "You can run a machine, can't you, Jim?" she finished up.

"Not if I break my neck first!" said Jim, gloomily.

"Oh, we must hurry," cried Sadie, excitedly. "Just a minute, till I fix my trunk." And she began picking up things, and putting them in the steamer trunk.

"Your trunk?" Jim stared at her.

"I couldn't go away without a trunk," said Sadie. "I never went anywhere without a trunk." And she went on packing, as if that settled it.

"But," asked Jim, blankly, "how can we take a trunk?"

"Drop it out the window, of course," said Sadie Love. "You can carry it to the machine. All the hotel porters do."

"I'm not a hotel porter," protested Jim.

"You're a great, big, strong man," said Sadie Love, reprovingly.

"Well—yes," admitted Jim, grudgingly, "but I'm delicate! And I'm half starved! Did they give *you* anything to eat?"

"They tried to," said Sadie, "but I wouldn't touch a thing. I'm on a hunger strike."

"You refused food?" exclaimed Jim, and he looked at her with eyes of wonder. To be exact, he looked at her with one eye of wonder! The other eye was bandaged. Then he sneezed, and that disarranged the bandage, and the wounded eye was revealed in all its black and blueness.

"Oh! Your poor eye!" exclaimed Sadie. (But she went right on packing.)

"Lillah didn't put the beefsteak on, after all," confided Jim, "I guess she must have been afraid that I'd soak up some nourishment from it."

"Does it hurt?" queried Sadie, sympathetically, gazing at the eye.

"It hasn't any feeling at all," said Jim.

"Maybe it's dead," suggested Sadie, and then she exclaimed, "Oh, Jim—what would you have done if Luigi had thrown you down the stairs?"

"Broken the stairs," replied Jim, with great promptness.

"We'll punish him for that black eye," declared Sadie, with determination. "We'll give him a merry chase!"

"You don't think he'll follow us?" queried Jim, uneasily. He was at the door, listening, to see if he could hear anyone approaching.

"Of course he'll follow us," replied Sadie Love; "he'll leave the Comtesse and follow us. That's why I'm going."

"Is that the only reason you're going?" asked Jim, taken aback.

"No—of course not," replied Sadie, but then she added: "I wonder if he'll be able to trace us?"

"Perhaps it would help him," suggested Jim, sardonically, "if we left marks along the road!"

"We *might* do that," said Sadie, reflectively.

"Look here!" demanded Jim, wrathfully, "is this an elopement, or a game of hide-and-seek?"

"But we want him to find us!" protested Sadie.

"I don't want him to find us!" said Jim, with great positiveness.

"But Jim," Sadie pointed out, "unless he does find us, how can we punish him? Can't you imagine it—the scene—when he does find us together, at my cousin's?"

"Your cousin's?" Jim looked blank. "I thought we were going to Bermuda, or China, or somewhere."

"Oh—Jim!" Sadie Love looked quite shocked. "We must have a chaperone."

"A chaperone?" repeated Jim, astounded, "On this sort of an expedition?"

"My cousin's house," said Sadie Love, not heeding his remark, "stands on a little hill, at Roslyn. When we see Luigi coming up the drive,"—she

got so excited, at the thought, that she began to throw things into the trunk any old way—"when we see Luigi coming up the drive, we'll lock ourselves in a room—you and I!"

"And the chaperone!" said Jim.

"Luigi will find the room," went on Sadie, breathlessly, "he'll pound on the door—he'll storm—he'll rage! And then I'll say, 'Yes—I'm here—with Jim—in his arms!'"

"With a chaperone!" said Jim.

"He'll give a cry," exclaimed Sadie, dramatically, "like a wild beast, foiled of its prey. And then," breathlessly, "he'll begin to force the door." Jim, at that, couldn't help looking at the boudoir door, and his one good eye looked big enough for two. "We'll pile everything against it," continued Sadie, tensely, "chairs, tables—"

"The chaperone!" exclaimed Jim, involuntarily.

"It's no use! It yields! It crashes! He's in the room! He has you by the throat! Jim!" in a climax of emotion, "he'll kill you!"

"Let's go to China!" said Jim, weakly, and all the strength seemed to go out of his legs, and he sat down abruptly.

"There!" cried Sadie, triumphantly, "it's ready!" and she locked the trunk. Jim got up at that and went over to the trunk, and tried to pick it up by the straps.

"No, no! Don't *hug* it!" protested Sadie. "Swing it over your shoulder—the way the porters do."

Jim obeyed, heroically, swinging it so successfully that it banged against the small of his back. Stifling a groan, he staggered to the French window with his burden. There he turned around, and backing out the window, onto the balcony, rested the trunk on the balcony railing. Then he squirmed around so that he was facing the trunk again. He stopped to take breath.

"Hurry, Jim!" urged Sadie, agitatedly. "If Luigi should come, he'd kill you *here!*"

At that, the trunk promptly slipped from Jim's grasp, and disappeared over

the side of the balcony. There was a muffled thud as it struck the ground below.

"Here, Jim," and Sadie locked the hat-trunk.

"Don't you want to take the furniture?" puffed Jim, as he came over for the hat-trunk. And then, when he had it poised on the balcony railing, Sadie suddenly said, in a thrilling whisper:

"Jim! Drop it softly!" Jim turned and looked at her with a long-suffering expression. "How in hoity-toity," he demanded, "am I going to drop it softly?"

"I mean," explained Sadie, "don't let it hit the other trunk!"

Jim let go of the hat-trunk. A moment after there was a loud thud.

"Oh," said Sadie, "it did hit!" Jim turned to her, with an expression of the direst consternation.

"Oh, Lord, Sadie!" he breathed, agitatedly, "I just thought of something. If I fall now I won't land on the ground. I'll hit those trunks."

"Don't think of such things!" reproved Sadie, and she added, encouragingly: "You'll be down there all right, in a minute."

"Oh, I'll be *down* there, all right," replied Jim, expressively, and he yanked on the rope.

"If you feel the rope giving," said Sadie Love, "can't you sort of—swing out—and fill your body with air?"

"And then have it knocked out of me! I'm not a trapeze performer."

Jim looked plumply exasperated.

"If anything happens to you," Sadie reassured him, "I can run the machine."

"Don't be so awfully cheerful," said Jim, who now had one leg over the balcony railing. He was holding onto the rope, and he continued to hold on to it, and to sit there, on the railing, with one leg over it, but he didn't get any farther.

"What are you waiting for?" demanded Sadie, impatiently.

"I'm saying my prayers," answered Jim. Then he gave the rope a jerk, and groaned: "It won't hold. I know it won't!"

"Oh, go on, Jim," Sadie implored, agitatedly, "if Luigi comes in and finds you here, he'll give you another black eye."

"He can only give me *one* more! If I fall down there I'll be *all* black eye." But he swung his other leg over the balcony and said, with an attempt at heroic jauntiness, "Well—here goes."

"Oh, Jim!" cried Sadie, alarmed now, "do be careful."

"If anything happens to me," said Jim, "send plenty of white lilacs."

"I can't look!" shuddered Sadie, quite overcome, turning away.

"You'd better," retorted Jim, "it may be your last chance!" Sadie Love, at that, suddenly turned back to him. But it wasn't for a last look.

"Jim!" she exclaimed, "we've got my trunks and everything—but how in the world are we going to get Mikey?"

Jim maintains that that was the last straw, which broke the camel's back. But Sadie Love says that that is all nonsense, and that if Jim had made the rope properly nothing would have happened. However, the fact remains that, the moment Sadie pronounced the name of Mikey, Jim's legs forsook the comparative terra firma of the balcony and he began to slide down the rope. Sadie had thought that she couldn't look, but she found, now, that she couldn't help looking. She rushed to the balcony railing, and, leaning over it, watched, with frightened fascination, as Jim began his slow and cautious descent. He had gone only a foot or two when the rope began to turn around and around. And of course Jim, being attached to the rope, began to turn, too. He gasped out something which Sadie couldn't quite catch. She quavered down to him: "Oh, Jim—will it help if I hold the rope?"

"Hold the rope!" gasped back Jim. "Hold the thought! Hold anything you can!"

Sadie started to, but Jim suddenly began revolving on the rope, faster than ever, and sliding down, with extraordinary rapidity. And then something dreadful happened. Just as Sadie made

a desperate clutch at the rope, there was a peculiar, tearing sound, and the rope parted, before her very eyes. She found herself hanging on to the end of it, which now reached only to the balcony window. The rest of the rope, and Jim, landed, with a thud, somewhere below. Of course it was Jim, and not the rope, which made the thud. And it was such a very loud thud that Sadie knew, instinctively, what had happened.

"Right onto the trunks!" she gasped, not daring to look over the balcony railing. "Oh! And they're such *hard* trunks."

It had to be then, of all times, that a knock came on the boudoir door.

"Jim!" exclaimed Sadie, in a hoarse whisper, leaning weakly against the balcony railing, but still not daring to look over, "Jim—if you're alive, don't make any noise. Don't come up—till I open the window."

She did summon courage enough, then, to give one glance downward. She saw Jim picking himself up. She got an awful impression that he was doing it piece by piece—but still, that was better than nothing. Then, with her knees very unsteady, she tottered back into the boudoir, closing the French windows behind her, as the boudoir door opened, and the Prince came into the room. He was pushing before him a tea-table on wheels. On the table was a daintily set supper for two. Sadie Love, as she perceived it, became suddenly and acutely conscious that she was hungrier than she had ever been in all her life.

And it flashed through her mind how terrible it would be if she should sit down and eat that supper, with Jim down below, under the window, picking himself up in pieces.

CHAPTER X

A Little Supper

SADIE didn't sit down and eat that supper (at least, not just then), and she always points to this as an evidence of her heroic self-control, and her deep

devotion to Jim. What she did do (after one fleeting, ravenous glance at the table) was to draw herself up haughtily, and look as if she had never thought of such a thing as food, and, what was more, never would. The Prince informs me, however, that, in spite of Sadie's efforts, she could not keep her wholly delightful nose from sniffing, slightly, and that he saw her swallow hungrily twice in rapid succession.

"Sadie," he began, "I bring you up a little supper." But Sadie elevated her head and turned away from him—and the supper! Then the Prince began following her around the room, and so did the supper, which was certainly an aggravation. ("It was just like him," says Sadie Love, indignantly, referring to the incident, "to bring a perambulating meal with him.") But after the Prince and the supper had pursued Sadie all around the boudoir a couple of times, the Prince pleading volubly for her to eat something, and the supper saying nothing, but making an even more impressive appeal—in the midst of all this Lillah Wakeley came rushing in, looking as if she had seen a ghost. She was followed by Mumfy, who looked as if he had seen nothing at all. But then that was his habitual expression.

"Is he here?" she cried, and she glanced wildly around. Then, as the Prince asked blankly, "Who?" she exclaimed: "Jim, of course. I just went to his room—to lock Mumfy in with him—and he's gone! I thought he might have come here! Oh!" she seemed quite breathless with relief, "Thank Heaven! I was afraid I might be—too late!" and she glanced, expressively, at Sadie.

"Princess," Mumfy, turning to Sadie, permitted a slight shade of anxiety to cross his face, "he's not been here? We're not—too late?" He produced his pencil and tablet, to be ready for any emergency.

"Has he been here?" demanded Lillah, her suspicions reawakened by Mumfy's question. Sadie said nothing.

(After all, as she points out, she couldn't tell a point-blank lie.) Lillah, her revived suspicions confirmed by this silence, marched over to the bedroom, and without so much as "By your leave," flung open the door, and looked in. Then she went over to the clothes-closet door, and opened it, and looked in there. Sadie Love, of course, was mightily affronted by all this; but still, no real harm had been done. But when Lillah turned her attention to the balcony, and went over to the French window, with her grenadier stride, and threw it open, and Jim, down below, thinking that this was the signal for him to come up, gave forth a cautious, knowing whistle, in response—then Sadie Love knew that a great deal of harm had been done, and that the fat was in the fire. (No—that does *not* refer to Jim.)

Sadie Love, to this day, cannot understand how Jim managed to get hold of that ladder in such a hurry. She throws all the blame upon him. She says that if he hadn't rushed matters so—if he had only been as deliberate about getting the ladder as he had been about sliding down the rope—he would have been at the back of the house when Lillah opened the French window, and then he couldn't have mistaken her for Sadie, and thought it was a signal, and whistled an answer, and given the whole thing away! But Jim (of course, there are always two sides to everything) Jim says that it isn't his fault if he moves rapidly and intelligently, and that he tumbled over the ladder when he came around the side of the house, so he couldn't very well help finding it, and that after Sadie Love had told him that the opening of the window would be the signal for him to come up, she should have kept it shut till she was alone again.

And as for Sadie saying (as she did) that he had no business coming up that ladder so soon, anyhow, when he hadn't got the machine out of the garage yet, Jim points out that there was no use getting the machine out and making a lot of noise, before Sadie was there,

ready to get *in* the machine. To this, Sadie replies that Jim should at least have carried her trunks to the automobile (the way the hotel porters do) before he came chasing up that ladder. But Jim says the less said about those trunks, the better, and that if Sadie Love had landed in as many places at once, on those blankety-blank things as *he* did, she'd never again be able to face anything bigger than a traveling-bag, without turning pale, and feeling queer along her spine. But of course all this argument does not alter the fatal fact that Jim *did* come up the ladder.

After that low, responsive whistle, there was a gasp from every one in the boudoir, and then a deathly pause. Lillah and the Prince looked at Sadie, and so did Mumfy, who took a firmer grasp on his note-book. Mrs. Wakeley says that guilt was written on Sadie's face, but Sadie contradicts this and maintains that it was only apprehension. For she saw the top of a ladder appear against the balcony railing, and she knew that Jim would be coming up that ladder, and be caught, and that then they couldn't get to Bermuda, or China, or even to her cousin's at Roslyn. She confesses also to a sudden fear that Jim would eat her supper, before any one could stop him.

As soon as the top of the ladder appeared the Prince, looking like a very handsome (Italian) tiger, reached out his hand and switched off the electric light. Sadie Love held her breath (because she didn't know what else to do). Jim thinks she ought to have warned him, by screaming, or something, but Sadie says that if she had, he might have fallen off the ladder and landed on those trunks again, and then he never would have forgiven her. Anyhow, she didn't scream. She just kept on holding her breath, and everyone else kept on holding his or her breath—and Jim came up the ladder!

It was certainly very dramatic—quite like a scene in a play. The room was dark, save for the moonlight. Everyone was tensely still. There was what seemed a very long pause, then first

Jim's head and shoulders, and after that his whole body, appeared, silhouetted against the moonlight. Just as he reached the top of the ladder, and crawled over the balcony railing, his foot slipped and struck against the ladder, and it slid scrapingly along the balcony, and fell to the ground.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Jim, "there goes the ladder!" He paused for a moment on the balcony, and peered into the darkness of the boudoir. "Sadie!" he whispered, "Sadie dear!" and he came into the room. The Prince switched on the light. "My Lord!" cried Jim, startled, perceiving who was there. "The whole damned family!"

The others, for a moment, could only stare at him. His bandage was all askew, his hair stood more than ever on end, his clothes were torn and bedraggled, and his face was all smudgy. He looked, as Sadie said later, "like a plump pirate."

"Jim Wakeley!" exclaimed Lillah, in awful tones, and she pointed to the door. At the same moment the Prince advanced threateningly towards him.

"Jim!" cried Sadie, alarmed, hastily interposing, "you'd better go."

"If I do," replied Jim with dignity, "it's simply to avoid another—scene." And his hand went up, involuntarily, to his damaged eye. Then he turned ferociously upon the Prince. "If I weren't your wife's Aunt's guest," he exclaimed, "I'd throw you out the window!" As if this weren't enough, he brazenly added: "We haven't yet, but we will!" The Prince, at that, looked as if he were going to make a leap at Jim, and slay him, then and there. Perhaps Jim, at this point, decided that discretion was the better part of valor. At any rate, he started to go out. Just then he perceived the table, with the supper on it. Sadie, who at that moment was standing directly beside the table, declares that when Jim saw that supper a positively wolfish expression came into his eyes, and that he started, straightway, toward the food. Jim, however, protests that he merely went over to speak to Sadie. He certainly

did say to her, "Good night for the present—dearest!" But the fact remains that, as he passed the table, on the way out, he made a sudden grab and captured the biggest sandwich.

"I'll lock him up again!" exclaimed Lillah, in a rage, "and Mumfy with him!" and she rushed after Jim. Mumfy followed her with evident reluctance, murmuring something about giving Jim a box of sardines, or a sleeping powder, if he had to be shut up with him.

The Prince, alone with Sadie now, suddenly exploded with rage. He rushed up to her, and stood towering over her, and hissed out something between his remarkably fine teeth about beating her. When Sadie defiantly answered that neither he nor any other Cæsar Borgia could keep her away from the man she loved he gripped her by the hands so wrathfully, and with such unheeding strength, that she cried out with pain, as her rings ground into her flesh. Then the Prince, overcome, was all compunction, and begged her to forgive him, and tried to caress "the little hands." But Sadie, tearful with pain, wouldn't let him, and when he stammered out excuses she told him to go and leave her in her misery. She couldn't talk to him, or anyone else. She was too weak to talk. She hadn't had any breakfast, she'd been too excited to eat any luncheon, she'd missed her tea, and she hadn't had any dinner. This last came out in a perfect wail of distress, which unnerved the Prince completely.

"Sadie!" he implored her, "try it—the little supper—just a bite."

But Sadie declared that while she was shut up there she'd keep to her hunger strike if it killed her, and it probably would, and if he came in in the morning and found her dead he wouldn't have to bother about a divorce, or even about burying her, for Jim would do that, and that she'd already planned the funeral service with Jim, and that there were to be loads and loads of white lilacs. That settled matters with the Prince. "Until you eat the little supper," he declared, with res-

olution, "I do not leave this room."

"Do you think," demanded Sadie, indignantly, "that you can force me into it, like that? I can be just as obstinate as you. I don't care if you stay here forever, I won't touch a thing!" She gave a look at the table and swallowed twice, and then, suddenly, she came to a resolution, "I *will* eat," she exclaimed, "just to get rid of you! I'll eat every bite of it—just to get rid of you." She went up to the table and surveyed it ravenously. "I'll soon get you out of here," she declared, with wrathful energy, and snatching up a sandwich, she began consuming it in enormous bites (trying desperately to conceal the fact that nothing had ever tasted so good to her in all her life).

"Sit down, Sadie, sensibly," said the Prince, bringing up a chair for her.

"I'll sit anyway I please," retorted Sadie, indignantly (doing so), and then she went on, "To think that I have to eat up here, like a prisoner, while you and the others gorged yourselves, comfortably, downstairs."

"Ah, Sadie," protested the Prince, bringing a chair for himself, "after what happened to-day you would not have wished to dine with Mrs. Wakeley."

"When I'm hungry," said Sadie Love, exasperatedly, shaking out her napkin, "I'd eat with the devil."

"Very well," agreed the Prince, "come on, Sadie. Eat with the devil." He seated himself across from her.

"I don't see why *you* have to eat anything," exclaimed Sadie, indignantly.

"At dinner," explained the Prince, with emotion, "I could eat nothing. I think, all the time, of you, up here—without any eat. If you do not mind, Sadie—?" and he helped himself to a sandwich.

"I do. I mind most distinctly," retorted Sadie Love.

"Just imagine," pleaded the Prince, "that I am not here!"

"I wish I could. I wish I could imagine that you weren't, at all." Then she surveyed the table with hungry discontent. "When you were bringing

something," she demanded, "why didn't you bring something?" Sadie Love was a heavenly creature, but she never was above an appetite. Now she was consumed by one.

"That squab," suggested the Prince, "looks delicious."

"Yes," retorted Sadie, "but it doesn't look *enough*! I daresay that at dinner you had—"

"Oh, Sadie," interrupted the Prince, remembering something, "Oh my Lor'! At dinner, Edward, your butler, spill the hot soup down poor Mrs. Wakeley's back."

"Oh!" cried Sadie, and she dimpled with amusement, "how pleased Jim will be! I must buy something nice for Edward."

"Maybe, some day," remarked the Prince, reprovingly, "you get the hot soup spill down your back!"

"Well," said Sadie, "there won't be so much back to spill it on," and she turned her attention to the salad.

"Ah! The little back!" The Prince made an involuntarily caressing movement toward her.

"Please don't talk to me!" said Sadie, haughtily, drawing away from him, and then, after a second's pause, she demanded: "What kind of soup was it?"

"Consommé."

Sadie looked disappointed. "I wish it had been thick soup," she said, vindictively, "a thick bean soup—with spaghetti in it—and I wish he'd spilled it on all of you."

"Oh, Sadie!"

"Don't talk to me!"

"What *shall* I talk to?"

"Talk to the squab!" said Sadie. "Men often do."

"Squab!" demanded the Prince (you see, *he* had a squab, as well as Sadie). "Squab—will Sadie have some wine?"

"I don't want any wine," replied Sadie, severely; then, as an immediate after-thought, "but I'll take some. I won't starve myself, to please anyone," and she glared, beautifully, at the Prince. Sadie couldn't really glare, any more than a spring day could, but she did something which she thought was

glaring, and which made her look quite too irresistible.

"This is been most beautifully chill," commented the Prince, as he restored the champagne bottle to the silver ice-bucket.

"It must have passed Lillah on the way up," said Sadie, shuddering delicately on the name.

"You don't like—Lillah?" observed the Prince, sipping his champagne.

"She isn't the sort of first wife I'd have picked out," replied Sadie, "for the man whose second wife I'm going to be." And she sipped her champagne.

The Prince set down his glass abruptly.

"Sadie!" he protested, "this Jim—he is not worthy of you."

"This Jim," retorted Sadie, indignantly, "is a warm-hearted, whole-souled, affectionate—"

"I suppose he is also a slim," interrupted the Prince, aggravatedly.

"Why are you so bitter against Jim?" queried Sadie Love, and she sipped her wine again, and looked across at the Prince with an expression of the most guileless wonder.

"When I think," replied the Prince, "that you marry me—with the image of that man in your heart."

"A slim image!" observed Sadie, and then she set her glass down, and leaned a little way toward the Prince. "Kindly remember," she remarked, "that *you* had an image, too. You'd better be going. She'll be coming to look for you. Rap, tap, tap!" She knocked on the table, "Ees my Luigi zere?" imitating the Comtesse, in a manner which made the Prince stir uneasily in his chair. "Ding, dong, bell!" she clinked her fork against the wine-glass, "Pussy's in the well!"

The Prince, of course, couldn't very well say anything to all this, so he returned to his previous tack.

"When I think," he brooded, pained by the recollection, "that in all those love-a-ly days, when we were first together—when you seem to belong to me, and only me—your thoughts were with him!"

"And where were your thoughts?" demanded Sadie, indignantly.

"Ah, those were love-a-ly days, Sadie," murmured the Prince, "all glorious with sunshine, and fragrant with spring flowers."

"It rained the whole time," said Sadie Love.

"I only saw the sun, between the showers," replied the Prince. "And now—after all those happy days—and all the dreams we dream—we go our way—apart." There was a moment's pause. Through it came, from the "Seaside Inn," softened and mellowed by the distance, the melody from "The Waltz Dream." The Prince leaned over to Sadie. When he spoke it was almost in a whisper:

"Sadie! That valze! We danced to that, one night. Do you remember?"

"I do," said Sadie Love, "I remember distinctly. You stepped on my feet."

"Ah, Sadie!" exclaimed the Prince, softly, "did you never even think you care?"

"When you stepped on my feet? Of course I cared." And Sadie Love, having finished her dessert, rose from the table.

"You know what I mean." The Prince was standing, too, and he leaned toward her, over the table. "Did you never even *think* you care—for me?"

"I may have *thought* I did—for a while—till Jim came back." She moved away from the table.

"And that day we met," exclaimed the Prince, "I thought it was—love at first sight."

"You should have taken a second look," retorted Sadie, over her shoulder. She went to the window, then, and stood looking out. They were still playing the love waltz at the hotel, and the moon was lovely, and so were all the little stars, shining up so high. The Prince went over to her.

"Sadie," he asked, softly, "do you remember, too, that love-a-liest day of all—out in the bay—when the fog comes up—and we are all alone, in our little boat—just you and I!"

"Yes," said Sadie, "and I wished we *weren't* alone! You didn't know how to handle the sails. We almost upset."

"Could I think of sails," protested the Prince, "with Sadie there, beside me, and all around a gray world, that shut us in, together? And then—the fog lifted. Ah, Sadie, do you remember? Sunset, and evening star—and the new moon in the sky."

"Yes," said Sadie. Her tone was light, and cool, and she looked out at the moonlit garden as if she dared it to make her romantic. "Yes—I saw the moon over my left shoulder. I might have *known* something was going to happen."

"Sadie!" exclaimed the Prince, with an accent of sudden discovery, looking up at the sky, "it was the very same moon that is shining up there now, so big and full. It was only a week ago."

"But the moon has changed," said Sadie Love, "and so have we."

"Have we?" He whispered it, almost in her ear. He was behind her, close to her, bending over her. Sadie turned, and faced him. "Ah, Sadie!" he murmured. He was all aglow with emotion. Sadie had never seen him look handsomer. "It seems to me," he said, and his voice had a delightful bit of unsteadiness in it, and a thrilling quality, against which Sadie instinctively braced herself, "it seems to me that nothing has changed—nothing except the moon—and that, too, will come back again, all bright and new—and we will be once more together, in our little boat—and the moon will kiss the waves—and I'll—kiss you!" And he was about to do it, then and there. He had taken her hands in both of his, he was drawing her to him.

"Luigi!" exclaimed Sadie, and she freed her hands, and drew back from him. "What are you doing? Remember," she tried to pass it off with a jest, "remember—I'm your wife!"

"I do!" cried the Prince. "That is just what I *do* remember. Ah! *Caris-*

sima! I made a great mistake! I thought Marise was my—unfulfill romanza—but now that I have seen Marise again, side by side with you—now that I feel what it would mean to *lose* you—now I know that there was but *one* romanza—and it was *you!* Now I know that in all my life I love but one woman, and she is—Sadie!” He tried again to embrace her, but she eluded him—she slipped away from the window, and the balcony, and came back into the safer, less romantic light of the room.

“Oh, no, Luigi!” putting out her hand to ward him off from her, for he had followed her. “You only think you care for me—because they’re playing a love waltz, at the hotel—and the smell of the roses comes in to us—and it’s moonlight, and June. You’re swept off your feet, that’s all—for a moment—just as you were before—just as you will be again, when you’re alone with—Marise.”

“Sadie!” he pleaded. “If I make a mistake once—”

“You’ll make it again,” interrupted Sadie, “but not with me. Oh, no, I thank you! Once was enough—quite enough—for *me!* I’ll not entrust my happiness, again, to a man who doesn’t know his own mind—who loves one woman one moment, and another the next! No, Luigi—I won’t be your wife! I won’t stay your wife! I’m going to marry *Jim!*” and she went toward the bedroom.

“Sadie!” he pleaded. At the door she turned.

“When I *do* marry Jim,” she said, “will you give me away? You know, you’ll be my nearest male relative—once removed!”

And with that she went into the bedroom, closing the door after her, and locking it. The Prince, after a moment, went over to the door.

“Sadie!” he exclaimed, pleadingly, “Sadie! *Cara mia!*” There was no response. He turned away, baffled, indignant—rage in his heart.

And then—he went to the Comtesse.

CHAPTER XI

Moonlight—All the Way!

IT all began innocently enough. At least, the Prince *says* that it did. He maintains that when he left Sadie (having taken care to lock the boudoir door) and went to the Comtesse’s room, it was merely to inquire if Zozo were feeling better, and to wish the Comtesse good night. But, though it may have been with those charitable and entirely proper intentions that he knocked at her door, something very different from all this transpired before he left.

The Comtesse, in response to his rap, called out a dulcet *entrez*. He went in. “Luigi!” exclaimed the Comtesse, thrillingly. She was reposing on her couch, in a quite unnecessarily becoming attitude. She extended her hand to him with pathetically languid grace, and, as he kissed the hand, she told him, with a gently reproachful sigh, that she was still *un peu souffrante*. The Prince was sympathetic, but non-committal.

The Comtesse tried to guide the conversation to Capri, and twin souls, and other like tender topics, but the Prince seemed indisposed to follow her. The Comtesse knew no Italian, so they spoke in English, that tongue being easier for the Prince than French. The Comtesse, besides, prided herself upon her fluency in *la langue Anglaise*. But, try as she would, she could not, upon this particular occasion, make conversation flourish. She gave it up, at last, and, exhausted by her efforts, leaned back, among her pillows. The Prince, his thoughts manifestly elsewhere, gazed gloomily into space. The orchestra, at the Seaside Inn, had stopped playing the love waltz, and was now performing the Fourth Act solo from “*Rigoletto*.” The Prince, to this day, declares that that solo was to blame for everything. It is certainly a fact that, the moment he became aware of it, he raised his head, abruptly, and exclaimed, to the Comtesse, “Ah, you hear what they play! *Donna e mobile! Si, si!* A wind that blows, now hot, now cold—a day in Spring—April weather—that is woman!”

The Comtesse did not quite get the drift of this, but there was no mistaking the import of his next remark, for the Prince, springing to his feet, exclaimed, with impulsive decision, "I sail to-night."

"Luigi!" cried the Comtesse, startled.

"She say to me," and the Prince indicated the quarter of the house which sheltered Sadie, "she say, to my face, that she marry—with the fat Jim. She say that I—give her away. No! That she shall never see!" The Prince drew himself up dramatically, and his eyes flashed. "I go. Then, when it is too late—when she has only her Jim—then, she will regret."

"Luigi!" gasped the Comtesse, "You mean zat? You—sail?"

"On the *Sant' Anna*," declared the Prince, "to-night!"

"And—the Princesse—she does not go wiz you?"

"The Principessa," replied the Prince, wrathfully, "will go—with her Jim—to China—or Sheecago!"

"And you—you sail! *Mais*—Luigi—wat of me?"

"Of—you?" He stared at her. Only that afternoon, he had been quite sure that he was madly in love with the Comtesse, and now, he had almost forgotten about her—at least, so far as his plans for the future were concerned. And this, pray take notice, is the gentleman who, a moment before, was exclaiming, to the accompaniment of "Rigoletto," that woman is fickle.

"*Oui, oui!*" exclaimed the Comtesse. "Eef you go, like zat—wat of me?"

It came out in a wail, her question, and the Prince was touched. He remembered, then, that she was his twin soul, and that they could not live without one another.

"Ah," he exclaimed, with sudden feeling, "you alone are faithful. In your heart is no—slim image." Then, at a leap, he came to his decision. "Marise!" he cried, "Come with me!"

"Luigi!" gasped the Comtesse. This was more than she had bargained for.

"Sadie go with her Jim! Why not you with me?"

"Oh—*non, non!*" the Comtesse held up her hands, protestingly.

"I do not mean *with* me," explained the Prince, "only—on the same ship."

"*Mais*—Luigi," demanded the Comtesse, agitatedly, "wat would zay say?"

"What can they say?" retorted the Prince. "You were to sail to-night—you have your ticket—your trunks are at the dock. If I also sail, are you to blame? The *Sant' Anna* is a big boat. You might meet *any one* on her!"

"Ah! *Oui, oui, mais*—"

"And if, one fine day, you see me, on the deck—you cannot put me off. Ah, Marise—I will be all alone, and there will be moonlight, all the way!"

"Luigi! *Tais toi!*" commanded the Comtesse agitatedly. "You know wat moonlight does wiz me."

"The band will play '*Oh, sole mio*,' and the sea will sigh up to the sky!"

"Oh! *Mon Dieu!*" fluttered the Comtesse, visibly weakening.

"Marise!" whispered the Prince, and he bent over her.

"She ees a very beeg boat," murmured the Comtesse.

"You will?"

"Eef I—'appen to meet you, on the deck—I cannot put you off!"

"Marise!" He seized her hand.

"Luigi!" She looked up at him, into his eyes, and the Prince realized, with a shock of uneasiness, that he was expected to kiss her. But that, somehow, he could not bring himself to do. So he rushed into hurried planning of the ways and means by which he and the Comtesse were to reach the *Sant' Anna*. That good ship sailed at one in the morning; it was now half-past ten at night, so there was plenty of time. Traveling by auto, at a decent pace, one could make the boat in an hour and a half, from Mrs. Warrington's house. It would not do, of course, for the Prince and the Comtesse to depart simultaneously, or to travel to town together. Was she not to meet him, on the *Sant' Anna*, quite by accident? The Comtesse would leave first; the Prince would this moment command an auto-

mobile for her. He would follow, a little later, in another car.

"Luigi!" breathed the Comtesse. She was still on the couch, but she had his hand in both of hers, so that he was bending over her, with his face very close to hers. Once more, she looked as if she expected him to kiss her—and, once more, he didn't.

"*Si, si!*" he exclaimed, hastily, releasing his hand from her grasp, and straightening up. "*Si, si!*"

He rushed away, to telephone the garage, at the Seaside Inn, about the automobiles. Then he went to his room, and closed his traveling-bag. So far, so good.

But, after that, he took it into his head to go back to Sadie.

CHAPTER XII

Donna e Mobile

THE Comtesse points out that if the Prince had only stayed quietly in his room (where he belonged) till it was time for him to leave the house, there would have been no mix-up, and no *contretemps*, and everything would have gone off beautifully (which it didn't). But the Prince maintains that he couldn't very well go away without at least bidding farewell to Sadie Love. After all, she was his wife—his *principessa*. It was no more than right that he should tell her that he was leaving her, forever, and that he would never lock her up, any more.

Whether or not he ought to have gone to Sadie's room again, the fact remains that he did. When he unlocked the door, and came into the boudoir, Sadie was lying on the chaise-longue, reading a novel. She glanced up at him.

"You might as well understand," she said, coldly, "that if you talk to me from now to doomsday, it won't do a particle of good," and she returned to her book. She looked supremely indifferent to the Prince, and to everyone and everything else.

The Prince was silent for a moment, then he said, "I am here—for the last time."

Sadie Love looked up from her novel.

"I go!" declared the Prince, dramatically, and, as he said it, he closed the boudoir door, and came over to Sadie.

"It looks like it," commented Sadie, caustically, and she resumed her reading. A slight, irrepressible smile of triumph curled the corners of her mouth. The Prince, she felt, wanted to leave her, and couldn't.

"I sail, to-morrow," said the Prince, "on the *Sant' Anna*."

At that, Sadie Love abruptly put her book aside.

"Sail?" she repeated. There was a moment's pause. "You made up your mind—very suddenly."

"I am like you," replied the Prince, "I have a sudden mind."

"And what becomes of me?" demanded Sadie, indignantly, and she turned around, on the chaise-longue, and put her feet on the floor. "Am I to—stay locked up here—till you get back?"

"I will not get back!"

From the way he said it, and the way he looked at her, she knew that he was in earnest.

"You mean," she asked, blankly, "that you're simply—*leaving* me?"

"You do not care for me," said the Prince, coldly. "You tell me, to my face, that you marry, with Wakeley. Why should I stay?"

Sadie rose.

"This," she exclaimed, "is the final straw! It wasn't enough to get me *into* this muddle. Now, you have to go away and *leave* me in it!"

"I—got you into it?" The Prince stared at her.

"You married me, didn't you?" said Sadie. "And now—you go away, and leave me—to get my divorce all by myself!"

"Do you need me for that?" He looked more amazed than ever.

"If you think," cried Sadie Love, "that it's as easy to get rid of a husband as it is to get one, you're very much mistaken. If you had any regard for me—

any regard at all—you'd stay and—testify against yourself."

"But," protested the Prince, bewildered, "if I am to desert you, I cannot stay, and testify that I have gone!"

"But I don't want to be deserted," declared Sadie. "That's just what I've protested against, all along—being deserted, on my wedding day."

"But, if I stayed—"

"Oh, don't think I want you to stay!"

"If I stayed, you would have to find other grounds, for your divorce! I would, perhaps, have to be cruel to you!"

"Your staying would be cruelty enough," retorted Sadie. "And I'd prefer cruelty. It sounds better."

"Ah no, Sadie!" The Prince shook his head, and his voice grew tender, in spite of himself. "I would do many things for you—but when you want me to be cruel—I!" he shook his head again.

"It's the least that a wife can ask of a husband!" exclaimed Sadie Love, indignantly.

"I have never been cruel to a wife," the Prince pointed out. "I would not know how. I will desert you. I can do that so nice-a-ly." His voice was no longer tender, and he looked at her with wrathful satisfaction.

"Very well," said Sadie, with angry defiance, her small chin up in the air. "Go ahead! Desert me! But you can't desert me! *I've* deserted you! I deserted you this afternoon! If you hadn't come in when you did a little while ago, I'd have deserted you again to-night! I'm going to keep on deserting you! If you think I'll sit calmly down, while you sail away to Italy—I!" She paused. The scarlet of battle was in her cheeks, the crested curls tossed belligerently, the lovely eyes looked stormily dark. The Prince, surveying her, was acutely conscious of the absurdity of the idea that anyone would, or could, desert Sadie Love. This was immediately followed by a sudden and violent impulse to kiss her. He restrained himself, however. Sadie went on: "I'll sail away somewhere, too—

with Jim. And I don't care what I sail in! I'll sail if it's in a rowboat!"

"With Jim?" the Prince smiled, exasperatingly. "Get a *big* rowboat!"

"I said we'd go to China," said Sadie Love, "and we will."

"Jim—row to China?" The Prince, again, was exasperatingly amused. "He will reduce."

"And then," added Sadie Love, "when I'm done away with, in a Boxer uprising or something—then perhaps you'll be satisfied." The Prince looked disturbed at this, but before he could say anything, Sadie demanded: "Well—if you're going, why don't you go?" She didn't think, of course, that he would go, but he came to her, and held out his hand, in token of farewell. She couldn't believe it even then. "No!" she exclaimed, "I *won't* shake hands!"

"Sadie," said the Prince, and there was something in his voice which told her, now, that he was really going. "Sadie—good-bye!" He went to the door, and Sadie let him go. At least, she let him open the door. Then, suddenly, she cried: "I won't let you go!" The Prince turned, astonished. "You haven't any right to!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "After all, even if we do—hate each other—I'm your wife. You ought to stay here—to keep me from running away with Jim. You ought to stay till—I can desert you—properly."

"Sadie!" the Prince started toward her, "you're not—"

"No, I'm not crying," said Sadie, tearfully, "and if I am—it's not about you. I—I've a headache."

"Oh—Sadie!" The Prince was all concern, now. "A headache? Where?"

"Where do you suppose?" retorted Sadie, with tearful wrath, "in my head. But you don't care. You wouldn't care if I had ten heads, with ten headaches in every one of them. That's the very time that you'd select to—desert me."

"Sadie!" He put his arm about her. He had no right to do it, of course, for she was his wife, and they had agreed to disagree, and he was going to meet the Comtesse (quite by accident) on

the *Sant' Anna*. But still, he had to do something to show his sympathy, even if Sadie was his wife.

"Go on," said Sadie, tearfully—but fairly sure, now, that he wasn't going on. "Desert me! But if you do, I—I'll get in a rowboat with Jim and—turn it right over."

"Oh—*carissima*!" And the Prince put both arms around her (which is just twice as comforting as one arm).

"I thought that Jim was my—unfulfilled romance," said Sadie Love, weepily, "but he isn't. He's just my—filled-out romance. I—I don't believe I could marry Jim if he were covered with white lilacs." And then she broke down, and began to sob, and said that she couldn't let the Prince go away, and he said that he couldn't have gone, without her—his Sadie—his *carissima*—his heart of hearts—and just then Aunt Julia came in, and saw Sadie in the Prince's arms, and him kissing her, and then there was a jubilation.

"Oh! My dear! My dears!" exclaimed Aunt Julia, quite hysterical with joy. "When did it happen? How did it happen? But that doesn't matter—so long as it did happen!" But Sadie, struck by a sudden disturbing thought, interrupted her.

"Aunt Julia," she said, agitatedly, "whatever you do, don't tell Jim."

"Ah! No!" exclaimed the Prince, and he seemed even more aghast at the thought than Sadie was. (He was thinking of the Comtesse!)

"Luigi," Sadie gazed at him, wide-eyed. "We can't face them. We wouldn't dare!"

"Ah! No!" cried the Prince, again, with even more emphasis.

"There's only one thing to do," said Sadie agitatedly, to the Prince, "and that is—get out of here, as quickly and quietly as we can—now—this very minute—and get to town, and sail, on the *Sant' Anna*, to-night!"

"The *Sant' Anna*!" If the Prince had been aghast, before, he was the comparative and superlative of it now! The *Sant' Anna*! On which he was to meet the Comtesse (quite by accident).

"Yes," said Sadie, "just as we intended. We have our reservation. Most of my trunks are at the dock."

"Oh—no, no!" exclaimed the Prince, remembering those other trunks, which also, were at the dock. Then, as Sadie looked at him, astonished, he protested, "Not the *Sant' Anna*, Sadie! She—she wobbles!"

"Wobbles!" Sadie gazed at him, in surprise. "You said she was steady."

"No, no!" declared the Prince, agitatedly, "she wobbles!"

Sadie didn't know what to make of this, and she looked blanker than ever. Mrs. Warrington, however, flattered herself that she understood.

"He's only teasing you, dear," she exclaimed, and she shook her finger laughingly at the Prince. "Of course you'll sail. I'll run down and tell John to have the car ready."

"But the others mustn't know," warned Sadie, "they mustn't hear us go."

"John shall wait down the drive," Mrs. Warrington arranged, "and not make a bit of noise. And I'll go in and chat with the Comtesse, so she won't have a chance to notice anything. And while I'm in with her, you and Luigi can slip out."

"And, oh," cried Sadie, suddenly remembering, "tell John that he'll find two trunks, under that window. He can carry them to the machine—all the hotel porters do!" and she dimpled delightfully.

"Under the window?" gasped Mrs. Warrington, "how did your trunks get—" but Sadie interrupted her.

"I'll write you all about it—from Italy. Good-bye, dear, good-bye!" She kissed Aunt Julia, and Aunt Julia kissed her and the Prince, and started to go out, and came back, and kissed them all over again, and finally did go out, quite maudlin with happy excitement.

"Dear Aunt Julia," said Sadie, looking after her, and she was a bit tearful, too, "she's so happy—because I've settled down, at last."

(If Aunt Julia had only known what

was going to happen! But, of course, she didn't, and Sadie didn't, either, nor anyone else, for that matter.)

"Luigi!" cried Sadie, to the Prince, who was standing, doing nothing—except look strangely helpless and dismayed, "hurry! Get your things. And, oh—be *sure* to get *Mikey*!"

"But—" began the Prince.

"But what?" demanded Sadie.

"Ah! She will wobble!" murmured the Prince, despairingly, and he rushed out of the room.

His first impulse, when he got outside, was to go straight to the Comtesse, make a clean breast of it, and throw himself upon her mercy. Then, remembering her temperament, he checked himself. Suppose, as was more than likely, that she got terribly emotional, and had more hysterics and that, through this, Sadie learned all about his previous plan to meet the Comtesse (quite by accident) on the *Sant' Anna*? That would settle things! No, he could not risk telling the Comtesse of his change of heart and the consequent change in his plans. His first thought must be for Sadie. She was his wife—his *principessa*. The truth must be kept from her, at all costs. But how *could* it be, if they all sailed, on the same boat? Sadie would be sure to meet the Comtesse (quite by accident) and then the *Sant' Anna* would not simply *wobble*; she would turn right over!

There was only one thing to do—he decided that, as he snatched up his coat and hat, and his traveling-case. He and Sadie must *not* sail, on the *Sant' Anna*. He would bribe the chauffeur to stall the machine, or to take a wrong route; they would miss the boat; and the Comtesse could sail away to Italy all by herself. He did not feel as conscience-stricken, in regard to the Comtesse, as he might have done, had she played quite fairly with him. It was all very well for her to have said, that afternoon, that she had merely forgotten to tell him about that extra husband of hers. He couldn't bring himself to believe that. Husbands are hard to get,

and to forget. And, anyhow, he had a feeling that the Comtesse wouldn't break her heart about him. She would find another twin soul.

He hurried downstairs, for Mikey. When he got back, upstairs, to Sadie's room (with Mikey under one arm, and his traveling-bag under the other, and his coat over his shoulder, and his hat in his hand, and a most terribly worried expression on his face), Sadie Love (with her hat on her head and her coat on her arm, and her traveling-bag in her hand, and with the most delightfully agitated expression on *her* face) was awaiting him.

"All ready!" she exclaimed, triumphantly, and gave him her satchel (he having nothing to carry but Mikey, and his coat, and his traveling-case). Then she slipped her hand under his arm (the arm that was carrying Mikey, who smiled, and wiggled, ecstatically) and she looked up into his face (the Prince's—not Mikey's) and dimpled so beautifully, that there was but one thing to do, and the Prince did it. He kissed her, and it was such a long, long kiss that Mikey, who had witnessed this phenomenon before, but never protracted to such startling length, grew seriously uneasy. And then, Sadie and the Prince suddenly became uneasy, too, for there was a knock on the door. (The Prince had taken the precaution to close the door, when he came in.)

Sadie looked at the Prince, and the Prince looked at Sadie, and Mikey looked up at both of them.

"Who is it?" asked Sadie, after a moment, shakingly.

"I!" came the correct and laconic response. They recognized the voice. It was Lillah Wakeley.

Sadie looked at the Prince, again, and the Prince looked at Sadie. And Mikey kept on looking at both of them. Then Sadie, coming to a flurried decision, pointed to the bedroom. The Prince, comprehending, tiptoed over, and went into the bedroom, closing the door after him.

It is generally conceded, now, by those who know about the whole affair,

that Sadie Love made a grave mistake, when she decided to conceal the Prince. But Sadie declares that, under the circumstances, it was the only thing that she could do. It is all very well, she says, for people to protest that he was her husband, and that she had a perfect right to be starting away with him, on her honeymoon. But how was she to know that Lillah wouldn't rush straight off to tell the Comtesse all about it—and Jim, too, for that matter—and then there would be a pretty howdydo!

"Come in," said Sadie, as soon as the Prince was out of sight. Lillah did come in, quickly enough. The moment she caught sight of Sadie, she gasped, and exclaimed: "Oh! You were going away!" Sadie, you see, had her hat on, and her coat on her arm.

"Not with *your* husband!" replied Sadie Love.

"Not *with* him!" retorted Lillah, and she glared at Sadie. "I'll answer for that. I locked him up again!"

"He let you?" cried Sadie, quite flabbergasted.

"He did not!" snapped Lillah, "I locked him up without his letting me. He said he was going away; he went to his room for something, and I simply—turned the key on him. Later, when I heard him snoring, I put Mumfy in with him."

"Poor Jim!" exclaimed Sadie, involuntarily. Lillah, at this, glared so fiercely that Sadie became positively alarmed. "You see," she hastened to point out, "if you have him locked up, like that, I *couldn't* go away with him!"

"But that doesn't prevent your going away to wait for him, somewhere!" retorted Lillah, with an accusing glance. Then, before Sadie could protest her innocence of such intentions, Lillah went on, her eyes flashing, "I began to understand why your Aunt isn't here, to spend the night with you! When I reminded her of it, just now, she laughed in my face! She knows that you're going away! She's helping you! She unlocked the door!" (Lillah, like all jealous wives, had a lively imagina-

tion.) "But you shan't go! If no one else will protect your poor husband, I will! Here you are, and here you shall stay—till I give the key to the Prince, in the morning!" And before Sadie knew what was happening, Lillah had whisked out of the door, banging it after her, and turned the key in the lock. Sadie stood, for a moment, quite dazed, then she rushed to the door, and tried the handle.

Yes—there was no mistake, the door was locked.

"Mrs. Wakeley!" she cried, rapping on the door, "Mrs. Wakeley!" There was no response. Lillah was gone. Sadie turned, and stood, for a moment, staring blankly before her. Then she went over to the boudoir, and opened the door.

"She is gone?" whispered the Prince, coming into the room. He had left his coat and hat and traveling-case in the bedroom, but Mikey was still under his arm and wagged his tail, joyfully, as he caught sight of Sadie.

"She's locked us in," said Sadie.

"What!" exclaimed the Prince.

"She's locked us in—she's gone—we can't get out!"

"*Dio!*" and the Prince looked startled. Mikey wagged his tail harder than ever.

"I'll ring!" said Sadie, and she started toward the push-button. Then, remembering, she stopped, despairingly. "I *can't* ring!" she exclaimed, "I can't phone. You cut the wires."

The Prince said nothing, to that, but Mikey wagged his tail as if he were trying to wag it right off, which proved that he, at least, had a sense of humor.

"But Aunt Julia will come," Sadie suddenly reminded herself. "She'll let us out!" And then, she reminded herself again! "But she won't. She'll think we've gone! She told the chauffeur to wait, down the drive! And there he'll wait—all night long—I know him! He'll go fast asleep! Luigi—we can't get out! We can't sail!"

"Oh, my Lor', I am glad!" exclaimed the Prince, with infinite relief.

"Didn't you want to sail?" Sadie stared at him.

"Not on the *Sant' Anna*," replied the Prince, and he added with conviction, "She would wobble!"

(He wished, afterwards, that he had not repeated that "wobble" so often. For, the way things turned out, it made it all just twice as bad.)

"Oh, dear," cried Sadie, despairingly (not paying much attention to the "wobble," though she remembered it well enough, later). "Something's *always* stopping our honeymoon." Then an idea occurred to her, and she looked hopeful, as she suggested: "I suppose we could rouse the house, somehow, and get out."

"Oh—no!" cried the Prince, alarmed. "If we do that, they will *all* know!" (Of course, he was thinking of the Comtesse.) And then he went to Sadie, and put his arm about her—the arm that wasn't holding Mikey: "Why should we rouse the house? Nothing shall stop our honeymoon. It has just begun—at last!" He put Mikey down on the floor, at that, and put both arms about Sadie.

"But," she protested, "what will they say—in the morning?"

"In the morning," the Prince reassured her, "she will be gone!" Once more, he was thinking of the Comtesse!

"She? Who?" asked Sadie.

"The—the *Sant' Anna*!" stammered the Prince, "and we will sail away, on some *other* boat—a boat that will not wobble!"

"But I think, somehow," said Sadie Love, "that Aunt Julia will come and let us off, after all!"

But, though they waited, quite a long while, Aunt Julia didn't come. And then, as the minutes passed, conversation, between Sadie and the Prince, began to grow oddly restrained. Perhaps it was because of the loveliness of the night—perhaps it was the moonlight, and the scent of the flowers, which came from the garden. At any rate, Sadie and the Prince both became very silent. And then, suddenly, the Prince took her in his arms, and kissed her, as he had

never kissed her before. Sadie released herself, after a moment. She was breathless, and a little pale, but her eyes were like stars.

"I think I'll—put my things away," she said, constrainedly, and, gathering up her satchel, and her coat, she went with them into the bedroom—leaving the Prince (and Mikey) in the boudoir. She did not come out again. But after a pause, the bedroom door opened, timidly, a little way, and just Sadie's hand and arm were visible, as she deposited, in the boudoir, the Prince's traveling-case, which he had left in the bedroom, when he was hiding from Lillah. The bedroom door closed, as softly as it had opened. The Prince, with a quite extraordinarily tender smile, tiptoed, after a moment, to the bedroom door, picked up the traveling-case, and carried it over to the table. He put the case on the table, and then he reached out, and switched off the light. The room was only palely illuminated, by the moonlight.

The Prince had just started to open the case, when he heard a noise, and, turning, saw Jim, dangling on a rope, outside the French window!

CHAPTER XIII

Two's Company

THE Prince wasn't sure, in the first moment, when he saw that figure, that it was Jim. But when the figure plumped down onto the balcony, with an exceedingly chubby thud, and started into the room, the Prince switched on the light, and then there was no longer any question about it. It *was* Jim—and an exceedingly startled Jim, as, in the unexpected flood of light, he suddenly saw the Prince confronting him.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Jim, breathlessly, after a moment, "are you *always* here?"

"And you?" demanded the Prince, in a rage, "do you spend your life, coming in and out that window?"

Just then, Sadie Love, attracted by the sound of voices (not to mention the chubby thud which had preceded them)

came into the boudoir, from the bedroom.

"Jim!" she cried, and stared at him, for a full half-minute, quite overcome. Then she gasped: "Wh-where did you come from?"

"Got out again," said Jim, "same old way! There was part of the rope left, you know—enough to slide down this far, anyhow. But I didn't expect to find *him* here!" and he glared at the Prince.

"But—Jim," exclaimed Sadie, helplessly, "why did you come down here—*again?*"

"Well," said Jim, a trifle confusedly, "the light was out—and I thought they'd all gone—and you know what you said, about our going away—to Bermuda, or China—"

"But you knew very well," exclaimed Sadie Love, "that the rope only reached to this floor—and that we couldn't get out when you did get down here!"

"Well, supposing we couldn't!" cried Jim, exasperatedly, "do you think I was going to starve to death, upstairs, when I knew a supper was going to waste, down here?"

"Jimmy Wakeley!" Sadie grew quite round-eyed with indignation, "you didn't come down here for *me*. You came for the *supper!*"

"I came," retorted Jim, haughtily, "to *finish* the supper—with you." As he spoke of the supper, he could not resist a glance in its direction. Perceiving its condition, he gave a start. "Say!" he exclaimed, with indignant surprise, "you must have gone off your hunger strike."

At that, the Prince, who had been restraining himself with difficulty, interposed.

"You will kindly get out!" he commanded.

"How *can* he get out?" demanded Sadie, despairingly. Then—in response to Jim's look of surprised interrogation—"Lillah has locked us in."

"She—locked him in, too?" asked Jim, astounded, and he indicated the Prince.

"Yes," said Sadie, "you see—he was

in the bedroom—and she didn't know that he was here."

"But—what was he doing in the bedroom?" inquired Jim, and he looked very blank. So, for a moment, did Sadie and the Prince! Then the Prince came to the rescue.

"Sadie think," he explained, "that she hear a mouse," and he pointed to the bedroom; "I go in—to find it." Not for nothing did the Prince come of the race of Machiavelli!

"And then Lillah," went on Sadie, glibly, "came in, and didn't know that Luigi was in the bedroom, and before I could tell her that he was, she locked me in—and here we were!" Sadie was not of the Machiavellian race—but she had married into it.

"You were—shut in here with him—for the night?" exclaimed Jim, quite horrified by the thought, and then he added, fervently, "Thank Heaven, I came!"

Sadie and the Prince exchanged a single, expressive glance.

"Jim," said Sadie, with decision: "You must get out!"

"I must get out?" Jim stared at her.

"I mean, of course," said Sadie Love, "we must all get out!"

"But—how?" asked Jim.

"Couldn't you—crawl *up* that rope?" and Sadie looked hopefully at him.

"I'm not a monkey!" retorted Jim, with dignity, "besides—what'd be the good? The room upstairs is locked, too."

"But I thought," said Sadie Love, "that if you could wake up Mumfy—"

"What'd be the good of that?" demanded Jim, "he's locked in, too!"

"Everybody's locked in!" cried Sadie Love, and she sat down, in despair.

"I know!" Jim's face lit up, with the inspiration of a real idea. "We'll lean out of the window and yell 'Fire!'"

"*Dio!* No!" cried the Prince, thinking of the Comtesse; but Sadie jumped to her feet, exclaiming, "Yes! Why not!" and started for the window, Jim after her. But she suddenly stopped short, with a cry.

"Oh—no! If we do that, somebody's

sure to put in an alarm, and the fire company will come, and the people from the hotel—and that newspaper correspondent—and find me locked up with two men—and only one of them my husband!”

“There’s safety in numbers,” pointed out Jim, consolingly.

“I didn’t ask for safety,” retorted Sadie, exasperatedly, “I won’t be a laughing-stock for the servants—and get in the papers!”

They all sat down, then, and talked it over (the Prince and Jim, for the time being, tacitly agreeing upon a cessation of hostilities). But the longer they talked, the worse things seemed. Of course, if Jim hadn’t knocked the ladder down, earlier in the evening, they could have escaped that way, now; but he had—so there was no use talking about that. Then Sadie thought that if she went out on the balcony, she could call to some one or other, whose window was open; but, as it happened, there was no window really near, for Sadie’s rooms were in a wing of the house, and rather isolated. The only person within hailing distance was the Comtesse, but the Prince grew alarmingly disturbed at the mere mention of trying to attract that lady. Mrs. Warrington’s apartments were on the other side of the house, so there was no chance of reaching *her*. So they had to give up the idea of calling to anyone. Then Sadie wondered if they couldn’t make another rope, out of *her* bedclothes, and lower Jim to the ground, and then he could go and tell Lillah, and she could come and let them out. But Jim refused point-blank to be lowered. He said that he had made three trips on a rope, that night, and that that was enough—three times and out. It had almost been, as he took care to remind Sadie, a case of two times and out, “when the damned thing broke,” during his second trip on it. (I am quoting Mr. Wakeley’s own language.) If anyone had to be lowered, he suggested that it be the Prince. The Prince was willing enough, but Sadie promptly vetoed this proposition. If it

wasn’t safe for Jim, she pointed out, it wouldn’t be fair to ask anyone else to do it. Besides, if anything should happen to the Prince, everyone would say that she and Jim had thrown him out the window!

“Well,” said Jim, at last, giving it up in despair, “I don’t know what to do. I guess we’re here, Sadie, all three of us—for the night. What are you going to do with us?”

“How do I know?” retorted Sadie Love, exasperatedly, “I never had two men in my room before. I’m not going to do *anything* with you.” She got up, and went over to the bedroom door. “*I’m going to bed!*” she said.

“But—where will *we* sleep—if we sleep?” asked Jim, “here?” and he looked helplessly about the boudoir.

“You certainly won’t sleep anywhere else!” replied Sadie Love. And then, while Jim was still looking helplessly about, the Prince kissed Sadie. Jim thought he heard something (though he had no idea what it was) and turned around. The Prince and Sadie moved hastily apart.

“Good-night!” said Sadie Love, and she looked at the Prince, and he looked at her, and I suppose that, in the words of the song, “The angels whispered, ‘Oh, the pretty pair!’” and then dropped a tear or two, because Jim had to be there, too. For, as everyone who knows anything knows, three’s a crowd—especially on some occasions.

“Good - night!” said Sadie Love, again, and her violet eyes were still starry, but gently mournful, as they rested upon the Prince. And his eyes were as Dante’s must have been, bidding sorrowful farewell to Beatrice—only the Prince was very handsome, and Dante wasn’t. And then Sadie opened the door, and went into the bedroom, with one last look at the Prince. She was generous with that look, was Sadie, for she contrived to trail Jim into a corner of it, and he, in the fatuousness of his heart, thought it was all for him. Then she vanished, and the two men, after gazing at the closed door for a moment, turned and glared

at one another. But what else, under the circumstances, could you expect them to do?

"Oh, you needn't look so damned ugly!" said Jim, exasperatedly. "Do you suppose I enjoy being here? I want you to understand, it's a very awkward position for *me*! I've never been locked up all night before, with a married woman—and her husband!"

"And we have not been married long," the Prince permitted himself to observe.

"It doesn't look as if you're *going* to be married long," commented Jim, with wrathful satisfaction, and then, after a moment, he added, "Under the circumstances—you two are going to separate right away again—it's a mighty good thing for Sadie that I *am* here! It will prevent—talk."

"Talk!" muttered the Prince, expressively. At that, Jim marched over to the bedroom door, and rapped on it.

"Sadie," he said, "if you should be *bothered* in the night by—*anything*—let me know!" And he glowered most frightfully at the Prince. "I'm a heavy sleeper," he continued, to Sadie, "so let me know *loudly*!" Then, after another glare at the Prince, he turned away from the door, and wandered over in the direction of the supper-table. He did it with an elaborate affectation of carelessness, but he couldn't, for the life of him, keep a look of hungry expectancy out of his face. If he had hoped to find anything edible on that table, however, he was doomed to disappointment. "Not a damned thing left!" he murmured, gloomily surveying the wreckage of the feast. Then he saw that there was still some champagne, and he drank that. The Prince had begun striding up and down, on the other side of the room, and now Jim began striding up and down on *his* side. But he gave it up, after a while, when he found that the exercise was making him hungrier and hungrier.

"I'm not going to walk up and down here all night, like a caged hyena," he declared, stopping short, and facing the Prince, "I'm all tired out, and I haven't

had a bite to eat since breakfast!—It's the last ostensible honeymoon that I ever go on! I don't know what you're going to do, and I don't give a damn—but I'm going to sleep!"

The Prince was standing still, too, now. He waited a moment, and then he said: "Go to sleep—go to hell—I don't care!"

Jim gasped. Somehow, profanity, from a foreigner, seemed positively indecent. Jim wanted to say something, in reply, but he couldn't think of a fitting retort. It was hard to top the Prince's statement, so, choosing to think that silence was golden, Jim turned haughtily away. His eye lit upon the chaise-longue. So did the eye of the Prince. The same idea must have come simultaneously to him and to Jim, for they made a concerted movement toward the chaise-longue, and both sat down on it, at precisely the same moment, announcing unanimously: "I'm going to sleep here!"

"We can't *both* sleep here!" said Jim.

"No—I think not!" and the Prince glanced, expressively, at Jim's generous outlines. Then Jim suggested that they match for it. He took out two coins.

"Heads I get it," he said, "tails you don't." And he flipped a coin. "Tails!" he announced. "You don't." The Prince, at that, looked a trifle mystified, but he accepted his fate and got up from the chaise-longue. Jim triumphantly ensconced himself upon it. "Well, good-night." He snuggled down, provokingly, in the cushions. "I daresay you can get a few winks of sleep on a chair. Or you might try the floor."

"I do not need your suggestions," retorted the Prince, with dignity, "as to where I shall wink."

"All right," chuckled Jim, vastly amused. "Wink on the chair—wink on the floor—wink anywhere you please. *Good-night!*"

The Prince, so that he wouldn't have to suffer the sight of Jim any longer, turned out the light. Then, after a while, he sat down on a chair, and stretched his legs discontentedly out

before him. Jim, from a luxurious depth of cushions, on the chaise-longue, chuckled again.

"Going to wink on a chair," he commented. "I dare you to go to sleep!" There was a pause, then he lifted his voice. "Good-night, Sadie!" There was no response, from the other room, but the Prince moved restlessly, on his chair, and Jim chuckled again. Just before he dropped off asleep—which was in a surprisingly short time—he murmured: "We haven't yet, Prince—but we will!"

The lights were out, but the moon came in, through the windows, and bathed the room with its soft radiance. The Prince, with a sigh, rose from his chair, and went to the balcony. The music was still playing, at the hotel, and the little stars were shining up so high. The night wind, faintly stirring, was delicate with perfume. June was abroad, in the moonlit garden. It was a night of love. The Prince sighed, again. Then, suddenly, he turned back into the room. He thought he had heard a door opening. Yes—sure enough—there stood Sadie Love, in the bedroom doorway. He could see her only indistinctly, though the light came in, from the bedroom. He went swiftly to her.

"Is he asleep?" whispered Sadie. Just then, Jim snored.

"You can hear him sleep!" whispered back the Prince.

"Where's Mikey?"

They looked around—and there was Mikey on the chaise-longue, beside Jim.

"They're both asleep," whispered the Prince.

"For you!" murmured Sadie, softly, and she held up something which she was carrying, "a pillow—and a comforter."

"Oh, Sadie!" replied the Prince, hushedly, but eloquently, "I *need* a comforter!"

"Oh—Luigi!" sighed Sadie, with sweet despair.

"Oh—Sadie!" breathed the Prince, and took her in his arms. (Of course he kissed her. Why else do you think

he took her in his arms?) Jim snored.

"He's sleeping—very soundly." It was Sadie Love who whispered that.

"Very!" This from the Prince—still in a cautious whisper, but with a rising note of sudden hope, "I think—he will not wake—till morning." And then "Sadie!" And from her "Luigi!" And then, long silence, thrilling silence, silence that comes only when lips meet lips, and soul cries out to soul (even if someone is snoring, two feet away, on a chaise-longue).

Something had to happen, then. And it did! There was a strange noise, as of someone breathing heavily, and exclaiming. Sadie and the Prince looked quickly around. Sadie gave a cry, and the Prince said something in Italian, and rushed over, and turned on the light. And then—Mumfy Crewe, gasping desperately, swung into the room through the French window on the end of the rope and landed on the floor in a heap.

And Mikey awoke with a start and sat up and barked.

CHAPTER XIV

She Wobbles

It was Mikey barking that awakened Jim. He said afterward that he was dreaming that he was in a restaurant, and that he kept ordering food, and it never arrived, and then, suddenly, all the waiters in the place began barking. But of course that was Mikey, beside him, on the chaise-longue, as Jim found when he awoke. He sat up and stared at Mumfy, which was just what Sadie and the Prince were doing, only they were standing up and staring at Mumfy. And Mikey was standing up and barking at Mumfy. Of course, Sadie and the Prince couldn't do that, but they looked as if they would like to.

"Oh!" gasped Sadie Love. "This is much too much."

"Dear me," remarked Mumfy, agitatedly, picking himself up, "I didn't think *you'd* be here," addressing the Prince.

"And I," retorted the Prince, "did not expect you."

By this time Jim had begun to grasp what had happened. He rose and strode over to Mumfy with such a ferocious expression that the Prince involuntarily intervened. Jim, then, in a rage, turned upon *him*.

"I won't have him coming to see your wife," cried Jim, "on my rope." Mumfy, who looked as if he had begun to regret acutely that he had come, started to explain to the Prince and Sadie.

"I woke up," he quavered, "I missed him," indicating Jim, "I guessed where he'd gone—so I slid down—to protect the Princess!" and he gazed, with timid ardor, at Sadie.

"If this is Protection," said Sadie Love, "give me Free Trade." And then she added, overcome, to Jim:

"To think that just the moment *you* were sound asleep, *he* had to drop in!"

Jim was touched by this. He took it, of course, as an evidence of Sadie's solicitude for him!

"Sadie dear," he protested, "I don't mind being awakened—for your sake."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sadie Love, with despairing exasperation, "For my sake, go to sleep! Go to sleep and *stay* asleep. Sleep till the cows come home." And she started toward the bedroom. "There's one consolation," she comforted herself, "there can't any *more* men slide down here!"

"But Sadie," demanded Jim, "what are we going to do with—him?" indicating Mumfy.

"I don't care what you do with him!" replied Sadie Love. "I don't care what you do with *each other*! You may talk, you may fight, you may throw each other out of the window!"

"But Sadie," persisted Jim, "now that there are *three* of us—"

"What do you want me to do?" exclaimed Sadie Love, in a rage. "Sit up and play bridge with you?" And then she looked as if she were going to cry. "Oh!" she said, "and I was supposed to have a quiet wedding!" And she went into the bedroom and closed the door.

"Bridge!" cried Jim, who had visibly brightened up at the mention of it. "It's an idea! Three of us! We could play auction!"

This was much too much for the Prince. I regret to state that he told Jim for the love of God and all the Saints to go to sleep and not wake up till the Judgment Day! But he said it in Italian, and Jim didn't understand a word of it, though he knew it was something unpleasant. Then Mumfy wanted to know if he could please get out, and they told him that he couldn't, and why he couldn't. He was disturbed at that, but resigned himself to the inevitable, and started toward the chaise-longue.

"That's mine!" exclaimed Jim, fiercely interposing, and, at the same instant, Mikey barked. Mikey was on the chaise-longue, so it looked as if it belonged to him. Possession, you know, is nine points of the law. Mumfy, looking disconsolate, turned away, and started to pick up from the floor the pillow and the comforter which Sadie had brought in for the Prince, and which she had dropped, when lips had been meeting lips, and soul crying out to soul (not to mention Jim snoring on the chaise-longue). Well, anyhow, that was the pillow and the comforter which Mumfy picked up, but the Prince exclaimed, with a vendetta-like glance, "That is mine!" and Mumfy dropped the bedding as if it had scorched him.

"Dear me," he remarked, with an injured expression, "if you don't look out I'll begin to wish I hadn't come."

"Where did you get that comforter?" demanded Jim, suddenly, of the Prince. The Prince, at that, was a bit taken aback, and felt dreadfully guilty, but he brazened it out.

"I borrow it—from Sadie," he exclaimed. Jim gave an indignant gasp, then strode over to the bedroom door.

"What am I going to do?" asked Mumfy, helplessly. He was standing in the middle of the room, and he might have posed for the hero of the famous poem, "Nobody loves me. Nobody cares for me!" Jim paid no attention

to him, but the Prince said, curtly, "Wink on a chair!" At that Mumfy looked more helpless than ever.

"Sadie!" called Jim, through the bedroom door. "He did bother you—about that comforter!" And he cast a scathing glance at the Prince. "If he annoys you again, call me—but call loudly. Remember—I'm a very heavy sleeper."

"So am I!" said Mumfy, "if I have any place to sleep! I do wish I hadn't come." And he settled himself, aggrievedly, in a chair.

"You, also, are a heavy sleeper?" asked the Prince. That seemed to interest him extraordinarily, and to change his whole attitude toward Mumfy. He brought him the pillow and the comforter, and insisted upon putting the one behind his back and the other over his knees, and looked around and found a footstool, and put that under Mumfy's feet, and then was worried because he didn't have something to wrap around his shoulders! Jim, who was once more reposing on the chaise-longue (by sufferance of Mikey) was first astonished by all this attention to Mumfy and then exasperated. "If you've got to wait on somebody," he snapped at the Prince, "why not on me? What's *he* to you? I'm going to be your husband-in-law!"

The Prince, as was only fitting, vouchsafed no reply to this ribaldry. He merely turned out the light and went to "wink on a chair." And then they all settled down. In an incredibly short time Jim was fast asleep again, and Mumfy was slumbering, too. And so was Mikey. And all three of them were giving proof that they were asleep. Then the bedroom door opened softly and Sadie came in again. The Prince rose quickly and went to her, which was evidence that he hadn't really been winking on his chair at all.

"I've brought you another comforter," whispered Sadie, and held one out to him.

"I need another comforter," whispered back the Prince, despairingly.

"I knew someone would get yours!"

commented Sadie, hushedly. "Both asleep!" and she surveyed Jim and Mumfy. "It looks like a dormitory. And it sounds like a sawmill!"

"Sadie!" murmured the Prince, "they are both sleeping—very soundly."

"Sh!" warned Sadie, "they'll wake up!"

"No, my dear," whispered the Prince, "they will not wake. And while they sleep, all through the love-a-ly June night, I will tell my Sadie—how I love her. Yes—until the sunrise flushes in the east, I will tell my Sadie how I love—love—love her!"

And then there was silence again, while lips met lips, and soul cried out to soul (though, of course, Jim went on snoring, and so did Mumfy—and Mikey). And of course, just then something else had to happen! This time it was only a knock on the door. But the Prince and Sadie were as startled as if it had been an angel with a flaming sword. Mikey was startled, too, right out of his sleep, and he jumped down off the chaise-longue and ran, barking, to the door.

"Who is it?" exclaimed Sadie Love.

The Prince is of the opinion that the disaster, which shortly after ensued, might have been prevented if Sadie had only maintained silence, at that critical moment, and pretended that there was no one there. But, as Sadie very properly points out, how *could* she pretend that there was no one there, when Mikey was barking and Jim and Mumfy were snoring their heads off.

"Sadie Love!" came Aunt Julia's astonished voice, through the door, "What are you doing *here*?"

"Oh, Aunt Julia!" Sadie rushed to the door and whispered, thrillingly, through it, "Mrs. Wakeley locked me in—and Luigi's here, too."

"Oh!" they could hear Aunt Julia gasp. "And I was sure I heard you go."

"Oh! Aunt Julia! Do get the key!"

"Yes, yes! Of course! Oh—dear me!"

They heard Aunt Julia scudding away down the corridor, exclaiming as she went. Something told the Prince

that now he *was* in for it! He switched on the light and prepared for the worst. And yet, he didn't know just why he felt so apprehensive. The Comtesse must have left the house long before this. By now she was well on her way to town. But supposing she wasn't? Supposing something had happened to detain her? The Prince felt panicky at the mere thought of it.

Just then Jim woke up, which wasn't surprising, for Mikey, who had decided to return to the chaise-longue, had made a trifling mistake when he jumped back to resume his original position, and had landed full on Jim's face. Of course that was an original position, too, in a way, but it did not prove to be a permanent one. Jim got up and Mikey got off, simultaneously. Jim said things, and Mikey yelped, and that woke Mumfy up, too. So then the whole dormitory was awake.

Jim thought that the Prince had been "bothering" Sadie again, and said so. When Sadie told him what the matter really was he looked alarmed, and thought he'd better go into the bedroom. If Lillah should come back with Mrs. Warrington and find him there, she'd lock him up again. When Mumfy heard that he also looked disturbed, and thought he'd better keep out of the way, too, till the storm blew over. For, of course, if Lillah saw him, he'd have to explain how he got out, and where Jim was. Just then they all heard voices approaching, in the hallway. Jim bolted into the bedroom. Mumfy was about to follow him, but stopped short, and declared that he'd been shut up long enough with the human hyena (that was Jim). So Mumfy went out on the balcony—just as the door was unlocked, and thrown open, and Lillah sailed in, followed, agitatedly, by Mrs. Warrington. And after *her* who should walk in but the Comtesse!

The Prince, when he perceived the Comtesse, looked as if he wished (in the words of the song) for the wings of a dove—though, for that matter, any old kind of wings would have done. His disturbing premonition had been

fulfilled. The Comtesse had *not* gone! (It was learned, later, that the automobile had come for the Comtesse, right enough, but the Prince had forgotten to say anything to the butler about it, and so that latter individual had informed the chauffeur that there must be some mistake, and had sent him away.)

The Comtesse, when she caught sight of the Prince, was quite overcome. She couldn't say anything, for a moment; she just stared, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, at him. Lillah was evidently quite flabbergasted, too. Sadie Love saw that it was incumbent upon her to explain.

"*You* did it!" said Sadie, accusingly, to Lillah. "When you locked me in, you locked him in, too!" indicating the Prince. "He had gone into the bedroom—" and then, when everyone gasped at that, she added, with dignity, "after a mouse! And before I could tell you he was there you whisked out of the door, and—"

"In we were locked," corroborated the Prince, with an anxious eye upon the Comtesse. "We try to get out, but the bells will not bell, and—"

At this moment he was interrupted by Mumfy sneezing on the balcony. Everyone looked startled.

"You might as well come in," said Sadie, raising her voice. And Mumfy did. He had to sneeze twice more before he could say anything, then he hastened to explain to Lillah, who was looking at him with the most awful expression.

"When I missed your husband," he gasped, stifling another sneeze, "I slid down the rope, and—"

"Do you mean to say," interrupted Lillah, "that Jim Wakeley is here, too?" She looked at Sadie and the Prince. They didn't say anything, but their faces did. Lillah, who seemed to have an instinct in such matters, marched over to the bedroom door and flung it open. Jim had been leaning against it, trying to listen, and he tumbled headlong into the room, almost upsetting the Comtesse.

"Sadie!" exclaimed Mrs. Warrington, weakly, looking about, "there aren't any *more* men in here?"

"You might look under the bed," said Sadie Love.

By the time that Jim had got his balance again, Lillah was standing, with one arm stretched majestically out. It pointed toward the door.

"Jim Wakeley," and her voice, as Jim confided later, fairly "shivered his spine," "Jim Wakeley! Go to your room!"

"If you lock me up again!" declared Jim, "I'll chew through the door!" But he started to go out. Then, at the door, he turned and made signs with his fingers at Sadie.

"What are you doing?" demanded Lillah, in a rage.

"Deaf and dumb," said Jim, "for 'We haven't yet, but we will.'" And with that he fled out the door.

"Mumfy!" cried Lillah, when she could get her breath, "put that down!"

"I don't need to," said Mumfy. "I know that by heart." And he went out after Lillah, who had gone out after Jim.

Well, so far, so good. That was what the Prince was thinking (in Italian). The Comtesse was still looking disturbed, but the Prince felt that she didn't, as yet, suspect the truth. And then, that had to be the moment when Mrs. Warrington exclaimed, agitatedly, to Sadie: "Locked up with three men—and I thought that you were on your way to the *Sant' Anna*!"

"Wat?" cried the Comtesse.

The situation might have been saved even then if Aunt Julia had only kept her head—but Aunt Julia didn't. There was, after all, no reason to expect that she would. Aunt Julia, as everyone who knew her could testify, had never kept her head before. And she lost it completely now, when the Comtesse, going over to her, seized her by the arm and hissed out again, dramatically: "*Mon Dieu!* Wat you say?"

Aunt Julia had been brought up in the old-fashioned way, to believe that honesty is the best policy. So, having

lost her head, she fell back, in a panic, upon the truth, as the best way out of the difficulty. Of course, as everyone knows, the truth is no way out of a difficulty at all at all, and the telling of it only denotes sad lack of imagination, and general paucity of resource. But general paucity of resource was a chronic condition with Aunt Julia; so, it was the truth she told—the truth, and nothing *but* the truth. But that, in the present case, was more than enough!

"She might as well know," she said to Sadie and the Prince, and then they knew that the day was lost—but the Prince knew it better than Sadie.

"Know—wat?" exclaimed the Comtesse.

"My niece and her husband—" Mrs. Warrington tried to draw herself up and look as if she were not the least bit afraid of the Comtesse—but she was. "My niece and her husband are completely reconciled. They're going to sail on the *Sant' Anna* to-night!"

"Ah!" cried the Comtesse, and she turned upon the Prince with such an air of having been betrayed that Sadie couldn't help remarking to her, with some show of defiance, "After all, why shouldn't we sail?"

"But," protested the Comtesse, "he ask me to sail—also."

It was Sadie, then, who exclaimed. The Prince said nothing, aloud, but to himself he cried out, despairingly, that now the fat was in the fire! Only, of course, he said it in Italian, and it was probably spaghetti.

"What!" gasped Sadie Love, and she stared at the Comtesse.

"In my room—eet ees one hour ago—he ask me to sail wiz him, to-night! 'Marise,' he say, 'I will be all alone—and zere will be moonlight, all ze way! Marise!' he say, 'ze band will play'—wat you say eet play?" and she turned, hysterically accusing, upon the Prince.

"Oh, my Lord!" said the Prince—but of course, he didn't mean that that was what the band was going to play! Though he didn't care, by that time, if the band never played.

"And ze sea," went on the Comtesse,

emotionally, "wat you say ze sea do? Ah—oui, oui—ze sea will—sigh up to ze sky!"

"Oh!" gasped Sadie Love, "Oh!"

"Marise," he say, 'sail wiz me! Sail!' An' zen—after zat—he ask you! *Quel' homme!* He must 'ave always two on 'is 'oneymoon! Ah, Luigi! *C'est trop! C'est trop!*" and she began to have them again, then and there (yes—hysterics, of course).

Aunt Julia (agitatedly begging Sadie not to do anything sudden or rash) got the Comtesse out into the hallway, somehow, and back to her room, where she could have her hysterics comfortably. (It was the only useful thing that Aunt Julia had done since the beginning of the whole awful business.) The Prince remained, to explain to Sadie. I must say, I think that Aunt Julia had the easier task.

"Sadie," began the Prince, "you don't understand."

"Oh, don't I?" cried Sadie, "Don't I? 'Marise! I will be all alone, and there will be moonlight all the way!' Oh! Oh!" and she began walking up and down, like a tigress seeking what she might devour.

"Sadie!" The Prince started following her about—which, of course, didn't do a bit of good, and was dangerous, besides! Sadie Love was in a killing mood! She might still have a "Love" in her name, but all the love in her nature had turned to hate. No—not quite all! She loved Jim now—with what intensity she had left, when she got through hating the Prince.

"And it was you whom I was willing to trust!" She turned upon him, "You whom I was ready to believe! You for whom I was going to give up my Jim! What was I thinking of! Oh! Thank Heaven, I found you out in time—again!"

"Sadie!" said the Prince—but of course he had said that before.

"Don't do anything sudden," she repeated Aunt Julia's despairing admonition. "I will do something sudden! 'Don't do anything rash!' I *will* do something rash! I'm going to do the

rashest, suddenest thing that I can think of! I'm going to divorce you—so suddenly and rashly that you won't know it's happened! And do you know what the grounds will be? 'Ah! Sadie! She wobbles! She wobbles!'" And she swept into the bedroom. The Prince was about to follow her, and then he saw that she was coming out again. She had her coat, and her satchel, and her hat. She threw the coat and the satchel onto a chair, and began putting on the hat. It was difficult to do, for the crested curls seemed to be positively standing on end!

"Sadie!" exclaimed the Prince, "Where are you going?"

"I don't know! I don't care! Anywhere, away from you!" and Sadie Love jabbed a hatpin into the rebellious curls, and snatched up her coat with one hand and her satchel with the other. And then she grabbed up Mikey with *both* hands. That sounds complicated—and it was—but she did it.

"Oh—*carissima*," gasped the Prince, aghast, and he grabbed up *his* satchel, from the table. Then he looked distractedly around for his hat and coat, and couldn't see them, and remembered that he'd left them in Sadie's bedroom, when he was hiding in there from Lilah. He started to get them now.

"Keep out of my room!" cried Sadie, in a rage.

"My coat!" he exclaimed, hastily, "my hat! Where you go, Sadie, I go, too!" and he rushed into the bedroom.

Now Sadie Love, when she was preparing to retire, had found the coat and hat of the Prince on her bed, where he had thrown them. She had picked them up, and (you must promise never to tell the Prince this) she had kissed the coat, on the right lapel (if you must kiss a coat that's the proper place to do it). Then, fearing, perhaps, that the left lapel might feel slighted, she had kissed that, too; after which she had hung the coat, very carefully, on a hanger, in her wardrobe. The hat, she had placed, with equal care, upon a shelf, overhead. So it was only natural that the Prince, as he dashed, now, into the bedroom,

failed to see track or trace of the objects which he sought. It was while he was looking desperately around for them that Sadie suddenly got her fatal idea. When it came to her she was standing beside the chaise-longue. She promptly dropped everything upon it—her coat, the satchel, and Mikey—and rushed to the bedroom door.

"Sadie!" exclaimed the Prince, appealingly, "My coat? My hat?" and he looked distractedly about the bedroom for them.

"In the wardrobe," said Sadie Love, and she indicated where the wardrobe stood. The Prince turned to it. As he did so Sadie, with wrathful celerity, snatched the key from the bedroom door, closed the door, and, with a triumphant exclamation, locked it—from the boudoir side! So there was the Prince, nicely locked up in the bedroom.

"You'll go where I go?" she cried to him, through the locked door. "Oh, will you! Will you!"

She turned away, and rushing to the chaise-longue, grabbed everything up again—the coat, and the satchel, and Mikey. They were all just where she had left them—especially the coat and the satchel! Mikey grunted a slight protest, but the coat and the satchel said nothing. And then Sadie, as she was starting for the door which opened into the hallway, stopped short, with an exclamation of surprise (and of course Mikey and the coat and the satchel stopped short, too, without any exclamation). For who should come in, just then, but Jim—breathless, but triumphant.

"Sadie!" he panted, "just for a change, *I've* locked *Lillah* up!"

"Jim!" cried Sadie.

The handle of the bedroom door began to rattle. Jim stared at it.

"Just for a change," announced Sadie Love, "I've locked *him* up!" and then she cried, to the Prince, who had begun to pound frantically on the door, "I'm going away—with Jim—do you hear?—with Jim! *We're* going to sail—on the steady ship that wobbles! And while the sea sighs up to the sky, and

the band plays 'Oh, my Lord'—we'll be steady—we'll wobble—we'll be steady and wobble at the same time!"

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" It was Lillah, in the doorway.

How she had got out Jim couldn't imagine (it was Mumfy's doing, of course), but she had got out, there was no doubt about that! She came into the room, marched straight to the bedroom door, unlocked it, and flung it open. The Prince burst into the room. Jim, at the same moment (trying to look unconcerned) started toward the *other* door (the one which led into the hallway).

"Sadie!" cried the Prince. But Sadie, by that time, was at the other door, too.

"I hope you enjoy yourselves," she cried to the Prince and Lillah. "We shall." And then, in a flash, she had pushed Jim out into the hall, and was out after him, slamming and locking the door behind her. So there were Lillah and the Prince, nicely locked up in the boudoir—together. "You've shut us up all day," cried Sadie to them, through the door, "now see how you like it!"

"*Dio!*" gasped the Prince.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Lillah.

And then they heard Sadie Love, outside in the hall, say: "Come on, Jim. We must make that boat! She wobbles! She wobbles!"

CHAPTER XV

Look Me in the Eye!

SADIE LOVE says she never will remember just what happened on that wild trip to town. It is all dizzy blur to her, strange, and nightmare-like. But certain aspects of it do stand out in her memory. She recalls that, as she and Jim ran down the stairs, Jim asked her if she didn't think he'd have time to dash back to the kitchen and get a piece of pie or something. And she told him that if he did she wouldn't wait for him, and that he'd have to choose between her and the pie, and he said, "Sadie! How could you! Of course

I'd rather have you!" But she declares that before he said it he hesitated for a fraction of a second.

They got out the front door without anyone seeing them, and there, a little way down the drive, was Aunt Julia's automobile, which had been waiting, all this time, for Sadie and the Prince. (Of course, Sadie didn't tell Jim that.) When he blurted out his astonishment at the automobile being there, Sadie said she'd explain later—but, of course, she didn't! On the front seat of the auto sat John, the chauffeur, fast asleep, just as Sadie knew he would be. She jumped into the car, dragging Jim after her, and then she woke John up and told him to stay awake, for an hour or so, and get them into town, and to the *Sant' Anna*. Sadie remembers having an awful conviction that the car wouldn't budge. ("You know how John is," she says. "If you're in a tearing hurry that's always the time that he crawls under the machine and takes the whole thing apart.") But he didn't, this time, for a wonder, and they did start, and the next thing they knew they were out on the main road and headed for New York at a mile-a-minute speed. Sadie says that it was much more than that, but then, of course, Sadie was excited. So was Jim. It seemed as if that automobile simply couldn't go fast enough for him.

He kept wanting to urge John to put on more speed, but he didn't dare to speak, for Sadie had whispered to him not to say a word, for fear that John would know that it wasn't the Prince who was with her. (John, you know, had been asleep, when they got into the car, and so, of course, he hadn't had a chance to look at Jim.) Jim whispered back that he couldn't see that it mattered if John *did* know, since, in a few hours, everybody would know. But Sadie said that that was quite different, and that though she was going to throw away her respectability, she wasn't going to do it until she had to—and certainly not in front of the chauffeur. Then she rummaged around in the car, and found a pair of goggles, and a cap,

and a big coat, which belonged to the Prince, and she made Jim put them on. The coat was big for the Prince, but it was tight for Jim, and made him look terribly sausage-y.

After that point, Sadie's recollections become dim and twirly. She was fleeing, fleeing, along a winding, dipping road. It was still moonlight, and the little stars were still shining up so high, but sometimes, when Sadie looked up at them, she saw them mistily, and all doubled and trebled, which was quite unnecessary, for there were plenty of them, as it was. You mustn't think from this that she was crying. Oh, no! But the wind always did make her eyes smart—and if there were tears hanging to her lashes they were tears of rage, and not—not anything else. Not tears of wounded feeling, or outraged love. Oh, no! No! To tell the truth, Sadie can't remember what kind of tears they were, or what she felt, or what she thought about that June night, on that mad dash to town.

Perhaps it was because she thought of everything—yes, of everything in the world. The moving-picture landscape, fleeing past her, seemed to start something going in her head, and she thought and thought—faster and faster—of Jim, and the Prince, and the Comtesse—and of Aunt Julia, and Zozo, and Lil-lah, and Mumfy—and of the Promenade des Anglais, at Nice, and white lilacs—and of that evening, out in the bay, with the Prince, in the little boat—and of the big boat that wobbled—and of doors and doors being locked—and of—well—everything. It all seemed like a dream, and what she was doing now was part of the dream, too. And it seemed unreal to her that the man beside her with the Prince's coat on was not the Prince, but Jim; and it could not be that she was eloping with him—really eloping.

She remembers that Jim said something, once, about stopping for half a minute somewhere, to get a bite to eat, and that she wouldn't, and that he sank back into his corner with a groan. That incident alone stands out distinct. The

rest of the ride was accomplished like a dream. And, still in a dream, they were approaching New York—they were in it—they were going down Twenty-third Street—they were at the docks. She remembers whispering to Jim to bolt for the ship, the moment the auto stopped, so that John shouldn't get a good look at him. Jim did, and almost broke his neck doing it. Then, it was only a minute—they were on the boat—they were following a steward—they were in the charming little salon of the royal suite, reserved for the Prince and Princess Pallavicini. There were heaps of flowers, everywhere, and on the table, in the center of the cabin, was a pile of steamer gifts—books and magazines and still more flowers.

Sadie set down Mikey and looked around. Then, without speaking, she went to the port-hole and glanced out. The port-hole opened upon the promenade deck, and so she could not see much—just a glimpse of the building, on the dock. She couldn't see the little stars, shining up so high, and the moonlight seemed all gone. She turned, abruptly, as two more stewards came in. One of them was carrying the steamer trunk and the other the hat trunk.

"Just like home," remarked Jim to Sadie. "The trunks that all the hotel porters carry."

The stewards carried the trunks into the adjoining cabin, where the berths were, and then went out, bowing and ducking. They were hardly gone when in came another steward, and he was bowing and ducking, too. He seemed to be their very own steward, for, as he surveyed them, he had an unmistakably proprietary air. He salaamed to Jim and to Sadie, said something in Italian to Jim, and finally bowed himself out.

"What did he say?" demanded Jim, shoving up his goggles onto his forehead and staring at Sadie. "Why does he jabber at me like that? Don't they speak English at all on these boats?"

"He—he thinks you're Luigi!" said Sadie Love.

"Oh, my Lord!" exclaimed Jim, over-

come, "and I don't know a word of Italian!" Then he added, reflectively: "I suppose I might try to speak it, though. It sounds easy."

"Oh—no!" cried Sadie, alarmed. "Don't open your mouth!"

"All the way over?" Jim looked aghast at the thought. "Sadie! That'll be awful!"

"The whole thing is awful," said Sadie Love, agitatedly.

"You're not going to back out?" demanded Jim.

"I won't back out!" declared Sadie, desperately.

"We can't, that's all," Jim pointed out. "After all the things we've said we'd do, we've got to make good on *something*!"

"Yes, I know," agreed Sadie, more agitatedly than ever. "I'll go through with it if it kills me. But oh—Jim—I never felt so immoral in all my life. When I came up the gang-plank I could just feel everybody pointing at me, and saying, 'She's eloping!' Even the waves said it—slopping against the side of the boat." And then she sat down and started to cry.

"Now, now, Sadie—" began Jim in a helpless effort to be comforting.

"I'll be all right in a minute," murmured Sadie, tearfully. "I suppose you always feel like this the first time you run away with anybody." She pulled herself together and dried her eyes, but when Mikey came over and put his head on her lap, and looked up at her with the most wistful expression, she had to swallow hard, and she almost started in all over again. "I wonder if they've let him out yet?" she said, tearfully. She looked at Mikey as she said it, but of course it was to Jim that she was speaking—and of course it was of the Prince that she was thinking!

"Don't you worry," Jim reassured her, "he and Lillah won't get here in time to stop us."

"Don't you think so?" Sadie got up, looking unmistakably alarmed.

"Do you want them to?" demanded Jim, exasperatedly.

"Of course not!" retorted Sadie, in-

dignantly, and then she asked, nervously, "What time is it?"

Jim consulted his watch. "Half-past twelve. We sail in half an hour."

"Oh!" There was no question about it—Sadie downright gasped at that.

"I believe you do want them to get here," declared Jim, watching her suspiciously, "the way you act—"

"How do you expect me to act?" interrupted Sadie, exasperatedly. "I can't behave as if I were going out to tea! You seem to forget—I never eloped with anyone before."

"Kindly remember," replied Jim, with considerable testiness, "I haven't either. It's worse for me than it is for you," and then when Sadie, at this, gave an indignant gasp, he said, "You, at least, have something to wear! What am I going to do?" and he threw open the borrowed coat and displayed his clothes—dirty, torn, bedraggled—from falling out of windows, and landing on trunks (which all the porters carry).

"You can stay in your room," said Sadie Love.

"All the way?" Jim stared at her.

"I suppose," said Sadie, looking agitatedly out of the port-hole, "that you could come out at night, when everybody is asleep."

"My, but this is going to be a nice trip!" Jim seemed quite overwhelmed at the prospect. But then, as he glanced around, he brightened up a bit. "Well," he comforted himself, "if I do have to keep out of sight—this is a comfortable suite."

At that Sadie turned away from the port-hole quickly enough.

"You can't stay here!" she exclaimed, scandalized.

"Why not?"

"What would people *think*?"

"If I *don't* stay here, what'll they think?" demanded Jim. "I'm supposed to be your husband—on our honeymoon."

"But you're not."

"People don't know that."

"But I do!" said Sadie Love, with emphasis, and she went over and

pressed the push-button. "I'm going to get the purser!" she exclaimed.

"He won't have another cabin," protested Jim. "It's the rush season. The boat's jammed!"

"If he hasn't another room—you'll have to get off!" said Sadie Love, with decision.

"Sadie! I couldn't go back—now!" Jim gazed at her as tragically as if he were the injured heroine of a melodrama.

"Don't look as if I'd—led you astray," exclaimed Sadie, exasperatedly, and then feeling that she had been a little hard on Jim, she said, "Well, if it comes to the worst, I suppose you can sleep in a deck-chair."

"Thank you," retorted Jim, caustically. The sarcasm was lost on Sadie, who was busy figuring it all out.

"But in the daytime," she went on to instruct him, "you'll simply have to keep out of sight. Someone on board would be *sure* to know that you weren't Luigi."

"How can I keep out of sight?" demanded Jim, "I can't stay in a room unless I have one."

"Can't you—go down in the hold," asked Sadie, a bit timidly, "or—or look at the machinery? Men always do look at the machinery."

"This is going to be a beautiful trip," repeated Jim, with even greater conviction. But Sadie didn't pay any attention to this, either. She was moving restlessly about, and looking out the port-hole, to be sure that the land was still there. Then she turned her attention for a moment to the things that people had sent her, and got quite tearful about them.

"Did you ever see so many flowers!" she exclaimed.

"Why didn't they send some fruit?" asked Jim, looking hungrily around.

"Don't always be thinking of food," said Sadie, exasperatedly.

"I wouldn't," retorted Jim, "if I could *get* some, once in a while. I said this afternoon that I'd begin reducing to-morrow. I was mistaken. I began to-day."

Just then the steward came in answer to the bell. He seemed dreadfully startled when he saw Jim without his goggles—for, of course, that showed up Jim's black eye. Jim hastily pulled the goggles down again, and Sadie told the steward that she wanted to speak with the purser. The steward bowed delightedly, assured her that the purser would be honored, and started to bow himself out, but stopped suddenly, and Sadie perceived that he was staring at Jim, who was waving his hands at him. Jim, you see, wanted to ask the steward for a sandwich, but after what Sadie had said he was afraid to do it in English, and he didn't know how to do it in anything else. Hence the gestures. Then, all at once, he got an inspiration. "Sandweech!" he exclaimed—which was English, of course, but with a foreign touch. The steward comprehended, and, smiling ecstatically, went out, bowing and ducking.

"Whatever I do," reflected Sadie Love, "I think I'll keep my title. It makes people bob around so." Just then a whistle blew, somewhere outside, and Sadie exclaimed and seemed positively panic-stricken, and Jim said she was going to back out, and she said she wasn't, but what time was it, and he said, if she wasn't going to back out, what did it matter what time it was, and she said that she had a right to know what time it was, and if Jim wouldn't tell her she'd find out somewhere else. Then Jim did tell her, and it was a quarter to one, and Sadie looked relieved and agitated, at one and the same time, and thought they'd better go up on deck—just to get a little air. But Jim said he wouldn't go till the sandwich came. Just then there was a knock on the door.

"Sadie!" exclaimed Jim, imploringly, "It's the sandwich. Let it in!" Sadie did, but it was only the purser. He, like the steward, was an Italian, and he started talking, at once, in his native tongue, with Jim, who fled into the stateroom. The purser seemed a bit astonished at this, and Sadie had to explain that her husband had a tooth-

ache, and that she must have another cabin for him—preferably at the other end of the ship.

"It doesn't matter what sort of a cabin," she said. "*Anything* will do. You can squeeze him in somewhere, can't you—with a thin officer, or somebody?"

The purser was very polite, and very, very sorry, but they had nothing—alas, *principessa*, nothing at all.

"It wouldn't matter," explained Sadie Love, "if it were second class, or—you must have something in the *steerage*."

The purser, at that, looked as if he couldn't believe his ears, and withdrew, in disorder, stammering that he would see what could be done, but he was sure, alas, that there was nothing—nothing!

"Jim!" called Sadie Love. Jim came out of the stateroom. "Did you hear what he said?" asked Sadie. "He hasn't a cabin!"

There was another knock at the door, just then, and in came the steward, at last, with the sandwiches. When Jim saw them he forgot everything else in the world. He made a rush for them, grabbed them (there were only two of them) and started eating them, both at once.

"More!" he exclaimed, to the steward—quite forgetting, this time, to employ his Italian accent, but his mouth was full, and that gave him a sort of an accent—though, of course, it wasn't quite the same!

"More?" repeated Sadie, when the steward had disappeared, bowing to the breaking point. "You haven't time for more. Didn't you hear what the purser said? He hasn't a cabin for you. We must get off!"

"Where are we going *now*?" asked Jim, despairingly (but not so despairingly as if he hadn't had a sandwich)! "Which is it going to be—Bermuda, or China?"

"My cousin's," said Sadie.

"Where I'll have such a nice view of your husband coming up the drive to kill me?"

"Don't you want to go?" Sadie, taken aback, stared at him.

"Oh, I'm dying to go," Jim assured her, caustically, "and I daresay I'll die if I do go!"

Then Sadie said he didn't want to go, and he hadn't wanted to come on her honeymoon, from the start, and that she had dragged him into it, and she wished now that she hadn't, because he hated her for it, and he could go away, and leave her to her fate, and she'd sail for Italy alone, and die on the way over, and be buried in some awful Italian cemetery, with lizards crawling all over her. Mikey, she said, would be the only one at her funeral, and he was the only person that cared for her anyhow—and then she began to cry. At that, Jim got dreadfully agitated, and put down the suit-case, and pushed the goggles right up on top of his head, and his hair along with them.

"Sadie!" he exclaimed, and went to her, and told her how much he loved her, and that he never had loved anyone but her, and started to put his arms around her.

"What are you doing?" asked Sadie Love, indignantly, pulling away from him.

"Just one kiss!" pleaded Jim, "to show that you forgive me."

"No!" Sadie seemed shocked at the very idea.

"You don't forgive me?" said Jim.

"I do!" said Sadie Love, "but I won't kiss you!" And when Jim asked her why, she said that there wasn't time, and, besides, she didn't like to kiss people.

"Oh, Sadie!" Jim waxed reproachful. "After all I've gone through for you!" And then he caught her in his arms, and was going to kiss her whether or no, but Sadie struggled and simply *wouldn't* be kissed, and then, when he still held her, and still kept on trying to kiss her, a sudden panicky rage swept over her, and she slapped him full in the face. He let her go quickly enough at that.

"Oh!" cried Sadie, appalled at what she had done, "I didn't mean to hit

you in the face, but—there was so much of it." That slipped out before she knew what she was saying.

"Right on my sore eye, too," exclaimed Jim, almost blubbering with self-pity. "You don't give a hang for me, Sadie Love! You won't let me come near you—you won't even let me kiss you! You haven't any intention of—being unfaithful."

"How dare you accuse me like that!" exclaimed Sadie indignantly.

"And this is my reward," cried Jim in a rage, "when I've got a black eye for you and been locked up all day and crawled out of windows and fallen down ropes and landed on trunks—that all the hotel porters carry! This is what I get when I've given up *everything* for you—my home, my wife—my meals!" (This last in a climax of emotion.)

"Oh, go on and eat your sandwich!" replied Sadie Love exasperatedly. "It's what your mind's been fixed on all evening! You pretended to be eloping with me, but what you were really doing was—running away to a ham sandwich!"

"Oh!" Jim looked as if he'd positively blow up with rage. "And you? What about *you*? What's the object of all *your* running away? As far as I can make out it's simply to give me a fine view from your cousin's house at Roslyn!"

"Oh, Jimmy dear—"

"I'm no dear!" interrupted Jim wrathfully. "I'm a goat!"

"But, Jim—"

"Sadie!" Jim went up close to her and confronted her sternly. "Look me in the eyes."

"You've only *one* eye," said Sadie.

"Well, look me in one eye, then, and tell me—do you really love me?"

Sadie's gaze met his for a moment, then it faltered. She turned away for a second and then she turned back to him again.

"Oh, Jim," she began, "I don't want to seem ungrateful or unsympathetic—"

"Going to let me down easy!" inter-

rupted Jim. "I can feel it coming!"

"You've been a perfect dear!" said Sadie Love a trifle tearfully. "Yes, you are a dear, Jim! And if you seem to have been the goat, you—you're a dear goat!"

"Don't be a nature-faker," objected Jim stilkily.

"You've crawled down ropes," said Sadie Love, "and landed on very hard trunks—and had things happen to your eye. I love you for it. I always *have* loved you. I always shall love you. But, oh—Jim—I'm afraid I don't love you—the way I ought to."

"Perhaps," commented Jim moodily, "if you loved me any more it'd be the death of me."

"I—I wasn't sure," said Sadie, "till just now, when you tried to kiss me, and I—didn't want you to." Then, filled with impulsive reproach, she exclaimed, "What a beast you must think me, to talk to you like this—without any regard for how I'm hurting you!"

"But you're not hurting me," protested Jim, and he looked as surprised at this as Sadie Love did. "That's the queer thing about it, Sadie. You're not hurting me. At this moment my most vivid emotion is one of distinct relief."

Sadie gazed at him for a moment, as if she did not even yet quite understand. Then, when she did begin to comprehend, her expression changed to one of astonishment, and from that to indignation.

"And you said you loved me!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't have taken you on my honeymoon if I hadn't thought you loved me!"

"I do love you, Sadie!" Jim assured her earnestly. "I always have loved you. I always shall love you. But I think that the first wild, uncontrollable fervor of my passion has been sort of—knocked out of me! I'd rather be your friend than your husband. You're too strenuous for me."

"I suppose," suggested Sadie caustically, "you'd prefer a nice, quiet woman—like Lillah."

"My dear," replied Jim, "my days with Lillah were not always tranquil,

but I never had so many things happen to me in my whole married life as I have on this—ostensible honeymoon."

"Well," said Sadie with decision, "I want you to understand one thing. You may go back to Lillah if you wish—but I'll never go back to Luigi!"

There was a knock at the door just then and Jim, thinking it was the steward, with more sandwiches, exclaimed, "Come in!"

It was the steward, right enough, but he didn't have the sandwiches. Instead he was carrying a traveling-case, which, to Sadie at least, seemed strangely familiar.

"Ah! Scusi!" entreated the steward apologetically, but he seemed amused. "I theenk before that the Signore," and he pointed to Jim, "ees the principe. And now—the principe come—himself!"

He smilingly deposited the traveling-bag and withdrew. There was a moment's tense pause.

"Jim!" gasped Sadie. "He's here! It's Luigi!"

CHAPTER XVI

The Band Plays

JIM swallowed hard. "Let him come," he said. He tried to look heroic as he spoke, but he couldn't very well, with that cap and the goggles and the coat that was too tight. Besides, he didn't feel heroic.

"You'd better go," quavered Sadie Love.

"Do you think I'll run away from him?" exclaimed Jim, outraged.

"Oh—no, of course not," faltered Sadie. "Besides," and she looked around desperately, "there's no place to run!" Then she got quite panic-stricken and cried, "Oh—Jim! He'll be down here in a minute! Shall I lock the door?"

Jim shook his head. At that moment they both heard the Prince outside. Sadie tried to look haughty and unconcerned and so did Jim, but he pulled the goggles down over his eyes and buttoned up the automobile coat. As he

pulled himself up a button popped off the coat under the strain, and that rather took the starch out of him. And then the door swung open and the Prince came in with a rush. When he caught sight of Jim he started straight for him, and Sadie Love felt certain that a murder was going to be committed then and there. But Mikey intervened. He was so delighted to see the Prince that he made a wild rush for him and tripped him and got stepped on and squealed. By the time that the Prince had regained his balance and Mikey had stopped shrieking, the situation had been robbed of its drama. The Prince, to be sure, did make another start for Jim, but just then *Lillah* came rushing in for all the world like Damon saving Pythias (or was it Pythias saving Damon?). Only, of course, *Lillah* hadn't come exactly to save Jim. She got between him and the Prince, and, stretching out her arm in her most majestic manner, exclaimed: "Leave him to me!"

It was then that the steward came in again with a whole plateful of sandwiches. When Jim caught sight of those sandwiches he forgot everything else. He gave a gasp of joy and pushed up his goggles so that he could feast his eyes upon the heavenly apparition. The steward stood, ducking and grinning, near the doorway.

"Scusi," he began, but the Prince impatiently waved him away, and he retreated in confusion, taking the plate with him.

"Those are my sandwiches!" cried Jim in a rage. "And, what's more, I'm going to have them!" and with that he made a bolt for the door and out he went before the others could say Jack Robinson.

"He shan't touch a mouthful of them!" and *Lillah* disappeared in determined pursuit. So Sadie and the Prince were left alone.

"Oh, Sadie!" began the Prince.

"Don't 'Oh, Sadie' me!" cried Sadie Love.

"Oh, Sadie!" said the Prince involuntarily.

"I *won't* be 'Oh, Sadie'!" and she started for the door.

"Sadie!" pleaded the Prince, intervening between her and the door. "When I ask Marise to go with me I was desperate—I did not know what I do!"

"You knew perfectly well what you were doing," retorted Sadie Love. "You were asking her to go away with you—on a steady ship—that wobbles."

"It was all because of you. It was my jealousy, my—my sorrow—because I loved you so."

"So much that you had to go away with another woman. If you loved me *twice* as much I suppose you'd go away with *two* other women!"

Before the Prince could reply the steward came in again, looking apologetic. He said something in Italian to the Prince.

"A reporter," the Prince, disturbed, translated for Sadie.

"Come to ask me how I like being married to you!" said Sadie Love. "If you let him in I'll tell him the truth!"

"*Dio!*" cried the Prince, panic-stricken, and he rushed out. The steward followed him, so Sadie Love was quite alone now, except for Mikey. She didn't know what in the world to do—and, of course, Mikey couldn't tell her. She didn't know whether to get off the boat or stay on the boat or what. She felt quite lost, and no wonder. She had suddenly been deprived of what, during the last few hours, had been her constant occupation and pre-occupation, namely—eloping with Jim. And Jim not only was not eloping with her any more—he seemed to have forgotten and deserted her entirely. But he hadn't, for, even as she was thinking that he had, in he came again, just swallowing the last of a sandwich.

"Sadie," he began, "I oughtn't to have left you like that. But I just had to get those sandwiches." And he took out his handkerchief and wiped his mouth with a sigh of contentment.

"Jim," said Sadie Love with conviction, "you've gained another pound. If you keep on at the rate you're going,

in another year you'll be beefy." Then she asked him if he were going to stay on the boat or get off of it, and he said he didn't know, but he thought he'd get off, but he'd have to tell Lillah first.

"Where is she?" asked Sadie.

"When I left her," said Jim, "she was trying to get a suite. You see, she thinks I'm going to sail with *you*—and she's made up her mind that *she's* coming, too."

At that moment Lillah herself came rushing in. She seemed relieved when she caught sight of Jim.

"I can't get a suite," she exclaimed.

"You may have mine," said Sadie Love, making up her mind all of a sudden, "I'm not sailing!"

"Where are you going now?" demanded Lillah discouragedly.

"To her cousin's, at Roslyn, famous for its beautiful drive!" said Jim with a grin.

"If you and Jim would only settle down somewhere!" cried Lillah despairingly.

"I'm going alone," explained Sadie haughtily. Lillah gasped and looked as if she couldn't believe her ears. "I hate to lose you, Jim," said Sadie, softening, as she turned to him. "It's like a divorce. You know, you've been almost a husband to me." And she went into the other cabin after her satchel.

Lillah turned to Jim. She seemed quite bewildered.

"Aren't you going to elope with her again?" she asked.

"Lillah," said Jim gravely, "I've eloped my last elope. Sadie and I have agreed to disagree."

Lillah couldn't credit it for a minute or so. When she realized that it was really true she drew herself up and remarked indignantly:

"I suppose you think now that you can come back to *me*!"

Jim was silent for a moment, then he looked at her rather timidly and asked: "What do *you* think, Lillah?"

"There's only one way that I can get even with you," declared Lillah, "and that is—stay married to you."

"Well, Lillah," remarked Jim, a twinkle in his eye, "you know, they say—revenge is sweet."

The Prince, who had got rid of the reporter, came in just then. He stopped short upon perceiving Lillah and Jim and, after a hasty glance around, demanded: "Where's my wife?"

"I am no longer responsible for your wife!" replied Jim haughtily, "I have wives of my own," and he started to march out. He was trying to be very dignified, but just as he got to the door another button popped off the automobile coat, and he remembered that he was wearing the Prince's clothes and that spoiled the whole effect of his exit.

"You don't mean," the Prince, astonished, asked Lillah, as she was about to follow Jim, "that this is a—a reconciliation?"

"I don't know," said Lillah doubtfully. "It's strange, but I'm not nearly so much interested in Jim, now that I know he's not interested in anyone else."

"Don't worry," the Prince consoled her, "he soon will be!"

"Oh!" cried Lillah and went out in a rage—which, after all, was the most natural way for her to go out. As Lillah went out Sadie came in from the bedroom cabin. She was carrying Mickey and her satchel. When she caught sight of the Prince she executed a right-about-face and went back into the bedroom cabin again and shut the door. Just why she did that I do not know, and I doubt if anyone ever will know, except Sadie Love—and she won't tell. My private opinion is that she didn't want to get off the boat at all, and that she went back into the room and shut herself in in the hope that the boat would start while she was in there and that then it would be too late for her (or the Prince) to get off. Anyhow, she did go back into the cabin and shut herself in. And just as the Prince started to plead his cause again through the door *who* should come into the salon but the Comtesse. And after her came—Mumfy Crewe!

I must go back here for a moment and tell you how it happened that the Comtesse and Mumfy (and, for that matter, the Prince and Lillah) had found their way to the *Sant' Anna*.

The Comtesse, you will remember, began to have hysterics in Sadie's boudoir when she found out that the Prince had been intending to sail with Sadie; and Mrs. Warrington, you will also recall, led the Comtesse away to have her hysterics comfortably in her room. But when the Comtesse got to her room and had been assisted to a couch and was just starting in on her hysterics, Zozo suddenly began to go through the most awful performance in his gilded basket, so that the Comtesse straightway forgot about her own hysterics in her excitement about his.

Of course, Zozo wasn't exactly having hysterics, but he was having a fit, which was the next best thing. He kept the Comtesse and Mrs. Warrington fully occupied for ten minutes. Then, when it was over, and Zozo had subsided (very tired, but feeling much better, thank you), the Comtesse decided that she wouldn't have her hysterics, after all. Maybe she thought that they would be anti-climax, after Zozo's exhibition; or perhaps she concluded that she wouldn't have time for them. For she had suddenly determined to leave Mrs. Warrington's roof at once. She had no further business there, and it wasn't good for Zozo.

So she gathered herself and Zozo together and descended to the first floor. In the hallway she met Mumfy Crewe, and he was leaving, too. He had, he explained to her, put up with all that he could stand in that house. That was exactly how the Comtesse felt, so what was more natural than that they should leave together? And they did, ten minutes later, in an automobile from the Seaside Inn garage.

As for the Prince and Lillah: after Mrs. Warrington had got the Comtesse and Zozo off her hands she rushed back to Sadie's boudoir to find out what had happened there. She discovered

soon enough! Lillah and the Prince, inside, were raging around like a whole menagerie of wild animals. When Mrs. Warrington told them that the key was gone, and she didn't know how she ever would get them out, they got worse than ever, and the Prince said he'd jump out the window, and that then, if he were killed, Sadie would be a widow and wouldn't need to divorce him. Luckily, just then Mrs. Warrington remembered that there was another key to that door, but it took her at least ten minutes to locate it. She did find it, though, and the Prince and Lillah were released, and then they went tearing off to town together in another automobile from the "Seaside" garage. They arrived at the *Sant' Anna* almost at the same time as Mumfy and the Comtesse, but neither of the parties happened to see the other. So the Prince had no idea that the Comtesse was on the ship. When he saw her, now, come into the door of his cabin, it is safe to say that he felt the *Sant' Anna* really begin to "wobble."

"Marise!" he gasped. He must have looked all his alarm, for the Comtesse hastened to reassure him.

"Ah, non, Luigi!" and she positively smiled at him. "Do not fear. I come to ze boat only to rescue my luggage. I do not sail!" The Prince, at that, was about to attempt an explanation, but the Comtesse interrupted him. "Ah, non, mon cher!" she protested. "Pas d'excuses. Je comprends. Wen ze heart speak, we must obey. You find eet ees your wife you love. I can only say '*mes compliments!*' She ees *charmante!*"

The Prince, who didn't know what in the world to make of this, looked blank. "Meester Crewe," the Comtesse continued, "'ave been so sympathetique. He come wiz me to New York—he breeng me to ze boat—" At that the Prince ceased to look blank. He was beginning to understand! The Comtesse, whose affections possessed the supreme merit of elasticity, was on the way to finding another twin soul!

Just then Mumfy, who was looking rather greenish, spoke up:

"If you don't mind," he suggested weakly to the Comtesse, "could I help you off now? I'm a wretched sailor. The mere sight of a boat makes me ill. I begin to feel queer already."

"Ah! *Mon Dieu! Pauvre garçon!*" cried the Comtesse sympathetically. "*Oui, oui!* We go!" She turned to the Prince. "Adieu!" She held out her hand.

"Marise!" exclaimed the Prince fervently (he *had* to be fervent under the circumstances; common politeness required it!). He took her hand and kissed it.

"Ah, Luigi!" cried the Comtesse, suddenly overcome with emotion, "we, who 'ave love so much—we must not say good-bye—like thees," and, giving the Zozo basket to Mumfy to hold, she threw her arms about the Prince's neck in an ardent farewell embrace. Of course, that had to be the moment when Sadie Love came back into the salon! She had heard the voices and couldn't make out who was there, so she simply *had* to come in to see. And she did see.

"Adieu, Luigi!" the Comtesse released him and took the Zozo basket from Mumfy. "Luigi—adieu!" and she passed out the doorway, waving the basket in farewell to the Prince. She paid absolutely no attention to Sadie—but Sadie did to her.

"That settles it!" exclaimed Sadie Love, and she and Mikey and the satchel started for the door.

"Oh—*carissima*," cried the Prince, interposing, and he began to explain what she had just seen, and to tell her how Marise had found a new twin soul, and that she would never come between them again. But Sadie declared that all that didn't interest her in the least, and that the Prince cared for the Comtesse more than he did for her and always would or else why had he asked her to sail with him?

"And you would have sailed with her!" declared Sadie Love, "you know you would. You'd be starting off for

Italy with her at this very minute—if I hadn't changed my mind."

"But, my dear," protested the Prince, "you were sure to change your mind!"

Sadie had to smile at that, though she didn't want to—and then the Prince explained it all again—how he had asked the Comtesse to meet him on the *Sant' Anna* only to get even with Sadie, because she had said she didn't care for him and that she was going to marry Jim.

"Oh, Sadie!" he pleaded. "Can't you see that it is you I love—just you—my Sadie Love—my wife!"

But Sadie couldn't believe him—at least she said that she couldn't. She couldn't trust him—at least she said that she couldn't.

"I can't be your wife," she declared, shaking her head, "it isn't a steady enough position."

"Oh, my Sadie!" cried the Prince. "What can I do to prove to you that my love—my adoration—will never, never change?"

An idea came to Sadie.

"There's just one thing you can do," she said, "go away and stay away until you're sure—and I'm sure—that we won't either of us—change our minds ever again."

"Go away?" asked the Prince blankly. "But Sadie—how long before you be—quite sure?"

"Of you?" said Sadie. "Five years!"

"Oh, Sadie!" he stared at her, appalled.

"Yes," declared Sadie Love relentlessly, "I'll get off the boat, and you go to Italy—and stay there—for five years!"

"Five years, Sadie? *Dio!*"

"Four, then!" conceded Sadie.

"No—three!"

"I'll make it two!" said Sadie Love.

"No—one!" pleaded the Prince.

"Six months!" said Sadie with decision.

"Not see you for six month?" exclaimed the Prince passionately. "I die!" and he tried to take her hands in his.

"No, no!" she eluded him. Her eye

was caught by a large calendar, hanging between the portholes. She went to it and took it down. "Listen," she said to the Prince, "it's June now! In July," and she turned up a leaf of the calendar, "if you still feel the same—write me."

"Write!" exclaimed the Prince with passionate expressiveness.

"In August," she turned up another leaf, "if you still feel the same—come back to America—and call on me."

"Call!" The Prince's expression would have done for a study of the martyrdom of Saint Sebastian.

"September, still the same—call twice," continued Sadie, and again she turned a leaf of the calendar with the dispassionate gesture of Fate.

"Twice only?" demanded the Prince with anguished entreaty.

"October—still the same—kiss me." And Sadie turned still another leaf.

The Prince misunderstood her, or else he got mixed up about the time of year, for he tried to kiss her then and there. But Sadie eluded him.

"November," went on Sadie, "I'll kiss *you*." She evidently had no delusions about the seasons, for she didn't even look at him.

"And December—you'll be mine?" asked the Prince eagerly. "Mine? My wife?"

"If you still feel the same," said Sadie gravely, "in December."

"Sadie!" and he tried to put his arms about her.

"No, no!" protested Sadie, and she moved away from him. "It's only June!"

"But June," exclaimed the Prince, "was made for loving—and I—love you!"

"Oh, dear!" said Sadie a bit breathlessly. "I—I'm afraid it's July." And she tore the June leaf off the calendar. The Prince tried to kiss her then, but

she sternly held him off. "No, no! *July*, I said! You're only *writing* me!"

"I write that I have loved you always!"

"Before the world began?"

"You were the goddess of the first spring dawn," murmured the Prince passionately, "and the beauty of all the world was in your eyes!"

"It's August," breathed Sadie, and she tore off another leaf. "You—you're calling on me now."

"I call!" exclaimed the Prince breathlessly. "I say I can no longer stay away! My heart cries out for you—and for September!" And he tore off a leaf of the calendar.

"And so," said Sadie, unsteadily, "you call—and call again—and—Luigi—it's October." Another leaf fluttered to the floor. And then the Prince kissed her, but she didn't mind, at that time of the year.

"November!" cried the Prince. The calendar gave up one more month.

"Luigi!" Sadie gave a half-sob, and she kissed him. But that was only proper. She had promised to, you know, when the season should be sufficiently advanced. And now she threw to the winds what was left of the year. She cast away the calendar.

"December!" murmured the Prince, his arms about her.

Just then Jim, who had rushed back to return the coat, and the cap, and the goggles, looked in at the door.

"Happy New Year!" he said, and flopped the coat and the cap and the goggles onto the floor, and fled. It was time he did, for just then the "All-Ashore" bell sounded, and the ship's orchestra could be heard, on deck, striking up a tune.

Sadie looked up, weepily, at the Prince.

"The band playing 'Oh, my Lord!'" said Sadie Love.



A SNAPSHOT OF AN IDEAL HUSBAND

By Owen Hatteras

WITH his right hand the dentist placed a rubber bandage about her lovely, youthful nose and propped open her perfect mouth with a wedge. With his other hand he turned on the gas machine. The little black needle crawled across the white dial. Out of the corner of her large, innocent eyes she could see it register.

Slowly she lost consciousness. On soft, fleecy clouds she floated far away from the white hospital-like office, the kindly dentist, the attentive nurse and her elderly bald-headed husband, who sat waiting patiently in the next room, listening to every sound that floated over the slight partition.

Suddenly, almost miraculously, office, husband, nurse and dentist faded away and in their place came a meadow strewn thick with buttercups and daisies, while in the distance cows stood ankle-deep in a wandering stream. Soft Spring sunshine shimmered in the air, birds flashed overhead and all the world seemed glad to be alive.

A young man with thick blond slightly waving hair, sparkling eyes of Irish blue and a smile that rippled across his handsome face as the tender breeze rippled the surface of the wandering

stream came leaping through the buttercups and daisies and took her in his strong young arms. It was as if Spring itself held her tight within its grasp.

"Jack," she called loudly, "Jack, my darling."

Her husband, sitting in the next room, smiled softly to himself. He arose, paced the room quietly, then resumed his patient waiting attitude. Half an hour later husband and wife were seated side by side in their motor-car, tearing homeward through meadows decked with buttercups and daisies.

The woman turned to the man beside her. "Did I speak when I was unconscious?" she asked.

The suggestion of a smile flickered about the corners of his mouth, then faded quickly away.

"Yes," he replied.

"What did I say?" she questioned hastily.

He squeezed her soft young hand. "You merely called my name," said he, "and said I was your darling."

She breathed a tiny sigh of relief, patted his shiny head. "My dear Hezekiah," she breathed, "I never think of any one but you."

Her husband kissed her tenderly.



YOU can learn what a woman thinks of you by marrying her, but you can never learn why.



ANY woman who is really kissed wants to be. If she wanted you to stop she would grin at you.



A STUPID man is merely one whose thoughts are respectable.

THE LINGERER

By H. S. Haskins

HERE he comes—the lingerer. You wince, though your expression of hospitality is all that it should be and a little more. You marshal your powers of endurance. You brace yourself for the ordeal. You assume your permanent smile.

First round: He's well. So is his wife. So is his father. So is his mother. So, also, are his relations. He gets fifteen miles to the gallon. Little Willie, besides being the one best infantile bet, has four teeth. Mary has adenoids. Yesterday was fine. To-day is finer. To-morrow, more than likely, will be stormy. Law of averages, you know. Business is rotten.

Second round: You finger a paper on your desk. He is nothing daunted. You lean over a memorandum and scratch your head. He isn't feazed. You answer a question vaguely, pulling a pencil out of your pocket. Nothing doing. Have you heard the latest on Binks? No? (You listen to a serial story with a transcontinental look.) Back to the

pencil and the memorandum. Thirty seconds of silence.

Third round: Smith did the fourth hole, the one over the ravine, in three, yesterday. The pencil is abandoned. Likewise memorandum. Likewise hope. You wrinkle your eyes tight shut, ostensibly to rest them, in reality to snatch a fractional doze. Your lids lift with an effort. His amiable face . . . vanishes . . . to . . . a . . . pin-point . . . t-h-e-n leaps back to heroic size. You focus a cross-eyed glance on his nose. You're nearly all in.

Last round: Somewhere a voice is talking politics, religion, white slavery and chemistry. Your father once made a big commission through his father. Besides, he's too decent to insult. You can't push him through the door. It won't do to call a policeman. You reach for your hat. There's only one way to shake the lingerer. You adopt it. "What do you say, Jim, to going across the street and having a drink?"



PREACHING AND PRACTICE

By Harry Kemp

JONES, a struggling writer, had just been presented with his first baby.

His wife wanted a nurse to take care of it so that she might once more take up her sketching.

In desperation Jones wrote a splendid article which he sold to a big magazine—an article excoriating women of the leisure class for not taking care of their own babies.

This enabled him to hire a nurse.



WHEN a man under 80 is religious it is a sign that the Devil doesn't think he is worth knowing.

THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER

By Frank R. Adams

"**S**TOP forgetting!"

The phrase stared at John Collins from nearly every magazine he picked up. Sometimes the advertisement was stated, "Learn to remember!" but the idea was the same.

"I only wish I could," John groaned inwardly. "Then maybe I wouldn't make such an ass of myself every time I meet an acquaintance on the street."

To John an encounter with a friend on the public highway was an ordeal. He would see a familiar face approaching covered with smiles of recognition and greeting and immediately his brain would curdle to a dry, immovable mass that refused to give up one particle of information as to the identity and vital statistics of the imminent neighbor. He knew he ought to be familiar with a bunch of facts connected with that smiling face, but for the life of him he couldn't be sure whether it was George, or Bill, or Mr. Smith, or Mr. Jones, whether he was married, had any children, had been ill or whom he favored for the next President.

It was confoundingly embarrassing. Of course one was safe in saying, "How are you, old man? You're looking well," but beyond that lay dangerous waters. How silly to suggest a glass of beer if he really was the prohibition alderman from the Ninth Ward, and how distinctly unfortunate to tell him your best Ford story and find out later that he owns one and is proud of it.

And then how the difficulties multiplied if another friend happened to come along, especially when it became evident that the gentlemen had not met.

"Are you fellows acquainted?" was a good lead.

"No, not yet."

Then where was he? What a horrible mess! How much easier to face a firing squad and be shot at sunrise than to ask both men to tell him their names. It might be passed off as a joke, but he felt sure that each one of them regarded him with suspicion. Was he drunk or merely ashamed of them?

It was so distressing that John frequently dodged into a doorway when he saw someone coming that he knew. A walk from his office to the restaurant where he ate lunch was a nightmare because so many men were in the streets at that hour. John took to going out early and eating before he was hungry, simply to avoid the regular crowd.

In his office he was comparatively safe. Anyone coming in to see him was announced by the office-boy and his stenographer was a card index of things he ought to know. That's why he had kept her even after she had married. The salary he had offered had been too unprecedented to be refused in favor of housework.

Don't get the impression that John Collins was not all there in the mental attic. Quite the contrary. His brain was of tremendous range and accuracy of fire, but it was single-barreled. When he got started on any one subject the heavens might clatter around him without distracting his attention. But to get him to keep appointments or to take up one subject while engaged with another was more difficult than catching a suburban train every morning with a balky horse. You have to pretend you want to go on the 7:31 if you want to make the 8:15.

He was an advertisement writer, and

had practically no equal as an individual general of publicity campaigns. Because of an unflagging zeal in his profession, and also because he forgot to do anything else, he had amassed a moderate fortune for a man of thirty-five, and had built up a business that would be worth a million some day. Further, he had creased his brow with thoughtful lines and put his eyes behind glass. For the rest of his appearance see any earnest young business man of your acquaintance. Add only that sometimes, quite frequently in fact, he wore the wrong color of tie with his purple and red striped shirts, and you will have as good an idea of his appearance as his friends had.

It was in connection with his engagement that his memory made its most magnificent blunder.

John Collins had not thought seriously of marriage until someone had suggested that it would be a good idea. He had immediately brought his mind to bear on the subject and had nearly frightened his stenographer out of her wits by proposing to her the next morning. She reminded him gently and possibly regretfully that she had been married for seven years.

"How annoying!" was John's comment. "It would save so much useless fuss if we could get this matter settled without bringing in any outside parties. However, I suppose it is out of the question. So you may bring me the important mail."

But the idea persisted, and John Collins prosecuted a vigorous and ruthless search for a mate. That he was successful was no surprise to people who had never known him to fail at anything he really started out to do. It did rather amaze Mildred Wimble, who became the goal of his devotion, because she had been half-intending to be engaged that season to quite a different young man, one all covered with sunburn and college fraternity pins and widely advertised brands of collars and English-cut tailoring.

Possibly John's experience in convincing the public that it wanted certain

brands of baked beans and shaving soap may have helped him in his campaign with Mildred. At any rate she woke up one morning feeling like a caged robin and realized after due reflection that she was the affianced bride of one John Collins, whom she had met for the first time some two weeks previous. She wasn't positive yet that she was going to care for her cage, but there was time to break out if the gilt on the bars didn't agree with her. Anyway, Collins would be an improvement over Wimble as the final exhibit on an engraved calling-card.

In order to make sure she got up and wrote it on a sheet of paper. "Mildred Louise Collins." It looked very attractive. Then she tried "Mrs. John Collins." That was simple and dignified. She smiled.

Mildred was at her best smiling. It brought out the T-shaped dimple in her left cheek. It is doubtless unfair to Mildred to make her acquaintance this way, just as she gets out of bed in the morning, but it is greatly to her credit to say that she is attractive even before breakfast.

In the lacy disguise of a nightie the most casual observer would have admitted that Mildred had beautiful, plump shoulders and arms that would be lovely to be choked to death by. Her hair, which was carelessly abundant like the water that runs over Niagara Falls, was a vivid blond of a shade with lots of lights in it—not that drab, dead, alfalfa hay color that you and I don't care for.

Her face was sweet and serene. She looked as if she would be tolerant and forgive a great deal to one she loved. This was a quality that was going to come in extraordinarily handy if she took up the option she had on John Collins.

She waited at home all the afternoon for John to call her on the telephone and fill her up on sugary nonsense such as an engaged girl has a right to expect. She even put off a tea party she was going to give to half a dozen girl friends in order to be sure to be alone

when he rang up. Or maybe he would leave the office and run out for a few minutes' chat and bring the engagement ring.

It is easy to guess without a diagram just what happened. John did not telephone. He also did not call in person. Neither did he send out a solitaire by special messenger as Mildred finally hoped when everything else failed her.

Slightly disappointed, she excused him none the less and put on her most exquisite frock against his call that evening. He must not regret his choice. She smiled as she put off the college boy who telephoned to know if he might come over and bring his banjo. No need to tell him of the engagement. It would be announced in the morning papers anyway.

Then she waited.

And waited!

And waited!!

The next morning Mr. Wimble, Mildred's father, called at John Collins' office to make inquiries as to whether or not John had suffered a stroke of apoplexy, as suspected by his tearful daughter. John, who did not recognize the name sent in, instructed the office-boy to tell Mr. Wimble that Mr. Collins was very busy and would see him next Monday. This was to give him time to refer the matter to his stenographer, who would tell him whatever he was supposed to know about the name of Wimble. Quite naturally, the stenographer had never heard of Mr. Wimble and reported that John Collins had had no dealings with a party by that name. John was very busy on something else of pressing importance and promptly forgot all about it.

Not so the Wimbles. When Mildred heard, via her father, that John was alive she bitterly resented it. Death alone could excuse his neglect of her on the day following their engagement. She cried out every tear in her constitution and went to bed before lunch, red-eyed and hopeless. Now that John had proved to be such a heartless brute she discovered that she really loved him and that what she had thought was one

of her regular flirtations was in reality an overwhelming passion.

John Collins was ploughing along sixty miles an hour through his morning's work as laid out for him by his stenographer when a well-dressed young man brushed aside the office-boy and rushed into the inner office.

"So you've done it," he accused.

John Collins looked up and tried to recall where he had seen the young man before. It was useless. Doubtless he had seen that sunburn, that fraternity pin, that collar and that tight-fitting coat somewhere, but he was unable to connect up any identity with the wearer.

"How are you, old man? You're looking well." John fell back on this usual formula.

"You've blighted my life," exclaimed the youth passionately, ignoring the inquiry about his health.

"My word, is that so?" John Collins was genuinely concerned.

"When I saw the announcement in the papers I came here to kill you," said the fashionably dressed visitor, "but I find I can't do it. Instead I congratulate you. You've won fairly and honestly." He grasped Collins firmly by the hand and squeezed it until the fingers cracked. Then he turned away mournfully with dejected shoulders. "I shall go away somewhere,—it doesn't matter where,—and try to forget."

He made a corking exit.

John Collins, hopelessly bewildered, was still gazing after him when his stenographer, who had been hastily summoned by the office-boy to head a rescue party, entered.

John explained what had happened, but she could throw no light on the amazing actions of the young man.

While they were still discussing it the office-boy entered and said, "A reporter for the Evening Press is on the wire and wants to know about your engagement."

"Engagement?" echoed John Collins, that particular cell in his mind devoted to Mildred Wimble waking to sudden and painful activity.

"Yes, sir. He says it's in all the

morning papers and he wants to know if it's true."

"Tell him yes,—that is, I think so."

"What do you mean by you 'think so'?" questioned his stenographer efficiently when the office-boy had departed with the message.

"Well," he admitted sheepishly, "I was engaged day before yesterday, but that Wellington Haynes matter came up and I forgot all about it."

"Didn't you see the girl yesterday at all?" she asked in dismay.

"No, I don't think I did. No, I'm quite positive of it."

"Did you call her up and explain that you were busy?"

"No, I'm afraid not. Do you think she'll mind?"

"Mind? Why, she'll be crazy. I doubt whether she will ever speak to you again."

"You don't think so really?" he asked in consternation.

"I do. Why didn't you tell me you were going to do such a thing and I would have reminded you about it?"

"It seemed to me to be a personal matter. Besides, I think I must have forgotten to mention it. But what can I do now to repair the blunder I've made?"

With his stenographer as aide they went into executive session and planned what he should do. By skillful questioning she elicited the fact that so far he had not purchased an engagement ring or sent any candy or flowers. To rectify that oversight she took Mildred's address and determined privately to put in a standing order in his name with the florist and confectioner for a daily offering.

"You must buy a ring and go out there right now. No, it won't do to wait until this evening." She read his glance toward the work piled up on his desk. "There is only one way you can square yourself that I can see, and that is to tell her the whole truth and promise not to let it occur again. If she really loves you she may forgive you."

John Collins took his orders like a subdued rear-rank private. Docilely he

provided himself with a roll of money large enough to start a furnace fire and went shopping for an engagement ring. On the way to the jeweler's he stopped at a florist's and, true to suggestion, ordered a beautiful bouquet sent to Mildred. A little further along he passed another flower shop, and, seized by a doubt as to whether he had sent flowers or candy, he ordered some more. Then, while it was fresh in his mind, he stopped at a candy store and had a five-pound box sent out.

No, he didn't forget to buy the ring. On the contrary, he bought one of the most gorgeous solitaires you ever saw. If you are a woman you would forgive him most anything if he would let you wear it for a day even.

When he came out of the jeweler's, however, and before he started on his propitiatory call, he absent-mindedly ordered some more candy and some flowers. As has been said before, John Collins' brain was a single-track affair, but it certainly was thorough.

At the last florist's the attendant who waited on him, quite surprised at the size of the bill given him, was very solicitous.

"I'll fix you up something very appropriate," he said sympathetically. "Did you say that this party was very young?"

"Why, yes, I think so," said John, who had never thought to inquire as to Mildred's age. In comparison to himself she seemed a mere child and he told the florist so.

"So sad," murmured that individual. "Just leave everything to me. I'll fix up a very attractive offering."

At Mildred's home he was very haughtily received. Even the maid who opened the door regarded him coldly, as if he were trying to sell a fireless cooker.

Seized by a sudden inspiration, he gave the maid the box containing the ring and said that he would wait in the parlor until Miss Mildred came down.

"I don't think she will see you," the maid informed him. "She isn't well and is lying down."

But she was mistaken. Mildred came down in about twenty minutes with his box unopened in hand. At least it looked as if it had not been opened. Of course she may not have put the tissue paper back quite as smooth as it had been originally, but it was a pretty careful job.

She appeared at the door absolutely ravishing in her most becoming negligée and held out the box to him.

"This is yours, I think," she said with a well-bred hauteur.

"It's our engagement ring," he protested.

"I have reconsidered my decision," she said, hardly wavering a bit, although the memory of that ring made her third finger itch like anything.

He caught the microscopic suggestion of doubt in her voice, however, and, master of persuasion that he was, he set out to charm her back into her cage.

He had scarce begun his confession when the maid brought in a box of flowers for Mildred.

"Very pretty," the girl said indifferently, though her heart really warmed toward him a trifle.

"Forgetfulness is a vice with me," he was saying, "but with your help I'll try to overcome it."

"You can hardly expect me to believe that you absolutely failed to remember that you had asked me to marry you?"

"I do."

What he might have said further on the subject was interrupted temporarily by the arrival of more flowers. These were C. O. D., as John Collins had forgotten to pay for them at the shop. Fortunately he heard the maid inquire whether she should pay for them or not and he was able to settle the bill himself.

Somewhat shaken by the contretemps, he nevertheless returned to the attack and had gained five minutes' time before a shower of candy arrived and a bouquet sent by his stenographer, who had depended upon his forgetting to send any.

By the time the maid had arranged

the flowers in vases around the room, it was very depressing and John Collins struggled manfully against greater odds than he had ever hitherto encountered. If it had not been for the ring box which he had taken from her but still held in his hand, he would probably have been shown the door. As it was he was still there when the last propitiatory offering arrived.

When the outer covering was removed this last package proved to be a floral pillow bearing the inscription: "REST AT LAST, BABY."

John Collins stared at it with protruding eyes. Mildred took one satisfactory look and exploded with peals of hysterical merriment.

After that there was no hope of maintaining an attitude of dignified aloofness. He had convinced her that he was at least a trifle absent-minded. So she let him force the ring on her without much of a struggle and promise never to forget her again as long as he lived.

A promise like that was considerable contract, as he realized when he had left her sweetly compelling presence. Of course he wanted to remember her and everything about her, but with a treacherous mind such as his, accustomed for many years to follow its own devious paths, he doubted his ability to live up to his agreement unless he hired his stenographer to be with him constantly as an eternal reminder. Her husband would probably object to that.

Really it was deplorable not to be able to depend upon your mental storehouse any more than he could. There ought to be some way of disciplining so refractory a department of his mental equipment.

"Stop forgetting!"

The phrase turned up again from a magazine page. He wondered if there were anything in it,—if the systems so widely advertised achieved any permanent results. Truly his case required some remedy. If he went on as he was he would soon become a menace to society. Already he had nearly broken the heart of its most beautiful and

sweet-tempered member. It was worth investigating, and he wrote the memory school a letter.

Their reply explained that their course could be taken entirely by correspondence, one lesson a week, and that the first pamphlet would be sent on receipt of check.

John Collins ordered the lessons and told Mildred about it as evidence of good faith to prove that he was trying to reform for her sake.

They read the first lesson over together.

It began: "Think how much trouble you could save yourself if you remembered names and faces instantly!"

"Couldn't I, just?" groaned John Collins in appreciation.

"The reason your mind fails to correlate names with faces, facts with dates, etc., is because they have not been impressed upon it in a striking enough form. You would have no difficulty in remembering that the name of the smallest man in the world was Tom Thumb. He is strikingly different from other men by reason of his size and the name fits. Therefore when you see a very tiny man you instantly think 'Tom Thumb.' In the same way if Mr. Smith would always carry a portable forge with him you would also remember his name without difficulty. Of course this last is impossible, but it is quite within the bounds of reason that the next time you see Mr. Smith you should notice that his nose is shaped something like a blacksmith's anvil. If you will fix the appearance of his nose firmly in your mind you will never again fail to call him by name instantly upon meeting him.

"Another way of fixing any fact in your memory is to turn it into a rhymed phrase. For instance,

'Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November,'

is the most convenient way to remember the duration of the calendar months and it is safe to say that practically all English-speaking people use it."

"By George, that's true," exclaimed John Collins with enthusiasm. "I be-

lieve that maybe these lessons are going to help me. Let's read that over again."

So they did, that and a great deal more. Then they worked together to put it to practical use by making up serviceable examples that would help John to remember.

"Now," suggested Mildred, "so that you will never have to ask papa's name again when you meet him at the club let's make up a rhyme to fit him. Let's see, his face is pitted from small-pox, so it ought to be easy to get up something on him."

"Sure," John agreed heartily. "How's this?—

*Pock-marked like a sewing thimble
Is the face of Mr. Wimble.*

Next time I see him all I'll have to do is recite that couplet and I'll know who he is, right off the reel."

"Don't let him hear you recite it, though," advised Mildred. "You'll have to have one for mother, too, I suppose, although I'm a little afraid to turn your imagination loose."

"Don't be," he assured her gravely. "I shall be gentle with your mother. But I must remember her. I have it,—something refined and classy, publicity without vulgarity.

*Lots of hair of golden red
Has the mother of my Mildred.*

I'd know her instantly by that rhymed description, don't you think so? Why do you shake your head?"

"It isn't good poetry."

"Shucks, who said it was? If the accent is a little off color I'll be more apt to remember it."

"Besides, mother's golden hair, I regret to say is,—oh, how can I explain it?"

"Go no further. But then I'm not apt to meet her when she hasn't got it on. The only chance would be if we should happen to bump into one another during a cyclone, and in that event it probably wouldn't matter if I called her Mrs. Wimble or Mrs. Herpicide. However, I thank you for your information. I shall now know what not to do if I ever have to save her from drowning. I suppose I'd better

make a poem about that, too, to fix it in my memory."

"Don't bother."

"All right. But I have a thorough sort of a disposition and I like to get all the data on a given subject. Now your own hair, dearest, is that anchored by anything more substantial than the hair-pin of commerce?"

"It is. If you're going to make up a memory poem about me you will kindly make it complimentary or I'll have a jeweler file this ring in two. I don't think I can get it off any other way."

"I'll never need any poetry to make me remember you, old straw top."

"Won't you?" Her eyes were suddenly misty as she read the earnestness in his tones. "I wish I might truly believe that. Because if you should happen sometime to go away and forget to come back to me all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put my heart together again."

"I'll never forget," he assured her gaily between kisses placed where they would do the most good. "By the time I've graduated from this correspondence school of memory I expect I'll be able to remember just how many times I've mentioned that you're the prettiest thing on earth and how often I've longed to kiss that curiously soft spot there in your neck and—"

"Do you now?"

"Why, yes."

"Then, please, because I want you to."

"And,—let's see, where was I before you interrupted me so impolitely but effectively? Oh, yes, when I'm an old graduate with my diploma all framed and hanging in our parlor I suppose I'll be able to remember a lot of things that you'll wish I'd forget, especially if I mention them frequently before visitors and our oldest boy, John, who, owing to strong prenatal influences, will doubtless be born with a memory like a cross-reference file."

"You mustn't talk that way before we are married."

"Then let's get married soon, because I want to talk that way."

"But, John, I scarcely know you."

"If that's the case it seems to me you are taking considerable liberty with a stranger by sitting on his lap and breathing in his left ear."

"Well, of course, I know you well enough for that."

"Thank you for admitting that our friendship has passed the platonic stage. I was afraid, from your rather aloof attitude, that I had been neglecting my business and letting my feet go to sleep for nothing. To return to our original subject, which I have remembered in spite of your deliberate attempts to divert my attention by argument, coquetry and feminine blandishments, how long do you think it will take you to get well enough acquainted to face the minister of your church and tell him why you want for your very own the blushing, trembling creature who will be standing with clapping knees at your side?"

"Well, this is August. It will take at least a month to get ready."

"A month?" This in appalled dismay. "Why should it take a month? Here I am all ready now and you talk about a month. Have you no idea of time? A month is a twelfth part of a year and yet you talk of wasting it as if it were nothing more valuable than a thousand-dollar bill you would use to light your pipe with. My dear girl, have you no idea of economy? How could I have fallen desperately in love with one so feather-headed? A month! You might as well say never. I can't live that long unless they give me an anæsthetic."

"I had no idea you could be so talkative, John." She gazed at him in sweet wonder. "If you only had something to say I could listen to you forever because your voice is very musical."

"Ouch! Will someone step forward and identify this stranger, who is unconscious from the effects of the brick house which has just fallen on him?"

"We'll be married on the last day of September, that is, unless I change my mind before then, or you should happen to forget to be there."

"Forget! How can you suggest such a thing? That date is indelibly fixed in my memory.

'Thirty days hath September,
When the last one comes, remember.'

I shall lay awake nights repeating that verse. I shall even set it to music and sing it as I go about my work. I'll teach it to my stenographer."

"Is she pretty?"

"Who?"

"Your stenographer."

"I don't believe I've ever noticed. I'll look to-morrow morning and call you up." He wrinkled his forehead and then repeated gravely:

'When I go down to the city,

Look and see if steno's pretty.'

Now I'll be sure to remember."

"Don't bother. From now on you're not supposed to notice how anyone looks but me, and I'll try to look nice enough so that you won't be sorry. September thirtieth is the date. By that time you'll be through with your correspondence course in memory and will probably make good raw material for a husband."

"I don't particularly care for the way you said 'raw material,' because it sounds so much like lion's food, but I'll be there with my hair plastered down and my cheeks shining like polished apples."

In spite of his worst fears, time passed. Mildred made him stick to his memory lessons. She saw that therein lay her only hope of future security from soul-racking anxiety. Without them he would doubtless drive her to an early grave. She did not know for certain, but she could forecast many a spoiled dinner, plays that would never be witnessed, although seats had been bought, and parties that would know them not although their acceptances had been sent.

And the lessons seemed to be doing him good. For practice he went out on the street every day at the noon hour and consciously tried to meet people in order to try himself out with practical exercises.

Once or twice he recited his couplets out loud and had some little difficulty explaining himself. For instance, when he met the president of the bank with which he did most of his business he amazed that dignified gentleman by mumbling:

"Mr. Joseph Featherstone,

Are your teeth false or your own?"

One of his best clients cancelled a large order because John Collins greeted him on the street in verse.

"Shaped exactly like a henhouse,

Name is Cyrus Arthur Stenhouse."

You couldn't really blame Mr. Stenhouse, either, as there happened to be a number of other men in the party, who subsequently repeated the story at the club.

But in the main the method worked fairly well. John Collins circulated in the society of his fellows and enjoyed it. Neither Mildred nor his stenographer trusted him to keep important appointments yet without being reminded, but once or twice they let him try to remember to do some trivial thing and he came through with a record of fifty per cent.

Thus he managed to remember to order some lace insertion that Mildred wanted, but, on the other hand, he forgot to telephone the Wellington-Haynes Company at five-thirty one day when his stenographer had to leave early to attend the funeral of one of her husband's relatives.

The verse about Mildred's order was more vivid than the Wellington-Haynes poem and that may have made a difference. He found it easier to remember,

"Buy Mildred's laces at the Fair,

Probably for her underwear,"

than the less intimate poem about telephoning Mr. Wellington and Mr. Haynes about copy for January advertising.

More advanced memory lessons gave drills in many other methods of fixing ideas in the mind in bundles, but John Collins still used the rhymed phrase more than any other. It appealed most vividly to his imagination. After practicing each set of lessons for a week

he sent in written answers to a dozen test questions mailed to him under separate cover. These were supposed to be a check on his progress and to represent so many steps toward the possession of a diploma certifying that he was a graduate student with an adequately trained memory.

The evening of the thirtieth day of September arrived and with it a surprisingly large aggregation of relatives and friends. The church was quite crowded, in fact. Of course, the members of the wedding party itself had plenty of room in the vestry where they waited.

They did quite a bit of waiting, too. Everyone was there except the bridegroom. Mildred, looking very distracting in a white gown which did not conceal the soft spot in her neck that John loved, and Mildred's father, "pock-marked like a sewing thimble," and Mrs. Wimble with more "hair of golden red" than usual even, all were there and an officious dozen-odd bridesmaids, flower-girls, best men and such like, not very important concomitants of the ceremony regarded as so essential in the best circles."

"It's getting quite late," the rector stated, entering upon the fluttered group, "and we really ought to begin."

"He'll be here any moment," Mildred said confidently. "I suppose that maybe he broke a dress-shirt stud or something the last minute and is out trying to find a haberdasher's or a jewelry store that is open this late at night."

This ingenious explanation by Mildred served to still apprehension for a few moments.

When the organist began putting variations of his own into Mendelssohn's most popular opus in order to vary the monotony everyone began to fidget once more.

Even Mildred suffered a sinking sensation at the pit of her stomach.

"Will one of you boys go out in the church and see if you can find Mr. Collins' stenographer?" she asked. "She's surely there somewhere. Tell her that

I'd like to speak to her a moment in here."

The best man, who knew what the lady looked like, volunteered for the job and soon returned with her in tow.

Mildred, who had never seen her before, examined her capable expression carefully.

"Did you remind Mr. Collins this afternoon that he was to be married tonight?" Mildred asked.

"No, I did not. Mr. Collins left the office early, just after the last mail came in. He opened one or two of his letters and then went out without reading the rest. I supposed that he had gone home to dress."

"Mr. Collins isn't home," said one of the ushers, entering breathlessly. "I just telephoned his house and the maid said he has not been home and that his mother thought he probably dressed down at the office."

"That's queer," Mildred commented thoughtfully.

A stir of uneasiness permeated the group of wedding principals.

"Shall we call it off?" inquired Mr. Wimble testily. He hated a church wedding anyway.

"No, not yet," protested his daughter abstractedly and then turned to question her fiancé's stenographer again. "You say he left after he had read only part of his mail. That's rather extraordinary, isn't it? Do you suppose that there was anything in a letter that called him away?"

"Maybe it was from some other woman," suggested Mrs. Wimble pessimistically but romantically.

"Nonsense." Mildred was sure on that point. "John can't spare time enough for more than one girl. I'd like to see that mail."

"It's lying on his desk," suggested the stenographer.

"Have you a key to the office?"

"I have."

"Come on, then. Someone call an automobile. Here, mother, you take care of all this veil business and one of you girls get me a regular hat."

No one disobeyed Mildred's orders.

The best man attached himself to the party and together with the two women who knew most about John Collins' affairs got into a hastily summoned limousine and drove down town. Nothing much was said on the trip. There was nothing to be said and, besides, each one was busy with his own line of conjectures.

At the office they all piled into the night, all-duty elevator and went up. When the door was unlocked, however, Mildred went alone to John's desk and examined carefully the mail that lay open upon it. As she read one letter, an exclamation escaped her.

"Have you found it?" asked the others in one breath.

"I think so, but I'm not sure. Come on and see." She started for the door and they went down in the elevator.

"Is it anything serious?" asked the best man. "Has he been killed?"

"No, but he ought to be." This from Mildred grimly.

She told the chauffeur to drive them to the New Hotel Paige, and they got into the car once more.

At the hotel Mildred led the way unerringly to the great Neapolitan Room on the second floor. It was there that presidents were banquetted when visiting the city and receptions were held in honor of visiting princes. It had the reputation of being the finest large audience chamber in the country.

Mildred pushed back the curtains which hung over the entrance and the party stepped in, unnoticed for the moment either by the scurrying waiters or the great body of men which was being served at long lines of tables. At the far end of the hall a man stood behind his chair, speaking slowly and loudly. All the diners were giving him close attention.

"There's John," said Mildred. "At the farthest table, near the other end, with his back toward us. Will you go and ask him to come, please?"

The best man did as requested. In his evening clothes he was naturally taken for one of the serving staff and no obstacle was put in his path.

Before he reached the place where John Collins sat that young man rose as his name was called loudly and bowed toward the speaker.

"This," the orator said, "is Mr. John Collins, the man who has just graduated with the highest honors of any student ever enrolled in The Universal College of Memory Training."

Vociferous applause greeted the announcement.

"Mr. Collins," the speaker continued after sipping a glass of water, "has passed every test with an average of better than ninety-five per cent in each instance. At present, under our efficient instruction, he has, doubtless, the best trained memory in this city. After I have given him this diploma or certificate of graduation and this gold medal for standing highest among all our students I trust that Mr. Collins will be good enough to say a few words explaining some of the benefits he has derived from our system. Mr. Collins, will you please come forward?"

John Collins advanced to the speaker's table and received the diploma, and would have had the medal pinned on him except that the president of The Universal College of Memory Training had forgotten to bring any pins.

As it was, John carried the medal in his hands along with the diploma and walked proudly back to his place.

"Gentlemen," he said addressing the assembly, "this is one of the proudest moments of my life. I shall never forget—"

He stopped, mouth half open, as his best man stood before him and beckoned.

"Did you want me?" he inquired faintly.

"Yes, you poor fish," exclaimed the messenger hotly. "There's a whole church full of people who have been waiting two hours for you to show up. You have forgotten that you were going to be married to-night."

A blank look crossed John Collins' face, then his jaw fell.

"Thirty days hath September,
When the last one comes, remember,"

he chanted. "Was it my wedding I wanted to remember? I knew it was something important, and when I got the final notice of this banquet this afternoon I thought this was it."

A slight titter of amusement greeted his dismay and his explanation. The titter grew into a laugh and the laugh became a roar.

Under cover of the noise John Collins was led away. Silently he joined the group at the door and they went down to the waiting car.

No one spoke to him for several minutes.

Finally Mildred said gently, "Have you got the wedding ring with you?"

He looked up in dumb agony. "Yes,

I've been carrying it in a bag tied around my neck ever since you said we'd be married to-night."

"Then you'd better give it to your best man so he can hand it to you at the proper moment."

"You're not going to marry me now, after this?" he queried, gesticulating feebly with the rolled-up sheepskin.

"Yes," she said with a sigh of resignation. "I can't let a correspondence school diploma stand between me and the man I really love. You'd better let me take care of that diploma and that medal, John, or you'll be apt to lay them down somewhere and forget where they are."



LYRICS OF LOVE

By J. H. Thorne

I

HE kisses me upon the lips with warm, fragrant, mystical kisses; but he has kissed her also.

He speaks to me with words that are sweeter than the songs of a poet; but he has spoken to her in the same strain.

He swears that I own his heart completely; but she has owned it before me.

II

I long to tell you how much you mean to me; but a bar is laid across my lips.

I long to go unto you and say, "Here is my heart. Do with it as you will; but the fingers of fear clutch at my breast.

What if you should carelessly turn aside or should mock me! I would rather live in doubt and loneliness than risk your scorn or indifference.

III

I ask of my heart why I am doing all these things for one who scarcely heeds me when I pass by in the market place: and my heart makes answer; "Because you will be able to dream that some day he will come and thank you with tears glistening upon his eyelashes."



CHIMERA

By Helen Woljeska

THE light flared and flickered with restless, reddish glow, and painted queer, moving circles all over the dingy little room. Fretfully they scurried across broken furniture, torn carpet, bedraggled wallpaper, and heaps of canvases unsociably turned against the wall—finally taking refuge in the cracked mirror that hung above the legless bureau. And the mirror gleamed and glistened mysteriously, and with a crooked smile reflected the narrow, mussed bed, on which sat a girl. . . .

The girl's eyes were fixed upon the mirror's sinister glitter, from which, somewhat distorted, her own beauty greeted her—the creamy smoothness of her skin, the midnight blackness of her hair, her long gray eyes, her soft red mouth, the exquisite contour of her face and throat. The picture filled her with elation, and with a strange sorrow. . . . Ah! there was nobody to rejoice in her beauty, nobody but herself! It seemed a barren joy. Why smile, if there is no one to smile back? Why live, if there is no one to love you?

She stepped to her window and looked out upon the city with its millions of glaring lights. Each of these lights had a meaning, stood for a life, a phase of life. New York alive! aglow! The theaters and opera—the restaurants and clubs—the gay throngs in the streets . . . and the hundreds and hundreds of men, eager, searching, for the very gifts she had to give—to satisfy both cravings for pleasure, and for ambition! Why did not Fate let her meet one of these who needed her as much as she needed him? Why, indeed! Suddenly her eyes reflected the hard sparkle of the lights outside. Why

had she not thought of this long, long ago? Foolish, foolish! Why wait for Fate, in poverty and loneliness, when she can be her own Fate!

With trembling hands she pulled the steamer trunk from under her bed. There was the evening dress, the wrap of gold-colored plush, that she had brought to New York and never worn! But to-night she would wear it! And she would go out where she would be seen—and play her game well!

With glowing cheeks and eyes ablaze she began her toilette, while dreams of passion, triumph and fame raced through her brain.

The cracked mirror held a picture of pure loveliness in the embrace of its thin, tarnished frame. She was all ready! Now for the yellow cloak with its soft, luscious, long folds. She seized it. Then something caught her breath! Oh! a vision of young love—a sweetheart—a husband! One to whom she would be the crown of purity, the glorification of life, the queen of all existence! Never, never could that come true, if now she sold herself for pleasure and fame. . . . A mockery! He might never come—and youth passes—so quickly! Still again—he might!

"Yellow cloak—you are for those who have buried their heart!" she said. Then she smiled, deliciously.

Slowly, slowly, her hand let sink the glistening garment. Slowly, slowly she unfastened her dress. Slowly, hungrily she crept into her shabby bed.

And while the life of New York pulsed on, she slept, smiling, dreaming a dream of love—the perfect union—the supreme passion . . . which exists only in dreams.

PAPA SATAN

By Alicia Ramsey

I

THE high Gods of Olympus sat back in their golden chairs and laughed.

Great are the high Gods of Olympus! They have been playing the game of life for the best half of Eternity and still they find it amusing. Just listen to this for a minute. Perhaps you may find it amusing, too.

There are only three characters in this little drama,—a governess, a young marquis and a gamekeeper. Common-place material enough, isn't it? But as always, it's a question of treatment. That's where the cleverness of the gods comes in.

The governess was tall and slight. She had green eyes and scarlet lips set in a dead-white face. The young marquis was tall and broad. He had blue eyes and a waxed moustache and a most engaging voice. The gamekeeper was tall and stout. He wore his cap pulled down over his left eye, which the young marquis, when a boy, had blinded accidentally. (You can conceive how the gamekeeper loved the young marquis in consequence, can't you?) By the same token he had also only three fingers on his left hand . . . and a pretty daughter.

The pretty daughter was originally designed to play the leading part in the little drama, but the gods didn't find her sufficiently interesting, so they "scrapped" her. Wherefore, the pretty daughter doesn't count.

Well,—one late winter the three of them,—the governess, the marquis and the gamekeeper,—foregathered together down at the old duke's place in Banffshire.

The governess was engaged in looking after the young marquis's little sister; the gamekeeper was engaged in breeding pheasants for the young marquis to kill later; and the young marquis,—in the intervals of kissing the gamekeeper's pretty daughter at the back of the cottage in the plantation,—was engaged in asking the Devil (whom he always called Papa Satan) to find him something to do.

The Devil is always obliging if only you speak to him nicely, so he very kindly arranged that the governess, in pursuance of her duties, should be coming down the great front staircase one day as the young marquis was going up.

The blue eyes and the green eyes met like flint and steel and struck fire together. The governess bowed timidly to the young marquis; the young marquis raised his cap to the governess and, embracing his surprised little sister, who was not accustomed to such fraternal endearments, proposed himself gaily as a candidate for schoolroom tea.

Schoolroom tea doesn't sound particularly romantic, does it? It conjures up visions of dirty tablecloths, insufficient butter and sticky fingers,—but have you ever tried it on a late winter afternoon with an old duke's favorite grandchild in a palatial country house? It's rather amusing, I assure you, and so the young marquis found it.

He liked the spotless white cloth and the simple white china. He liked the home-made cake and the cut-glass dish of home-made jam. After the chatter and the clatter of the downstairs function, he found a certain reposeful charm in talking of other things than Bridge and Passion. The sweet fragrance of the spring violets and the

daffy-down-dillies came as a positive relief to his senses, jaded with the eternal smell of expensive scent and hot-house flowers.

Sitting there enjoying his brown bread and butter and honey, the atmosphere of the room got hold of him and he found himself holding forth anecdotally of bird-nesting and rocking-horses, the while his little sister, over the edge of her teacup, stared at this surprising novelty in brothers with amazed and solemn eyes.

Later, when the servants had cleared the tea-things, the child retreated with her doll to the hearthrug; the young marquis sat on the old window-seat and smoked and the governess sat in a high-backed chair and worked. The magnificent piece of embroidery to which she was just putting the finishing stitches fitted most pleasingly into the picture. Its gorgeous colouring formed a quite excellent background for her delicate, narrow-palmed, pointed-fingered hands.

Now, it so happened that the young marquis was a connoisseur in hand lore. His own hands, indeed, were quite beautiful. As he watched the governess's needle flashing in and out of the embroidery, the saying of an aristocratic palmist he had once consulted at a society function returned to him. She had foretold tragedy and told him to beware the Hands of Passion.

"Slim and white, with taper fingers," the palmist had told him solemnly, "beautiful hands but fatal,"—here she had turned his own hand palm upwards on the table,—"you, yourself, have the Hand of Passion, my dear marquis. When you meet a woman with such hands,—beware."

Idly leaning forward to flick the ash from his cigarette on to the window sill, the young marquis's attention was suddenly arrested by his own right hand which held it, and he glanced sharply again at the white hands so busily working. Narrow-palmed, taper-fingered; Hands of Passion,—beautiful but fatal. They were the facsimile of his own.

"That is very beautiful work you are doing," said the young marquis, bending over towards the governess. "What are you making? A cushion?"

Moving an inch nearer to catch the last spasm of daylight, she told him it was part of a vestment designed for her father confessor, who was also private chaplain to his grandfather the duke.

"Then you, also, are a Catholic?" said the young marquis, and his voice was really most engaging. You would have thought he was at least Archbishop of Westminster from the fervour with which he spoke.

"And next year," cried his little sister shrilly from the hearthrug, "they're going to cut off all her beautiful hair, for she's going to be a nun."

"A nun?" cried the young marquis, and this time, from the horror in his voice, he might have been the Archbishop of Canterbury and the whole of the Salvation Army rolled into one. "You, a nun!"

At the sound of the new tone in his voice, the governess stopped working and looked up at him. And, as she looked, as if a spell had been laid upon him, the young marquis stopped smoking and looked back at her. The slim figure in the black dress, the white face set in its frame of cloudy black hair; on her lap,—symbolically relaxing their hold of the gorgeosities of the Priesthood,—the Hands of Passion. . / .

Through the half-open window the hoarse cawing of the rooks slanting their black wings nestwards against the primrose sunset, took on the ominous tones of the palmist bidding him "*Beware.*"

So they sat and looked at each other; blue eyes calling to green eyes in the mystic twilight, and the sun most obligingly made a last effort to help a personal adorer, and with the kind aid of a stained glass window, set a halo of fire behind her graceful head.

"A nun with eyes like yours?" said the young marquis softly. "Don't you know the old saying, '*Les yeux verts vont a l'enfers*'?"

"Are my eyes green?" said the gov-

erness with engaging simplicity. She had only seen them on an average a hundred times a day for the last twenty-two years, poor creature, so how could she be expected to know?

"Aren't they?" said the young marquis. (Oh! the brilliant conversation of young Passion!) "Let me look."

The two young faces, so unlike, yet so strangely alike, with that strange light upon them, drew nearer together and nearer.

Papa Satan, who is nothing if not artistic, chose this opportune moment to remind the sacristan of the old duke's private chapel that it was time to ring the Vespers Bell.

II

THAT evening when he was dressing for dinner the young marquis told his man to find out where her ladyship's governess dined.

As it happened, however, there was no occasion to make enquiries. His man, excellent servant that he was, had already discussed the schoolroom tea incident with the second butler, who had had it from the third footman, who was walking out with the lady who cleared the things from the governess's table, and was, in consequence, prepared.

It appeared that the governess was undergoing a somewhat severe course of Lenten fasting, and in the absence of downstairs visitors, assuaged the pangs of hunger by practising a solo for High Mass at Easter, while the family was dining, in the music-room, by special permission of His Grace the Duke.

"Sings, does she?" said the young marquis, thrusting out his foot at his kneeling valet. "It's a good thing someone does something in this God-forsaken hole."

"Sings something wonderful, my lord," replied the valet. He sat back on his haunches and critically applied a silk handkerchief to his master's pumps, which were already immaculate.

"But, somehow, my lord, it don't sound like 'ymns."

The marquis's blue eyes suddenly lightened, probably with pleasure in the superhuman lustre of the polish on his shoes.

"Don't talk so much, damn you," he remarked affably. "Get me into my coat." As he rose he pointed to one of the half-dozen cases containing jewelled waistcoat buttons open on the dressing-table awaiting his pleasure. "I shan't wear those again," he remarked casually. "You can have 'em if you like."

"I am much obliged to your lordship," said the man, solemnly handing the young marquis his second handkerchief.

The young marquis took the handkerchief and delicately shook it open. "Tell Burton to see that the windows of the music-room and the dining-room are left open at dinner without his grace feeling the draught." He looked at himself in the long mirror with the utmost satisfaction; gave his moustache a final twirl upwards and went downstairs to dine.

Great are the uses of valets.

Before the soup was out of the soup ladle, the whole house knew that his lordship was after the governess, and the back stairs was like the queue of a theater when she came downstairs to sing.

Thus it came to pass quite naturally that about an hour later a flood of exquisite sound suddenly filled the fifteenth-century dining-room, and the young marquis, arresting his last mouthful of savoury on its way mouthwards, artlessly inquired of his grandfather sitting, half paralysed from the waist downwards, at the head of the great table, "Who the devil's that?"

"Millie's green-eyed dragon," answered the duke his grandfather. Then he banged his hand so hard on the table that all the rock crystal wineglasses jumped. "Why the devil don't you keep the door shut?" he demanded angrily.

"The door is shut, Your Grace," murmured the butler, handing the duke

his pepsin tablets in a Battersea enamel box.

"Shut, is it?" said the duke, who hated all forms of music. "God! what an infernal noise!"

"Think so?" said the young marquis affably. "I thought it sounded rather rippin'." He pushed back his chair as he spoke. "I think I'll go and listen a bit nearer while I drink my coffee. That is, of course, if you don't want me," he added politely.

"Why the devil should I want you?" said the old duke ungraciously. Then his great white brows drew together like a sheath over his piercing blue eyes. "Have the goodness to remember I'll have no infernal nonsense with that little devil of Millie's."

"My dear grandfather," said the young marquis easily, "do you take me for an absolute fool?"

"More blackguard than fool probably," returned his grandfather, delicately sucking his tabloids. "But it never does to be too sure."

"Thanks," said the young marquis shortly. He picked up his coffee-cup and letting himself out by a side door he softly walked along the terrace and, pushing back the unhasped French windows noiselessly let himself into the music-room.

Save for the candles which stood upon the piano the great room lay shrouded in darkness. At the piano, facing the windows, sat the governess, singing; her scarlet lips thrown into high relief by the dead-white background of her face.

Descriptions of people are always boring; therefore, I'm not going to describe her. Just imagine the bizarre effectiveness of a young feminine relation of Papa Satan's, chanting the joys of Paradise from the bottom of the bottomless pit, and there you have it. That is exactly how she looked.

"Rose of Heaven,
Tower of Ivory,
Lily of Lebanon,
Ave Maria."

The passionate voice of earth soared

and billowed upwards in exquisite waves of sound, proclaiming the passion of Heaven, then the governess suddenly stopped singing and looked across at the window.

Defly the young marquis extinguished his cigarette in his saucer and moved towards her out of the shadows. "Don't be startled," he said, and oh! his voice was most engaging, "it's only me."

"You!" said the governess, and her hands fell with a little crash on the keys of the piano.

"The window was open," said the young marquis, "and I couldn't resist your singing. I am passionately fond of music."

But the governess paid no heed to what he was saying, which was a pity, for it was about the only true remark he ever made to her in his life. "You," she repeatedly helplessly, staring up at him.

Oh, scarlet lips, suggestive of far other emotions than praying! Oh, strange eyes sparkling with unholy fires of green! Verily! Verily! It is not of such things that nuns and governesses should be made.

"My grandfather is not well," said the young marquis, smiling down at her. "Tomorrow night you must let me come and you shall sing to me upstairs."

But the governess did not answer him. She just sat still and looked at him. Green eyes calling to blue eyes in the darkness, youth to youth, man to woman, fire to fire, to fire!

Why on earth didn't they make her a duchess or a chambermaid, then he could have proposed to her and married her, or given her ten bob and kissed her and the episode would have been over and done with.

Alas, she was only a green-eyed governess, too low to be raised so high,—too high to be rated so low. So he helped her shut the piano, gave her a candlestick off the hall table, and stood at the bottom watching her until she had disappeared upstairs.

Then he went back to the music-

room and communed with Papa Satan.

Now, there be three things which be great in this bad little world of ours, O my brothers.

Great is Papa Satan and oh, *so* obliging! If you only speak to him nicely, he will do anything one asks.

Great, too, and don't you forget it, are the high Gods of Olympus, who, having set two people who might reasonably have hoped for happiness well on the road to damnation, went to their virtuous golden beds and snored.

But, greatest of all, I think, are jewelled waistcoat buttons and second housemaids engaged to valets! When the governess went to bed that night, her hot-water bottle was hot for the first time in her life.

III

If, as I said before, descriptions of people are always boring, how much more so are descriptions of other people's passions!

It is like reading the menus of Royalty when they have had their friends to dine. Personally I can conceive nothing so likely to make me turn Anarchist as to hear about ortolans and green peas and strawberry ices while I am stodging away on a hot June morning at sickening bacon and eggs.

Therefore catch me describing the loves of the young marquis and the governess! No! The high Gods of Olympus may have denied me the joy of being wicked, but at least I will not be dull.

And, oh, the young marquis and the governess were so dull, my brothers!

You'd have thought from their appearance that they might at least have gone one better than the rest of us. But as the countess remarked when she took off her crinoline, appearances are always deceptive. They didn't do a blessed thing that every one of us has not done before.

Got up early and met in the garden,—oh, so surprised to see each other;—made remarks on the foolish weather and the idiotic trees. Came down be-

fore the gong sounded and artlessly compared watches to see why lunch was late. Took darling little Millie on expeditions that darling little Millie simply loathed. Spent long hours looking for songs in the music-room which nobody sang when found. Played billiards without taking the balls out of the pockets,—fished with rods peacefully reposing in their cases . . . shot at clay pigeons with the ivory revolver he gave her unloaded! Oh, botheration! Life's not long enough for this sort of rubbish. You know well enough what kind of things they do.

And through it, all unconsciously, they went forward to their destiny as those three strange men walked in the Bible, through a fiery furnace unharmed.

Ah, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,—did those white fires really not burn you! Did you really come out of that living Hell unscathed!

If so, well it was for Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego! In these days, he who plays with fire is burned.

As for the young marquis and the governess, they played with nothing else than that dangerous element. Every look was a spark; every word a torch; every chance touch a flame to help feed the raging monster which was to devour them both.

Sometimes the governess, whose ears were finer than the ears of the young marquis, would catch the first faint, ominous crackling,—then she would run to the little church and fling herself on her knees before the fat priest, her father confessor, and accuse herself of every single sin under the sun but the one she was sinning,—if to love a young marquis be a sin.

And the fat priest would prescribe increased prayers and diminished butter, and she would go home to find a bunch of strange red flowers on her dressing-table with a scrawled word to tell her, "They are as sweet and as mysterious and as scarlet as your lips."

Then she would call on her dead mother and the Saints to deliver her and seize the flowers and kiss them

and bathe her white face with icy water and go down and compound with Heaven by refusing every single dish at lunch.

And the fat old priest who was the old duke's chaplain, enjoying his omelette and claret by special dispensation, would remind her of the joys of Heaven. And the thin specialist who was the old duke's body physician would look at her over his pince-nez and talk rank heresy,—but so amusingly she couldn't help laughing,—about the Saints and mutton chops and the beneficent properties of iron when taken in port wine.

And always, always; sleeping or waking, she saw one thing before her . . . the blue fire flaming in the young marquis's eyes. Like an *ignis fatuus* it ran before her,—and her thoughts followed it like desperate travellers in a primeval forest follow a pathway, seeking despairingly for safety, knowing full well in their secret hearts that they are already lost.

So these two,—the young marquis in all the pride and pomp of his great position, riding, shooting, dancing, motor-ing,—and the governess, teaching, embroiderying, fasting and praying,—these two went forward to their Destiny and Papa Satan walked beside them, oh, so obliging!—smoothing all their difficulties, making impossibilities quite easy, doing everything they asked.

And Lent came and vanished and Easter came and the governess sang her solo behind a screen of hothouse roses; and the fat priest wrote to the Mother Superior and prophesied future fame and profit for the convent in the near future; and the May lilies filled the garden with their langorous madness and the nightingales began to sing.

You know all about lilies and nightingales, doubtless, my brothers? Even so did they.

So day by day fulfilled itself until the end of May. And one sultry afternoon—little Millie having gone to tea on her pony with a friend—the young marquis and the governess sat them down together in a little place in the woods

where they had never been before. It was a nice little place, with a red rose bush and a stone faun which had once been a fountain, and the ground, when they sat on it to rest, was scorching hot.

For quite a long while they sat still and said nothing. Then the young marquis, who was lying at her feet, told her he was going to London. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to mention that he had no such intention, but said this merely by way of seeing what she would say.

But the governess said nothing. She just sat still and looked down at him and as she looked, slowly . . . slowly . . . her green eyes filled with tears.

"Do you care as much as that?" said the young marquis and, oh, his voice was *most* engaging. "How much do you care?"

"Oh, God!" said the governess and threw out her hands with a gesture of unspeakable despair.

The young marquis raised himself on his elbow and caught one of her hands and looked at it. "Hands of Passion!" he said, softly kissing it, palm upwards. "Beautiful hands—but fatal!" He bent suddenly and, putting her finger to his mouth, he bit it and his face went white as hers. "Strange darling!" he cried with sudden passion, "would to God I could put my ring upon your finger as easily as my mouth!"

So moved was he, if she had thrown back her head and laughed at him, it's all the Saints against Papa Satan he'd have married her then and there by special license and made her strange beauty the rage of London; for her laughter was the laughter of those women who remove kingdoms and her lips the lips of those who pillow kings' heads against their breasts. But she didn't! She just sat still and looked at him until the fire of her green eyes seemed to burn him up.

Then she leaned down slowly to him. "With your ring or without it," she said slowly, and at the sound of her voice, all the birds stopped singing to listen, "*I am yours!*"

As he snatched her to him, Papa

Satan, who is nothing if not artistic, shook the rose tree above them, and the scarlet roses fell like an unholy benediction between the madness of their lips.

IV

IF descriptions of other people are tiresome and other people's passions are a nuisance, what is to be said when it comes to a question of other people's sins?

To describe other people's sins, one must be either a great writer or a great sinner. If I, unhappily, am neither, blame the High Gods of Olympus, who made me. If I had made myself, you can bet your bottom dollar, I should have been both.

And yet, Papa Satan! how I should like to describe them!

I know that I can't—I'm not such an ass as not to realize my own limitations—I can't and there's an end of the matter. But I wonder if you would be able to understand, my brothers, even if I could?

To understand, one must know what it is to love and suffer.

Have *you* ever loved and suffered, my suburban brethren?

I wonder.

I don't mean the placid pains and pleasures of the registrar's office and Saint Margaret's, Westminster, but the fierce torments of Love, the Destroyer, who snatches you away from your stuffy domesticity among your neighbors; whirls you up to his secret hiding places in the inaccessible mountains of Desire and tortures you with sweet anguish until you can bear no more and die.

If you have loved and suffered like that, then you can understand everything, for you have laid your head on the breast of Eternity and kissed mouth to mouth with Death.

But, *have you?*

No, of course, you haven't! Such things are not for you and me, my brethren; they are not even for young marquises. They are reserved as a

special privilege for green-eyed governesses whose scarlet lips hold the secret password which opens the gates of Hell.

Understand her? How should you understand her?

Have you torn down your Saints' pictures from your walls and made a fire and burned them that their faces might not reprove you, and then knelt the whole night through, beseeching their ashes to forgive you?

Have you hurled yourself headlong to sweet destruction and at the last instant been snatched back by the superstitious emotion which you call your conscience, to a safety which you loathed?

Have you stood in the twilight and watched the waters swirling down from the disused powder mills and counted the cost of drowning when youth is hot within you and the Church you worship teaches you that suicide is one of the sins your God does *not* forgive?

In a word, have you the temperament of a Hindoo dancing girl and the spiritual convictions of a nun housed together in your one wretched little body?

No, of course, you haven't. So what's the good of bothering! For if you haven't, though I wrote with the fountain pen of an Archangel, you'd never understand.

For that matter, neither did our engaging friend, the young marquis, who passed his nights lamenting that he was such an intermittent blackguard and his days lamenting that he was such a soft-hearted fool.

There was only one person who understood anything about it and that was the duke, his grandfather.

In the days that once were, the duke had been excellent friends with Papa Satan. His blue eyes recognized the secret mark of the free masonry of unholiness upon them before it had been there a week.

Think of it! Only one little week out of all Eternity! Think of the inequality of time and pity the green-eyed governess. She was a sinner, of course, and

we are Saints in waiting, but at least don't let us grudge her her week.

Eternity is so long and such weeks so sadly, sadly short, my brothers!

The week had hardly begun before the old duke rang his bell and summoned the young marquis and the young marquis came to his room and stood at the window looking out at the hot ecstasy of the sad June twilight, while the old duke, half frozen with the chills of Death approaching, sat in his great chair by the blazing fire, watching the flame amorously wooing the soot in the chimney through his fragile, outstretched hands while he talked.

"So I was wrong," said the duke, "and you're more blackguard than fool, like your father before you."

The young marquis bit his lip till it bled, but he said nothing. Speech is a luxury only permissible to people who owe nothing. The old duke had a rent roll beyond the dreams of avarice, but the young marquis, the heir to his millions, was up to his ears in debt.

"As you were so busily engaged with your other business," said the old duke, polishing his shining thumb nail, "I have allowed myself the pleasure of looking after your arrangements for you. I find there is an excellent train at eight-thirty. I have therefore ordered the motor to come round at eight."

"What!" cried the young marquis, wheeling round from the window.

His grandfather took up a little jeweled bonbonniere from the table beside him and carefully selected an acidulated drop. "I'm afraid it will mean your dining at seven," he remarked affably, "but can't be helped."

The young marquis left the window and came and stood by the old duke's table. "Damn it all, sir," he cried, his handsome face scarlet with passion. "I'm practically penniless. Unless you're prepared to pay my debts for me, you can't turn me out of the house."

"Can't I?" said his grandfather, and his great white brows drew together. "This house is mine and I'll turn out

of it whom I please. Would to God I could keep you out of it for ever!"

"But you can't!" said the young marquis with sudden fury. "You've got to die some day like the rest of us, damn you!"

"Damn you!" said the old duke, "and so have you!"

It was not an elegant conversation for an old duke to hold with a young marquis, but it was a true one. What's more, there wasn't a pin to choose between the sound of their voices, and their two faces, as they glared at each other, were most horribly alike.

For an instant, the two pairs of blue eyes sounded the depths of hate in each other's, then the old duke rang his bell.

"Give his lordship that two hundred pounds I told you," he said languidly to his secretary. "He may possibly find it useful to have the fourth fifty in five-pound notes."

"What's the good of two hundred pounds to a man who owes twenty thousand!" cried the young marquis. "I refuse to take it!"

His grandfather looked out of the corner of his eyes at his secretary. "Sorry to have troubled you for nothing. His lordship will not require the money." He nodded dismissively and the bowing secretary retired.

His lordship, who had barely his first-class fare to Edinburgh in his pocket, twirling his waxed moustache madly, followed the secretary, not altogether effectively, into the next room.

The old duke raised his trembling hand and shook it after his grandson. "Curse him! Curse him! Curse him!" he cried with such a concentrated fury of passion that it almost galvanized his paralyzed legs back into life.

The fat priest, reading his breviary behind the screen in the corner, came forward shaking a solemn forefinger. "My son, my son! Remember what the doctor told you. Supposing your grace should be called on to face Eternity with a curse upon your lips!"

The patrician old face contracted with a pitiful spasm of terror. "I'm sorry, Father. I will do a penance.

Give me my rosary, quick!" His nervous hands snatched and clutched at the golden trinket lying in jeweled splendor among the little medicine bottles at his side.

"Shall I send for the governess, my son?" said the fat priest, handing the duke his rosary.

"I'm tired," said the duke, lying his head wearily back on his velvet cushions. "I will deal with the governess later."

The fat priest went back to his breviary in the corner and the old duke lay back with closed eyes and juggled with his golden beads before the High Gods of Olympus until his mad terror bored them. Then they dismissed him as he had dismissed the young marquis, and he sat up and drank his medicine and sent for the green-eyed governess.

But the servants came back with the message they could not find her. They said she had gone to confession.

"What, again!" said the fat priest, who was her father confessor, but who also loved eating and knew there were jellied quails for dinner that night. "To confession *again*!" he repeated, mopping his perspiring forehead as he took the short cut through the wood to the church. "*Saint Patrick!*"

I don't know anything much about Saint Patrick, but from the sound of his voice when he said it, I should think it was Roman Catholic for "damn."

V

Now there be three things which be swift in this mad little world of ours, my brothers.

Swift are the disused waters of the old powder mill as they swirl sullenly between the moonlit rushes down to the hungry sea.

Swift, too, are the feet of young Passion running headlong to meet young Passion through the enchanted red rose fragrance of the nightingale-haunted wood.

But swiftest of all and don't you forget it, are the feet of Papa Satan (luminous feet in the darkness), run-

ning to claim his own, hand in hand with his mighty kinsman, Death.

Under the red rose bush sat the green-eyed governess, with the ivory revolver in her bosom, and the stone faun looked down from above her with an evil smile upon his lips. Beside her in the moonlight, invisible but omnipresent, sat Papa Satan, whispering to her softly, and as he whispered, all the fires of Heaven and Hell leaped up around her and burned her until they consumed her inmost soul.

Verily, it is not wise for green-eyed governesses to sit and listen to Papa Satan whispering in the moonlight with red roses falling like a benediction above them and a revolver in their breasts!

Still, she sat listening and, as she listened, the door of the little cottage at the back of the plantation opened softly and the gamekeeper's pretty daughter slipped out.

A shadow rose up from behind the young fir trees and followed the gamekeeper's daughter; a shadow, one-eyed and menacing, with a gamekeeper's gun in its left maimed hand and a gamekeeper's cap pulled down over the maimed left side of its face.

So the three of them, the governess, the gamekeeper and the gamekeeper's daughter, as was ordained of the High Gods of Olympus, met there in the wood together to await their Destiny who came leisurely strolling towards them, humming a gay little tune out of "The Merry Widow," a light motor coat hanging from his elegant shoulders and a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth.

"Good evening, your lordship," said the gamekeeper's daughter, coming out suddenly into the clearing.

The young marquis started,—he was thinking of more serious things than gamekeepers' daughters,—then his eyes lightened as he looked down at her saucy little face. "Hullo, my pretty," said he with the easy graciousness of the grand seigneur, "what are *you* doing? Waiting to meet your lover?"

"I'm waiting to meet your lordship,"

said the gamekeeper's daughter, looking up at him with a roughish little smile. "I hear your lordship's going to London to-night."

"Oh, you've heard that, have you?" said the young marquis, looking down at her amusedly. "And pray what's my going to London got to do with you?"

Two little dimples danced furtively at the corner of the rosy mouth of the gamekeeper's daughter. "I thought maybe your lordship'd like to take me with you," she said daringly.

The young marquis laughed aloud, gay, boyish laughter which rang joyously through the still hot air. At the sound, the green-eyed governess got up, lifted her head and listened and the one-eyed shadow lurking behind the young fir trees silently lifted its gun.

"Then you thought wrong, my pretty," said the young marquis and, again, he laughed aloud. "Snatching a kiss from a pretty girl's one thing; running away with her's another. I should have your father running after me with a great big gun."

The girl threw up her pretty head defiantly. "I'm not afraid of father."

"But I am," said the young marquis, still laughing. "He's a deuced good shot, your father. You remember what he said that day he caught you talking to me in the plantation. You run along like a good child and be kind to that nice chap your father wants you to marry and forget all about me."

The corners of the rosy mouth began to tremble. "I shan't ever forget about your lordship."

"And I shan't forget about you," said the young marquis. "Your blue eyes are much too pretty to forget." He slipped his hand into his coat pocket and from a little embroidered case which another woman who loved him, had made him, he took one of the despised fifty-pound bank notes.

As it cracked farewell to its fellows, the rose bush parted softly and a white face looked through the crimson roses.

It was a wondrous face, my brothers. On it was written an epitome of all the passions that rage in the heart of man.

I don't know whether the Medusa was a governess, but I'm perfectly certain her eyes were green.

"Buy yourself something with that to help you to remember me," said the young marquis, and he slipped his arm round the slim waist of the gamekeeper's daughter. "Don't cry, my pretty, but kiss me and say good-bye." He bent towards her and two shots rang out together.

There was a jammering uprising of frightened birds awakening, a scuffling of terrified rabbits in the bushes and the gamekeeper's daughter screamed.

Then there was silence,—a hideous, gasping silence and the young marquis slowly heeled over like a sinking ship into the governess's outstretched arms.

"He's mine!" said the governess, fiercely looking up at the gamekeeper's daughter. "Don't even dare to look at him. He is *mine*!"

For an instant the two women looked at each other, then the one-eyed shadow came out from behind the fir trees, and with horrible imprecations, drove the girl into the cottage and shut the door.

"Strange darling, is that you?" said the young marquis smiling up into the white face above him. "Take care this beastly blood doesn't spoil your pretty frock." He pulled her hand feebly down to his mouth and bit her finger. "Hands of passion!" he murmured softly, "beautiful but fatal! When you see a woman with such hands, beware!" A little shudder ran through him and he closed his eyes.

Once again there was silence, a silence of stars and roses and the night-ingales began to sing. As they sang, the green-eyed governess sat and whispered to the young marquis, adjuring him by the fond names he had called her, by the oaths he had sworn her, by the kisses he had kissed her,—by a very litany of love, to open his lips and speak to her.

But the dead do not speak, my brothers. They are too wise.

So, at last, she, too, became silent and she sat there softly kissing him, until the sound of approaching footsteps dis-

turbed her and she ran out from the clearing into the fat priest's arms.

"I've been looking for you everywhere, my daughter," said the fat priest, mopping his forehead. "They said you'd gone to confession."

But the governess's confessing was over. She just stood there wringing her hands and screaming.

"Stop screaming, daughter," said the fat priest sternly, "and tell me what is the matter." He took her by the shoulder and shook her roughly.

At his touch, the governess stopped screaming, flung up her arms, and dropped to the ground before him and a little stream of blood came trickling through her scarlet lips.

"Is anything wrong, your Reverence?" said the gamekeeper respectfully, at the fat priest's elbow; the screaming had, it appeared, disturbed him at his simple evening meal.

"The very man I was wishing for," said the fat priest cordially, and, indeed, strong armed and silent tongued, he was. "There's been some foolishness between her and his lordship," he said briefly. "Help me to get her back quietly. Thank God he's gone."

So the pair of them,—the fat priest and the gamekeeper,—picked up the green-eyed governess, and between them they got her back to the house, and going in quietly by a side entrance, gave her into the charge of the two sweet-faced Sisters in attendance on the duke.

And the Sisters called for ice and hot water bottles and the duke's body physician.

And the duke's body physician called for the Sisters and hot water bottles and ice.

And little Millie cried herself to sleep for want of her darling green-eyed governess to tell her stories.

And the gamekeeper,—good, respectable, trustworthy servant, went with his steady tramp back through the woods to his cottage, the richer for a five-pound note.

And the motor car at the corner of

the crossroads waited and waited for further orders.

And the duke mumbled his rosary and cursed his paralyzed legs.

But the priest washed his hands and changed his collar and went down to dinner in the fifteenth century dining-room and [praising God for all His mercies, and incidentally the chef for his unpunctuality,] as there was no one to see him, went twice to jellied quails.

Thus was fulfilled the will of the high gods of Olympus, and thus was the young marquis gathered to the bosom of Father Abraham, and the green-eyed governess taken to the bosom of the Holy Mother Church.

But all through the midsummer night, the young marquis lay quietly in the clearing, with his comely face turned up to the star-spangled heavens. And the red-rose bush wept sweet-scented red-rose tears for his untimely ending and above him the stone faun kept watch in the moonlight with an evil smile upon his lips.

VI

IN the clear June dawning, the gamekeeper, going his rounds of the breeding coops with two of his underlings, found the young marquis lying dead in the clearing, and a little nightingale, with its throat torn to pieces by a bullet from the ivory revolver which the young marquis had given to the governess, lay dead by his side.

They covered his face with the gamekeeper's velveteen jacket, and they brought him back on the front door which they took off the gamekeeper's cottage, and he lay in state in the halls of his fathers with his marquis's coronet over the wound in his bosom, and four wax tapers in golden candlesticks burned at his head and feet.

And the old duke, his grandfather, sat beside him telling his golden rosary, and when the fat priest was not looking, the old duke looked at the young marquis and laughed.

And there was telephoning and telegraphing and photographing, and lead-

ing articles on Scotland Yard's Inefficiency, and a Special Interview with the Daily Press.

And twelve good men and true came creaking in their best boots on tip-toe and looked at him, and they examined the wound and handled the bullet and looked at the three fifty-pound bank-notes. But for all their looking and handling they found out nothing. So at last they buried the young marquis, and someone else was murdered and the young marquis was forgotten and the tongue of Scandal,—wife of hundred-mouthed Gargantua,—was still.

Everyone had a different theory. Some thought this thing and some thought that, but no one thought of the green-eyed governess who lay upstairs beating her head against the wall in the agonies of brain fever, and biting her fingers until the beautiful hands of Passion were at the hands of Queen Jezebel when the dogs had their way with her.

When she got better, they took her away to the convent and cut off her beautiful hair and made a nun of her. And she wept until her green eyes were as scarlet as her lips; and she fasted until her scarlet lips were as white as her dead-white face. And always she spent her life, praying. In the day, to the Saints to forgive her,—in the night to Papa Satan, to take her to the bottomless Pit, if only she might once again feel the touch of the young marquis's hand upon her bosom and the kiss of his mouth upon her scarlet lips.

As I said at the beginning, a most commonplace story.

But just consider the treatment.

Here you have a murderer who is

most highly respected; an innocent woman who believes she is a murderess; a priest who believes he ought to give up a nun to justice, but whose lips are sealed by the Confessional; and a dead man who was killed for a sin he never committed.

I tell you, there's nothing like treatment. That's where the cleverness of the gods come in.

VII

SOME day, a little later, when her agony is no longer amusing, the high gods of Olympus intend to frighten the gamekeeper into a deathbed confession.

Then the fat priest will send for her into the convent parlor and tell her, through a merciful dispensation of Providence, she never murdered the young marquis at all.

When that happens, let us hope she will have enough sense left to bang her head against the stone floor of her cell sufficiently hard to kill herself and have done with it.

I foresee, however, that the fat priest will intervene again and prevent her; and in due course she will become a stony-faced, prim-lipped, green-eyed Mother Superior,—hard on sin and much given to fasting.

In any case it doesn't matter much. At present she suffers hideously . . . the pains of Hell without its pleasures.

When you come to think of it, it's really most excellent fooling.

Do you wonder that the high gods of Olympus sit back in their golden chairs and laugh?



THE trouble with women is, they never take love seriously when you do, and always do when you don't.



AT THE CLUB

By Jacque Morgan

In all "classy" literature and in the \$2 society drama, the Club is a recognized, standardized institution. It is invariably pictured as a quiet, well-oiled paradise in which bachelors, widowers, and married men on parole, may be seen in various dignified poses and postures. The atmosphere is doubly strained, filtered, distilled and refined; the men wear dinner coats; the servants are so many John Drews; and the inelegant and jarring note of discord is never heard.

Having thus refreshed our memory of the conventional Club, let us look in.

THE club barbershop, about six o'clock in the evening. A red-faced, elderly gentleman is getting out of the chair. The barber and the colored porter watch him boredly.

RED-FACED, ELDERLY GENT (*fixing his tie before the mirror*):

Umm—mum—blum—grr—brr—umm—mum! (*He wobbles out into the lobby of the club, still muttering.*)

THE BARBER (*leaning on chair and meditatively scratching his ear*):

I wonder what's a-eatin' on that old stiff? Always a-mumblin' to hisself!

THE PORTER (*whom the red-faced, elderly gent has conveniently forgot to tip*):

Bughouse!

THE BARBER (*sighing and brushing the dust off his shoes with a hair brush*):

I guess that's right. . . . But he ain't any nuttier than the rest of 'em.

THE PORTER (*sourly*):

They are all crazy enough—except when it comes to breakin' Rule Seven! (*Rule Seven prohibits tipping.*)

THE RED-FACED, ELDERLY GENT (*after wandering uncertainly about the lobby, enters the library. He stares about and mutters*):

Umm—blum—mum—rum—bum—grr—brr!

(*Four grouchy old widowers, who live at the club and are known to the club servants as the Four Hyenas, are*

reading in the four corners of the room—so as to be as far away from each other as possible. They lower their papers, glower at the intruder, and curse him under their breath.)

FIRST HYENA:

What have I done, O God, that I should be thus tortured?

SECOND HYENA:

May he drop dead and his soul be consigned to the fires of perdition!

THIRD HYENA:

I wish he were in six feet of ground!

FOURTH HYENA:

I will resign from the club—and let it go to the damnation bow-wows!

(*The Red-faced, Elderly Gent sinks heavily into a chair and goes to sleep. Presently he begins to snore.*)

(*The Four Hyenas leap from their chairs, uttering cries of rage.*)

RED-FACED, ELDERLY GENT (*waking up*):

What the devil's the matter? Think this is a madhouse? . . . I'll resign! Damme if I don't! (*He gets up indignantly and walks out to the grillroom, where he seats himself at a small table and pounds at bell—misses it. He roars*):

What the devil's the matter with the service? I can't get anybody! Been sitting here an hour!

BARTENDER'S ASSISTANT (*polishing glasses behind the bar, to Bartender*):

Just listen to that old rummy! I'd

like to heave a siphon bottle at him!

BARTENDER (*sensitive as to caste*):

Shut up! Don't speak to me unless you are spoken to!

RED-FACED, ELDERLY GENT (*furiously beating on table*):

Well, do I get a drink? . . . Or don't I?

BELLBOY (*entering room and rushing up to table*):

Yes, sir?

RED-FACED, ELDERLY GENT (*transfixing Bellboy with a long, hard stare meant to wilt him—but doesn't*):

Where you been all this time? . . . Out motoring?

BELLBOY:

No, sir.

RED-FACED, ELDERLY GENT:

Well, why don't you bring me that drink? That's what *I* want to know!

BELLBOY (*grinning inwardly*):

What drink? . . . You haven't ordered one yet.

RED-FACED, ELDERLY GENT (*rather dazed at the boy's temerity*):

The less you say to me the better. . . . You're impudent—confoundedly impudent!

BELLBOY (*winking to Bartender, thereby infuriating him with his familiarity*):

Yes, sir. (*He stands waiting with a great pretense of patience*). Yes, sir?

RED-FACED, ELDERLY GENT:

Well, do I get it?

BELLBOY (*moving around behind Red-faced, Elderly Gent and sticking his tongue out at him*):

Yes, sir. What kind of a drink, sir?

RED-FACED, ELDERLY GENT (*with great heat*):

I'll tell you just *once* more! . . . Now, for the third and last time—a bit of XYZ Scotch!

BARTENDER (*volunteering information from behind the bar*):

We ain't got no XYZ Scotch. We got about a hundred other kinds, but no XYZ. . . . I never heard of it. Maybe it's ABC Scotch you mean.

RED-FACED, ELDERLY GENT (*emphatically*):

That's what I *said*—ABC. And I

won't have any other kind! You hear that? . . . Who said anything about XYZ?—I didn't. . . . It's got so a gentleman can't go into a club and get what he wants! Bartender's always trying to boost something else off on him. . . . Umm—mum—bum—rum—grr—brr!

BARTENDER'S ASSISTANT (*whispering*):

Give the old goat a stein of wood alcohol. He won't know the difference.

BARTENDER (*kicking Assistant heartily*):

Yes, sir. ABC it is, sir.

(*Bellboy serves drink and goes back to bench in lobby.*)

CLERK (*as Bellboy passes desk*):

Here, you! Where you been at—downstairs shooting craps?

MANAGER (*testily, to Clerk*):

Johnson, if you give more attention to your duties behind the desk than you do trying to boss the bellhops, you'll hold your job longer. I've told you for the last time!

CLERK (*turning pale*):

Yes, sir. Very well, sir.

(*The house 'phone buzzer grunts and the Clerk answers. He puts down the receiver and turns to the Manager.*)

For you, sir.

(*The Manager picks up 'phone and listens to a tirade from an infuriated member in the billiard-room.*)

INFURIATED MEMBER:

Why in Tophet can't we have some service up here! There's no one here—*never* anybody here—*never, never, never!* And we want a drink! And we want to order dinner! And some theater tickets! And a lot of other things! And—

MANAGER:

Yes, sir. Yes, sir. I'll send someone right up, sir.

INFURIATED MEMBER:

Well, you better had! The club's running down! I'm going to complain to the House Committee! Everything's rotten!

MANAGER:

Yes, sir. I— (*The 'phone clicks*)

in his ear. *The Infuriated Member has hung up.*)

MANAGER (*banging receiver back on hook and turning to the bellboys*):

What the devil are you all loafing around here for? Go up to the billiard-room! (*The half-dozen boys grab dinner cards and order blanks and start for the billiard-room en masse.*) Here, you! (*Shouts.*) Not all of you! (*Wrings his hands.*) Oh, if only some one around here had some sense! One of you go. (*He points at one of them.*) You.

(*The Clerk, whose ambition it is to step into the Manager's shoes, rubs his hands with joy.*)

BELLBOY (*a moment later entering billiard-room, where six men are playing pool*):

Something?

INFURIATED MEMBER (*bending over table and just about to shoot at the deciding ball. He straightens up and bangs cue down on the floor in a great passion*):

You trying to make me miss this shot? . . . Is that your idea? . . . Don't you know any better than to talk when a gentleman is shootin'? (*He glowers at the Bellboy for a minute and then, bending over the table again, takes deliberate aim—making short strokes of the cue preliminary to shoot-ing.*)

BELLBOY (*understanding the other's nervousness very well, but putting on a front of innocence*):

I thought you wanted to order something, sir.

(*The Infuriated Member shoots—and misses the ball entirely. He slams his cue down on the floor and storms*):

Get out of here!

ALL THE POOL-PLAYERS:

Get out of here!

BELLBOY (*returned to desk*):

Them stews up there didn't want nothin'.

THE CLERK (*looking warily around to the Manager, who is using the house 'phone*):

Shut up! Not another word out of you!

THE CHEF (*to the Manager, over the 'phone*):

Gott in Himmel! Seven o'clock and only three dinner orders in yet. Midnight it was nearly last night before I got away! I will not stand it! Nothing goes on the fire to-night after 8:30—

THE MANAGER (*beside himself*):

Come down to the desk and get your money, you Dutch pot-washer. You—
(*A desk 'phone rings and the Clerk answers. He turns to the Manager*):

For you, sir.

(*The Manager slams the receiver on the hook of the house 'phone and picks up the other. There is a highly excited party at the other end of the wire.*)

HIGHLY EXCITED PARTY:

I've just heard that you've got me posted on the board. I want to tell you, sir, that I've been a member of the club for twenty years and this is the first time I have—

MANAGER (*interrupting*):

It's the rule of the House Committee, sir. Sixty days is all—

HIGHLY EXCITED PARTY:

It's an outrage—an outrage! That's what it is—an outrage! I've never suffered such an indignity before!

MANAGER (*doggedly*):

You've been posted three times this year, sir. Your bills are mailed you regularly every month and—

HIGHLY EXCITED PARTY (*yelling*):

I'll speak to the Directors about this, I will. It's an outrage! And I will not suffer any insults from you, sir! I—

(*A sudden bellowing from the stair landing interrupts the conversation. The six Pool-Players are standing in shirt sleeves and with cues in their hands. The Infuriated Member is the spokesman*):

In the name of God, why can't we get a little service in the billiard-room? Why is it, why is it, why is it?

ALL THE POOL-PLAYERS (*in concert*):

Yes, why is it? Why? Why? Why?

(The Four Hyenas come bounding out of the library, newspapers in hand. They are uttering confused cries:)

What is this, a club or a boiler factory? . . . What's all this riot about? . . . I'll resign! . . . So will I! . . . It's an outrage! . . . An outrage!

RED-FACED, ELDERLY GENT (suddenly appearing from nowhere):

That's what I say . . . what I've always said. . . . It's an outrage. (He points unsteadily to the Four Hyenas.) Certain gentlemen are raising too much hell around this club!

(The Four Hyenas gasp with rage and astonishment.)

YOUNG MEMBER (who has just entered from the street—genially drunk):

Now this is somethin' like! Ole club always reminded me of a tomb. Go to it, old sports! Whoop it up! Let's see who can yell the loudest. . . . Whoopee!

THE MANAGER (snatching his hat and turning to the Clerk):

Let me out of here before I go crazy! I need air! I won't be back to-night. If anyone calls for me tell 'em to go to!



LOVE

AFTER a hard night of it two old friends fell into a sleepy conversation in the steam room of a Turkish bath.

"My wife loves me so much," said one, "that she'll believe me when I tell her that I was kept downtown all night by business."

"My wife loves me so much," said the other, "that I won't be afraid to tell her the truth."



THE sort of man who makes speeches at banquets is the sort of man whose wife never fails to stop when there is a display of mourning goods in a shop-window.



WHENEVER a woman begins to talk of men, she is talking to, of, or at a particular man.



WHEN a woman forgives forgetfulness, you have no competition.



BILL AND GEORGE

By Ruford Franklin

IT was mid-week in mid-August. Bill and George were finishing breakfast at the club. Tonio was outside, sitting stolidly behind the wheel of the big black touring-car, awaiting them.

The hour-chimes struck in the tall White Tower to the south in Madison Square; and then nine o'clock sounded. Bill and George came out of the club into a street in the upper Fifties. Tonio slid from the car and prepared for them.

It was one of those rare days of August that have more the freshness of early September. Bill and George stood smoking silently a moment, in satisfaction.

"It's a day dropped from the lap of the gods!" said Bill.

"The occasion is sufficiently momentous," said George gravely.

"Right!" said Bill.

Bill was guessably about forty-five, with hair beginning to show a slight, not unbecoming acknowledgment of the fact; an expressive mouth and chin, a close-trimmed dark moustache, and, withal, a rather filled-out and substantial figure. George seemed approximately the same age; but his short, crisp black hair showed no sign, and his long figure was rather spare. He was smooth-shaven; with keen but kindly eyes, and a quick, comprehensive glance. Each was seasonably dressed for their time of life; with an air of accustomedness without thought. And the faces and hands of each were dark-tanned by the sun, suggestive of a degree of summer leisure; possibly of yacht-decks and long days on open water.

Bill took his seat behind the steering-

wheel, George at his side. Tonio swung into the tonneau. The car started, and slid quickly into Fifth Avenue. Bill turned it sharply around the saluting traffic-policeman at the intersection, and they proceeded northward.

The car was perfect in all its appointments. The most moderately knowing observer would have been instantly conscious of its caste, and great latent power; and of a skilled hand on the steering-wheel.

Through the Park it rolled, George reading scraps from the morning papers to Bill. Then through the upper city; and on, threading a way through town after town, along the banks of the Hudson. After an hour, a brief stop while the light sheltering summer-top was stretched forward comfortably by Tonio, against the mounting sun. On again, in all nearly three hours; then Bill, after a period of close watching to the right, suddenly swung the wheel, and the car swerved abruptly eastward, away from the river, at a point on the main highway just south of a bustling little city about thirty miles from Albany. Bill chuckled triumphantly.

"I knew I couldn't miss it!" he cried.

"You're sure?" questioned George.

"Sure!" said Bill.

Ten minutes more and the car slackened speed materially. Suddenly Bill swung the wheel again and they bumped through the deep rain-gully at the side into a narrow by-road opening off almost at right angles. Bill glanced at George.

"The beginning of the Road to Yesterday!" said Bill softly.

George nodded gravely.

"Six miles more!" said Bill.

Again George nodded gravely.

"It is thrilling!" cried Bill.

"I thrill!" said George.

They proceeded at a minimum of speed. The two men marked their progress keenly, glancing about with absorbed and interested eyes; and not infrequently turned towards each other and smiled and nodded. Tonio, in the tonneau, lolled sleepily in his enforced idleness. Fields were on either side, interspersed by bits of woodland; now and then a modest farm-house, with attendant rusty, weather-worn barns. An occasional farm-hand in a field straightened up on spying the car and regarded it with unaffected interest. A woman, appearing casually at the side-door of a house, called shrilly at once to children within, to come quickly and see. It was manifest from the native demeanor and the unaccustomed nature of the roadway itself that big, black touring-cars of power were still engaging novelties in the neighborhood.

They rounded a turn. Ahead, for perhaps a hundred yards, the road stretched straight to a great weather-beaten oak of towering port that marked another turn. The car stopped. Tonio, in the tonneau, opened his eyes and straightened up at once, alert to alight if required.

"George!" said Bill, "do you get it?"

George nodded.

The car started forward again; still slowly.

"I'd know it a thousand years from now," murmured Bill.

"It's a thousand years since we saw it," said George.

"Thirty-five!" cried Bill.

"Some years at that!" said George.

Tonio, in the tonneau, elevated his eyebrows an instant upon the renewed movement of the car; but settled back again with an expression of resignation. Truly, what were not the mid-summer whimsies of owners of high-priced big black touring-cars of power!

At the foot of the great oak, just before rounding into the next turn, Bill

stopped the car again, short. George glanced at him and smiled.

"I admire the fine quality of your sentiment, Bill!" he said. "I wish the Street and the Big Fellows down there knew you as Tonio and I do. Though I doubt if Tonio is particularly crazy about our oak, and sitting here!"

"It's a moment for quiet meditation," said Bill gravely.

"Quite so," said George, "and a time to begin to tread softly."

They sat awhile.

Crows cawed in the sunshine of a neighboring field; the engine of the car hummed softly, like a big insect. Tonio coughed slightly and leaned forward with an inquiring look and a hand on the tonneau-door. In the tonneau with him was a roomy lunch-hamper. Strapped to the back of the car, enveloped in a rubber apron, was a basket that dripped slightly, suggestive of something being kept cool in ice and rock-salt. The sun was now high, but the branches of the great oak cast an inviting shade over the car.

"Not quite yet, Tonio," said Bill.

Tonio settled back again, with a brief movement of his shoulders.

Suddenly, in a moment, the car started forward with a superb burst of velocity that shot it around the turn as if propelled by a wildly-awakened demon force; and instantly slowed down again.

Tonio opened his eyes very wide but slid about imperturbably in the tonneau with the lunch-hamper.

"For the love of heaven, what did you do that for?" cried George.

"It was the final plunge into the Dim Past," said Bill. "I felt it had to be done that way!" he added meekly.

"You nearly snapped my head off," said George. "Your continued sentiment does you credit, but I protest against jumps. We are on an excursion into the Past; not on a joy-ride into the Future!"

Bill laughed lightly. They rolled smoothly along again, slightly faster.

"I just had to do it, dear boy!" he said, "there positively wasn't any other

way. It came over me suddenly. I took a chance, for just once. The risk was negligible; we haven't met one vehicle since we turned into this road. And I argued, with quick intelligence, that the sensation of the plunge, and all it meant, would be worth the possibility of knocking out some honest agriculturalist at the precise juncture; which we didn't. . . .

"All right," said George, "you have a beautiful mind and a poetic soul, but can the jumps henceforth. We have now taken the Plunge!"

"Right!" laughed Bill, "never again; we are now on our way!"

Bill looked at the time-clock before him and the indicator of distance.

"Though only about two and a half hours from the very thick of great Manhattan," he said, "and a few miles distant from old Henry Hudson's busy stream."

"If the railroad had happened to strike over this way, these few miles," said George—

"It would probably have been very different," said Bill.

"Yes!"

"But it didn't!"

"There you are!"

"I'm glad it didn't, Bill!"

"So am I!"

"Perhaps we're selfish," continued George, "but if things were different. . . ."

"They wouldn't be the same!" concluded Bill.

They both laughed.

"We positively reek with sentimentality!" said Bill.

"You shock me," said George, "say 'sentiment'!"

Bill glanced sidewise.

"Of course you're right, old George."

He thrust a hand at his companion, who grasped it warmly.

Houses soon began to appear more frequently, instead of the former almost unbroken fields and woodland. Often they were set well back from the dusty road, among tall trees; with rather well-appointed barns and out-

buildings; usually located on the opposite side of the road.

Bill and George occasionally spoke names to each other with unconcealed excitement; and uttered short comments as to occupants; and queries as to possibilities. Their eyes were bright; and their shoulders squared themselves as if years were dropping away.

"It's a temptation to stop all along and ask about people and things, and find out all about everything," said Bill.

George nodded.

"What do you say?" queried Bill. "Let's come another day soon, when we've more time, and do it!"

"I'm game!" said George.

"We'll do it!" cried Bill.

They rolled into the village street. A big lop-eared black-and-tan hound rose out of the middle of the roadway and backed off, with a look of surprise.

They passed the small, brick church, with steps along the entire front, and the straight, stone-flagged pathway leading from the street to the entrance-doors; the green, with its tall, rusty-white flagpole in the centre; the general-store, with a porch, on a corner, a dusty buggy and droop-headed horse hitched to a ring-bolt in a short post, before it.

The two men glanced eagerly from side to side with smiling eyes. Bill steered with one hand on the wheel, and took out a handkerchief and mopped his face.

Tonio, in the tonneau, had unemotionally fallen into actual slumber, his head wobbling.

As soon as they had progressed through the main part of the street, the car took on slightly more speed, and, after about half a mile of sparser settlement, turned suddenly into a road at right angles.

Soon they came into view of a large, comfortable-looking house, several rods back from the road, with an avenue of wonderful old trees leading up to it. The speed of the car became a crawl.

"Don't stop now, old man," said George, gently; "we'll come again."

"Thirty-five years ago to-day, George," said Bill. "My tenth birthday! And I can see you now as you came up the lane there, to the house, to spend the day with me! And Mother stood on the steps, waiting with me for you. . . ." Bill's voice broke a little.

George placed his arm an instant on Bill's shoulders, but said nothing. The car kept on slowly.

"The old orchard!" cried Bill.

"Yes!" said George.

After a few moments Bill said: "Honestly, George, if I'd known this thing was going to bowl me over so, I don't think I'd have come!"

"Yes you would!" said George.

Bill glanced at him.

"Yes!" he said, "and you're as bad as I am!"

A short distance further they rattled over a loose-plank bridge that spanned a small brook. Bill ran the car along the side of the road and stopped. They got out at once; neither spoke. Tonio opened his eyes quickly and sprang from the tonneau, an expression of relief on his face.

"Tonio," said Bill, "keep the lunch stuff in the shade here till we return, and look out for things generally. We shall be gone probably about an hour. Have your own lunch now, so as to be ready for us; we'll start back again as soon as we finish. You can drive back. And *we'll* do the sleeping," he added, with a flicker of a smile. Tonio touched his cap.

II

Bill and George now divested themselves of their coats and waistcoats with elaborate formality and put them in the tonneau. Bill felt in a pocket of his trousers for something.

"We're going to look over some property here, and so forth, for about an hour," said Bill. Tonio touched his cap. "Probably no one will come along. If anyone does, be polite; let them look at the car . . . and say nothing." Tonio touched his cap.

Bill took a small Gladstone bag from

the tonneau, and the two men clambered with some difficulty over a low, rough stone fence. There was a slight ripping sound.

"I've torn my trouser leg on the fence!" chuckled Bill.

George grinned.

They set off across a tilled field.

Soon they entered a small patch of woods, and kept on silently; out of sight now of the car. They veered slightly to the right and came to another fence. By common consent they sat down upon it and mopped their brows; hardly a breath of air stirred the leaves of the trees above their heads. They looked at each other and smiled. Bill put his hand into his trouser-pocket and brought out a rusty jack-knife. He opened its single, large blade, and, laying the knife in the palm of his hand, exhibited it to his companion.

"My jack-knife of thirty-five years ago!" he said.

George almost reverently touched it.

"The start of the whole business!" continued Bill. "We'll cut the boats with it! I found it among some old forgotten things of the past, last spring, and brought it down to the office to show you. It brought back the whole scene in a flash!"

"Edith and Margaret, if they happen by any chance to be thinking of us just now, will imagine us lunching together downtown," said George.

"The *Inderahda* must be at New London to-day," said Bill. "I wonder if they wouldn't think we're crazy! Are we?"

George shook his head.

"I didn't know whether you'd think so when I proposed it last night," said Bill.

"You knew I wouldn't," said George.

"We could have gone by the road next the pasture lot, of course," said Bill. "This is a little longer; but we might have met someone there possibly. I don't like to do things by stealth," he continued, "but I think perhaps this is excusable!"

"It would make a meaty little item

for the news bureaus," said George. "William R. Trenor, the banker, found his boyhood jack-knife the other day, and motored three hours up the Hudson to celebrate his forty-fifth birthday at the old swimmin' hole. The bond market suffered a severe slump, due to well-authenticated reports of his incipient paresis!"

Bill grinned. "Yes!" he said. "And, 'Accompanied by his boyhood chum, George Lasher Clarkson, the corporation lawyer and ex-member of Congress, who is authoritatively said to be even dottier!' Keep it dark!" he added, a finger to his lips.

"Keep it dark!" said George.

"I wish Grandfather Young hadn't sold the old place," said Bill.

"You might not have gone up to town if he hadn't. In which event . . . things might have been just a little bit different, what?" said George. "And my people might not have followed on after yours."

Suddenly Bill's eyes dilated. "I've a blamed good mind to buy it back!" he exclaimed.

"Well," said George, "don't do it today! Come on!"

They slid down on the other side of the fence. This time it was George's nether garment that suffered. Bill capered with delight.

"We're quits!" he cried. "It makes the preliminaries perfect!"

They struck across another field, climbed a low fence, and skirted along its further side. In a few moments, threading their way through bushes, they stood on the edge of the little brook that wound its way through meadow and woodland.

There was not a sound except the purling noise of the water as its brown but clear current eddied slowly along; or an occasional bird note or insect tune. The sunlight flecked through the overhanging greenery and danced a little on the water with the slight stirring of the branches.

Bill the Banker and George the Lawyer stood silently side by side, with the appearance of men who felt awe in the

presence of a Something that seemed to rise up out of the memory of years. Silently, Bill the Banker deposited the small Gladstone bag and took a step nearer the water.

"It used to be deep enough to drown us here!" he said.

George the Lawyer laughed a little, quick laugh.

"We've grown somewhat!" he said.

The little brook, at the point where they stood, widened into a pool perhaps fifty feet across by twice as many long. Bill took hold of a low-hanging branch and leaned over the bank.

"Here's where little roots of trees stuck out into the water from the bank and wiggled in the current, as if they were alive!"

George leaned over cautiously; the loam of the bank gave way a trifle under his weight.

"Exactly the same!" he said.

They watched a moment in fascinated silence.

"Dear God in heaven!" ejaculated Bill the Banker softly. "Do you suppose they are the same roots?"

Then they glanced about, laughed a bit sheepishly, and retreated among the bushes. Soon various garments began to blossom upon the nearby shrubs—two pairs of trousers, one somewhat paunchy; two collars, two neckties, two shirts, and then four socks. . . . A moment later Bill the Banker and George the Lawyer stepped out upon the bank in the garments of their nativity. The pebbles and little briars bruised their bare feet; they walked gingerly. On the bank they paused and George reached out to test the water by the immemorial ordeal of the great toe.

"How is she?" said Bill.

"A bit chilly," said George.

"You're afraid!" said Bill.

"You are," said George.

"Who? *Me*?" said Bill.

"Yes, you," said George.

"I ain't," said Bill.

"You are," said George.

"Am I?" said Bill. "Well, then, just watch me!"

And with a swing of his arms above

his head, Bill the Banker made a standing leap that landed him ten feet out in the pool. "Ugh!" he exclaimed as he disappeared beneath the cold, still waters. And "Ugh!" exclaimed George as he followed after.

They came up in an instant, wiping their eyes, blowing the water out of their noses with homeric snorts, stumbling about on the rough bottom. Then they struck out into deeper water, splashing and cackling to each other.

"Fine!" said Bill.

"Immense!" said George.

They swam across and back, and raced each other up and down the pool. By and by, gasping for breath, they rested in the deep part, the water about at their armpits.

"We can make it in better time than we could thirty-five years ago!" said George.

"Wind isn't so good though!" said Bill, breathing heavily.

"It seems to me," said George, "as if at the moment there were not another person anywhere in the world except us! It always used to seem that way too, didn't it?"

Bill kneaded the water first out of one ear and then the other.

"George," he said, "do you suppose anyone since the beginning of the world has ever celebrated his forty-fifth birthday like this?"

George shook his head.

"I think," continued Bill, "that though, hereafter as heretofore, my physical frame will continue accumulating years, my soul is again ten years old or thereabouts, and will stay so, approximately, for the rest of my mundane term!"

"I've been feeling rather that way myself," said George.

"Thirty-five years is a long time as things go," murmured Bill.

"There's just one thing we haven't done, that we always used to do," said George.

Bill looked at him with surprised inquiry, as if accusing him of undue airs of superior knowledge.

George suddenly tripped him, and he

floundered down under the water, while George made for the bank.

Bill rose, and put after him.

"You young devil!" he cried. "You're right! You always did! Just because you were a year older and a little taller!" And he chased him to their retreat among the bushes.

Big bath towels and some simple toilet requisites came out of the small Gladstone bag, and the two men were soon regarmented as before, except that now their trousers were rolled up and their feet and legs were bare to the knees.

"Now for it!" cried Bill.

They wound their way along the bank, passed the turn in the stream and entered the water again, wading. The stream here was much shallower, and narrowed to perhaps twenty-five or thirty feet. The current, though still sluggish, moved somewhat more rapidly. There was a straight stretch of some fifty or sixty yards ahead before the stream curved again, around another bend; they waded the distance together.

Bill then produced the Sacred Jack-knife, and, pulling down a branch of an overhanging willow, cut off a wand, trimmed away the leaves and carefully fashioned a straight two-foot length of stick about the thickness of his thumb. This done, he handed the knife to his companion. George waded to the bank and cut a similar stick of young maple.

"Good work," said Bill. "I wondered if you'd remember."

"Of course," said George; "yours was willow and mine maple."

"We did it dozens of times afterwards that summer, before we both moved away!" said Bill. "But we never enjoyed it quite so much as the first time, did we?"

"It was starting it," said George; "the new thing!"

Bill stuck two short pieces of dead wood with some leaves adhering to them, one in one bank of the brook and the second on the other, directly opposite.

"The finish line!" said George.

The current was against them, and eddied a little around the calves of their legs as they stood in the middle of the stream. Carrying the two-foot sticks they had prepared, they waded back along the stretch to the first bend.

"I remember this small rock on the bank for the starting point," said George, indicating with his hand. "You were Columbia," he went on, "because they had just been to England, and were the first American crew that had ever won at Henley."

"Wasn't it great!" cried Bill. "I saw Ed Sage, of the old crew, only the other day."

"And I was in Bob Cornell's court about a little matter not very long ago," said George.

They laid their sticks in the current, opposite the small rock that was the starting point. They held the sticks still, standing behind them, bending over.

"It was allowable," said Bill, "to give them a little push. . . ."

"For the start," said George.

They let them go in the sluggish current and waded slowly behind, guiding them over the course. It was exciting. They muttered their respective yells under their breath, encouraging them on, as the current took first one ahead, and then the other; or eddied one dangerously towards a bank.

(Never mind which won. It seemed to matter; but never mind.)

The winner straightened up at the finish line and cheered lustily in dumb show.

"It was always three out of five, you know," said Bill the Banker.

Four times more they took their "boats" to the starting point, and let the current race them back. Then each picked his stick out of the water.

"We'll keep 'em for souvenirs!" said Bill.

They made for the bank and were soon shod again, and the Gladstone bag closed, ready for departure.

Bill chuckled.

"It's worked all right, hasn't it?" he said. "We've had our time, and no-

body to tell the news bureaux about it!"

"Great!" said George.

III

THERE was a slight sound in the tree overhead, and in a moment a pair of bare boyish legs slid into sight. The owner of the legs then appeared and sat in a crotch of the tree, just beyond reach of the open-mouthed two below, and waved the legs gently, smiling an affable smile that spread well around a very freckled face surmounted by a thick thatch of curly red hair.

"I seen all the races!" he said.

The two below, with a common impulse, sat down side by side on the trunk of a fallen tree. The grin of the one above broadened still more, till the top of his head seemed an island, separated from the mainland of the rest of his face.

"What's your name?" suddenly asked Bill the Banker.

"Jerry Holzapple," replied the one above.

"How old are you?"

"Twelve, las' Fourth o' July. Pop sez I'm a firecracker!" and the smile broadened again as he shook his flaming poll.

The two below whispered together a moment.

"You remember the Holzapple boy we used to play with sometimes?" said Bill. "It's his son, sure as you're born! He had red hair, too!"

George nodded.

"Us fellers hev races just like that," said Jerry, in the tree, "only we make real boats, like racing-shells; not just sticks. We play P'keepsie regatta. I've ben there. I'm Cornell. I mos' generally win!"

"It's been known to happen," said Bill.

Then he whispered again to his companion.

"I taught this thing to his father on the brook here, after we'd started it . . . thirty-five years ago! It's been handed down!"

George looked up at the one above, and frowned.

"Come down!" he said.

The one above looked at Bill the Banker with an inquiring air.

"Come on," said Bill. "Don't mind him; he only *looks* fierce."

The bare legs twisted around branches and their owner slid down the lower trunk of the tree with such rapidity that the two below held their breath.

Bill and George rose and shook hands with him formally.

"How are you!" they said.

"All right," he replied. He stood on one foot, rubbing his ankle with the other.

"Pretty hot weather we're havin'," he said.

Bill looked at his watch.

"By jingo! It's two o'clock!" he cried.

"Time flies when you're young," said George.

Bill addressed himself to their new friend.

"Had your lunch?" he asked.

"Hed my dinner couple hours ago."

"Could you eat anything more?"

The grin broadened again.

"Come along," said Bill, and picked up the Gladstone bag.

"I'll carry yer bag for ye," said Jerry.

They went along quickly, the two men leading.

"Tore your pants, didn't ye?" remarked Jerry, behind George.

George fell back at his side.

"How long were you up the tree there, son?" he said.

"All the time," was the reply. "Seen you goin' in swimmin' too!"

George joined Bill again.

"Bill," he said, "do you suppose he's employed by one of the news agencies?"

"Leave him to me!" said Bill.

They reached Tonio, the waiting car, and the lunch.

"Tonio," said Bill, "get out service for one more."

Tonio touched his cap.

The boy gaped all around the car.

Bill opened the door of the tonneau.

"Get in," he said, "and see how you like it."

The boy sank luxuriously into the deep leather cushions.

"Yours?" he inquired.

Bill nodded.

"Guess you must be pretty rich," he said.

"Like to ride a little way with us, when we go?" asked Bill.

The smile broadened wide again.

The lunch comprised cold roast chicken, thin slices of Virginia ham, salad of lettuce, and other comestibles of quality. A cold, rotund bottle came from the basket behind.

"Ever taste champagne?" asked Bill.

"Heard of it," said the boy.

Bill poured a thimbleful into a glass for him.

"Try it," he said.

The boy opined it was a leetle like spruce beer, which he thought on the whole he preferred.

Bill raised his glass.

"I propose a toast! To Mr. Jeremiah Holzapple," he said, "whose company was come upon so suddenly and unexpectedly, to our pleasure! Mr. Holzapple, a link between the Past and the Present, whose attendance makes the occasion perfect."

"Your health, sir," said George.

They raised their glasses gravely to the boy.

"Drink hearty," said Jerry.

Jerry ate as if "dinner a couple hours ago" had never occurred.

The feast came to a leisurely conclusion, the two men enjoying their companion; and preparations began for departure.

Bill and George looked back over the field towards the wood, and stood apart a few moments and smoked and talked, and shook hands with each other.

"I'll drive again for a while, Tonio," said Bill.

He explained briefly to the boy how the car started, and showed him a number of its simpler devices.

"All right now, son," he said, "you squeeze in beside this gentleman and I'll show you how she goes."

They got in and Tonio swung into the tonneau.

"Pretty soft for your coachman, ain't it?" whispered Jeremiah Holzapple.

Tonio had turned the car around, and they started back towards the main road at once.

"Let her out!" cried the boy, after a moment, his eyes glistening.

The road was straight and firm, though dusty. The powerful car buzzed, and shot ahead at terrific speed. The boy gasped. His red hair blew back, his eyes bulged; he cowered against George, who put his arm around him.

Bill slowed down the car almost at once, and stopped altogether just before turning into the main road.

"Gee!" said the boy, swallowing hard.

"Jerry," said Bill the Banker, "your father's name is Henry Holzapple, and you were named after his younger brother, Jeremiah, your uncle. Your father had red hair too, and no little finger on his left hand. Incidentally, it was cut off in a buzz-saw accident when he was younger than you. I rather imagine you live in a house just around the corner here, with three big pine trees in front of it."

The boy looked at him in amazement.

"How the . . . how'd you know that?" he ejaculated.

"Jerry," said Bill, "I'm going to ask you to do me a very particular favor. Will you?"

The boy nodded his head at once.

"Jerry," said Bill, "you know the rather large house we just passed, with the road and trees running up to it?"

The boy nodded.

"Well," continued Bill, "it happens that I was born in that house just forty-five years ago to-day. This gentleman here also lived in the neighborhood. We both went away when we were younger than you, and this is the first time we've been back since that time. We came to-day to look at old places, and do some old things, and have a little birthday party in honor of the occasion. We're glad you happened to come along to join us. I hope you enjoyed the lunch."

The boy licked his lips and made an exaggerated face of approbation.

Bill took out a pocket-book and abstracted a card.

"That's my name and address," he said, and gave it to the boy. "If you ever come to New York, come and see me. Perhaps I can give you a lift of some sort, if you want it."

"What's the favor?" said the boy.

"We're coming back again, some time soon; we can't wait to-day," said Bill, "and we mean to stop off then and see your father and a lot of other people we used to know, and renew old acquaintances. . . ."

"You don't want nobody told about your goin' in swimmin' in Brook Hole, and college racin'!" said the boy.

George at once brought out a card from his pocket and gave it to him.

"I'm a lawyer, son. I think you're sufficiently quick-witted to study law when you're older. Consider it. I'll keep a place for you in my office."

The boy held both cards in his hands.

"Say," he said, "I'll just say you two were out here picnickin', an' you're coming back again soon to see all the folks 'round here that you used to know. That's gospel truth! I wun't say anythin' more . . . excep'," he added with sudden bashfulness, "excep' ye're both darn nice!"

They put him down before his house, with the three big pine trees in front of it, and got out themselves and shook hands with him, and changed places with Tonio.

"Let her go now, Tonio," said Bill, "only don't get pinched!"

Tonio touched his cap and slid in behind the wheel.

The car shot away as they waved their hands to the boy in the road.

IV

THREE hours later Tonio, the chauffeur, strode into his modest abode and stuck a crisp bill gravely into the plump fist of a chubby *bambino* and laughed, showing his white teeth, and kissed his

pretty little wife, with black Sicilian hair and red lips.

"And where hast thou been this long day?" she said, leaning to him and taking the *bambino*.

Tonio laughed again.

"Give me to eat," he said; "who shall say where I may or may not have been? Many things are past finding out, and the ways of the rich are strange and a puzzle to men! But now I am here!"



FULFILMENT

By Kellett Chambers

WHEN I sought to unite myself with God, He said to me: "Dost thou love Me more than thou dost that girl in thine arms?"

How confounding was that question! How wretched was I at the thought of grieving the kind God, Who in His labor of slow-forging chaos into an organ of infinite harmonies had contrived one day to launch thee and me together, *Chiquita!*

I was trying to invent some innocent evasion when He spoke again more urgently, saying:

"I require to know, My Child, whether thou wilt abandon her and be received in Paradise, or abandon Me

and betake ye, thou and she, straightway to Hell."

Ah me! My poor soul cringed like a step-child! But thou, Little One, didst stir against my heart, and I held thee suddenly closer and cried:

"Alas, dear God. I must give Thee great pain, for I am surely to be damned. But comfort Thyself that even in Hell our love will be as holy as Thine inmost holiness."

As I spoke, Beloved, lo! my being and thine flowed together and mingled in one indissoluble flood of being; and the universe trembled with a delicate light, which was God's smile, as He received us into the fruitful ecstasy of His substance.



A BACHELOR is always a good deal better than his reputation. It would be impossible for him to be worse.



A MAN is usually too stupid to analyze his marriage, and a woman is usually too discreet.



THE DEATH OF SIR LAUNCELOT

By Edgar Lee Masters

SIR LAUNCELOT had fled to France
For the peace of Guinevere;
And many a noble knight was slain,
And Arthur lay on his bier.

Sir Launcelot took ship from France
And sailed across the sea.
He rode seven days through fair England
Till he came to Almesbury.

Then spake Sir Bors to Launcelot:
The old time is at end;
Ye have no more in England's realm
In east nor west a friend.

Ye have no friend in all England
Sith Mordred's war hath been,
And Queen Guinevere became a nun
To heal her soul of sin.

Sir Launcelot answered never a word
But rode to the west countree,
Until through the forest he saw a light
That shone from a nunnery.

Sir Launcelot entered the cloister,
And the queen fell down in a swoon.
Oh blessed Jesu, saith the queen,
For thy mother's love, a boon!

Go hence Sir Launcelot, saith the queen,
And let me win God's grace.
My heavy heart serves me no more
To look upon thy face.

Through ye was wrought King Arthur's death,
Through ye great war and wrake.
Leave me alone, let me bleed,
Pass by for Jesu's sake.

Then fare ye well, saith Launcelot,
Sweet madam, fare ye well.
And sythen ye have left the world
No more in the world I dwell.

THE DEATH OF SIR LAUNCELOT

Then up rose sad Sir Launcelot
And rode by wold and mere
Until he came to a hermitage
Where brode Sir Bedivere.

And there he put a habit on,
And there did pray and fast.
And when Sir Bedivere told him all
His heart for sorrow brast!

How that Sir Mordred, traitorous knight,
Betrayed his King and Sire;
And how King Arthur, wounded, died
Broken in heart's desire.

And so Sir Launcelot penance made,
And worked at servile toil;
And prayed the Bishop of Canterbury
His sins for to assoil.

His shield went clattering on the wall
To a dolorous wail of wind.
His casque was rust, his mantle dust
With spider webs entwined.

His listless horses left alone
Went cropping where they would,
To see the noblest knight of the world
Upon his sorrow brood.

Anon a vision came in his sleep,
And thrice the Vision saith:
Go thou to Almesbury for thy sin,
Where lieth the queen in death.

Sir Launcelot cometh to Almesbury
And knelt by the dead queen's bier:
Oh none may know, moaned Launcelot,
What sorrow lieth here.

What love, what honor, what defeat,
What hope of the Holy Grail.
The moon looked through the latticed glass
On the queen's face cold and pale.

Sir Launcelot kissed the cerêd cloth,
And none could stay his woe,
Her hair lay back from the oval brow,
And her nose was clear as snow.

They wrapped her body in cloth of Raines
They put her in webs of lead.
They coffined her in white marble,
And sang a mass for the dead.

Sir Launcelot and seven knights
Bore torches around the bier.
They scattered myrrh and frankincense
On the corpse of Guinevere.

They put her in earth by King Arthur
To the chant of a doleful tune.
They heaped the earth on Guinevere
And Launcelot fell in a swoon.

Sir Launcelot went to the hermitage
Some Grace of God to find;
But never he ate, and never he drank
And there he sickened and dwined.

Sir Launcelot lay in a painful bed,
And spake with a dreary steven:
Sir Bishop, I prayed you shrive my soul
And make it clean for heaven.

The Bishop houseled Sir Launcelot,
The Bishop kept watch and ward.
Bury me, saith Sir Launcelot,
In the earth of Joyous Guard.

Three candles burned the whole night through
Till the red dawn looked in the room.
And the white, white soul of Launcelot
Strove with a black, black doom.

I see the old witch Dame Brisen,
And Elaine so straight and tall—
Nay, saith the Bishop of Canterbury,
The shadows dance on the wall.

I see long hands of dead women.
They clutch for my soul eftsoon;
Nay saith the Bishop of Canterbury
'Tis the drifting light of the moon.

I see three angels, saith he,
Before a silver urn.
Nay, saith the Bishop of Canterbury,
The candles do but burn.

I see a cloth of red samite
O'er the holy vessels spread.
Nay, saith the Bishop of Canterbury
The great dawn groweth red.

I see all the torches of the world
Shine in the room so clear.
Nay, saith the Bishop of Canterbury,
The white dawn draweth near.

Sweet lady, I behold the face
Of thy dear son, our Lord.
Nay, saith the Bishop of Canterbury,
The sun shines on your sword.

Sir Galahad outstretcheth hands
And takes me ere I fail,—
Sir Launcelot's body lay in death,
As his soul found the Holy Grail.

They laid his body in the quire
Upon a purple pall.
He was the meekest, gentlest knight
That ever ate in hall.

He was the kindest, goodliest knight
That ever England roved,
The truest lover of sinful man
That ever woman loved.

I pray you all, fair gentlemen,
Pray for his soul and mine.
He lived to lose the heart he loved
And drink but bitter wine.

He wrought a woe he knew not of,
He failed his fondest quest
Now sing a psalter, read a prayer
May all souls find their rest.—AMEN.



GUESTS

By Stuart W. Knight

GUESTS are people whom we receive and try to make comfortable because we know that we would feel uncomfortable ourselves if we did not do every possible thing for their comfort. We also realize that we should give up our own comforts for their sakes, thus making ourselves uncomfortable even when we do make them comfortable. We likewise feel it our incumbent duty to add to our own discomfiture by concealing the uncomfortableness which is caused by those acts of abnegation from which we suffer in order to make them comfortable. We thus work ourselves into such a supreme state of discomfiture that our most strenuous and conscientious efforts are utterly unable to make our guests anything but uncomfortable, which, as before stated, is the first feeling of discomfort which we strive to circumvent.



A MATTER OF CRAVATS

By Harold de Polo

GHEVENS selected the cravat with an almost fiendish expression of joy on his shrewd, well-shaven face—running his white fingers over the rather gaudy fabric with what seemed a tender caress. Then he folded it carefully and handed it to the obsequious salesman, his face regaining its habitually cold air.

"I shall take it—with me," he said, in his precise voice.

The man found difficulty in refraining from showing his utter surprise. It seemed incredible that Mr. Theodore Ghevens, conservative customer of the exclusive shirt and cravat establishment, should choose a cloth of such staring colors that flamboyantly proclaimed their disregard of art and its sensibilities. He had always been the very personification of quiet, almost sombre, correctness.

But this was not the clerk's affair. "Quite—quite so, Mr. Ghevens," he muttered. "Thank you, sir. You shall have it in a moment, sir!"

Ghevens nodded absently, impatiently twirling his stick. Then, with the slim purchase charged and in his pocket, he strolled from the shop and made his way up Fifth Avenue in the direction of his bachelor quarters in the lower Forties.

Glancing at a clock that loomed up out of a store window, he lessened his pace, as it showed but a quarter of six. He did not want to arrive at the club too early; surely not for an hour as yet. Tom Orville would probably not be there until then, and he wanted him present when he made his entrance—it would be more effective.

Once at his quarters, he removed his

coat and waistcoat and collar, slowly chose another of the latter, and went about the task of putting on his new cravat with the solicitude a surgeon might display on an important operation. The knot tied to his satisfaction and once more thoroughly garbed, he surveyed the effect in the long cheval mirror with an even greater expression of joy than when he had first discovered the silk. Surely it was unusual—horribly so. A little frown crossed his forehead as he thought of having to appear publicly in such a disgraceful color scheme, as he called it;—but it was well worth it!

Oh, yes, there was no doubt of it, not the slightest. Tom Orville would surely notice the thing the moment he entered, and probably comment on it in his slangy, boisterous way, laughing his surprise at seeing him arrayed in such giddy colors. Oh, yes, surely it would be noticed; more so when it was also seen that for once he was not dining in his evening clothes. Certainly his plans were well laid; gorgeously so, he believed. . . . But, hang it, what a thing to have to wear. He laughed. Just about the style of cravat, he realized, that Tom Orville plainly leaned to. By George, what a joke; made it better than ever, ha, ha! . . .

Again assuming his immobile expression, he turned off the electric switch and made for the club. There, as he had known, was big Tom Orville, as usual, the centre of a laughing group discussing baseball and golf and sports in general. Ghevens' jealous, covert dislike of him caused his mouth to set firmer. He was always so laughing, so jolly, so thoroughly at peace with all

the world in his friendly way—just a big, Newfoundland pup, as he thought of him. All men liked him, too; liked him immensely, for some reason. He was always smiling—smiling, smiling—that agreeable, infective smile that got so horribly on his nerves. But—but he wouldn't smile so much after—after tomorrow, perhaps!

As he had expected, the moment Orville saw him he staggered back in dramatically burlesque fashion, shading his eyes with his hands and inquiring where—oh, where—had he encountered that gorgeous neckpiece?

Ghevens, forcing himself, laughed his cold little snicker, saying that for some reason he had felt like trying the experiment of breaking out into bloom; and so he joined the group and talked until several of them, himself included, decided to go in to dinner. He purposely sat next to Orville, feeling a keen wave of joy as Tom confidentially told him, honestly and straight goods, that although the tie was a bit of a shock for Ghevens to wear *he'd* like it; in fact, where had he got the thing? At Tubbs. Thanks—have to cop one! And Ghevens' eyes gleamed evilly as he told himself that Tom might not have to go to the trouble of purchasing a mate to it!

He brought the conversation to the point he wanted, although he knew very well the answers he should receive—thanks to his valet and the gossip of servants.

"What's doing to-night, Tom?"

"Eh? Oh, have to drop over to Philly on the ten train. Got to see old Stevens—played football with me—before he leaves for West. Doesn't hit the old town till twelve and leaves at six. Spree together to celebrate old times!"

"So?"

"Yep. Marion's up at Griscom's dinner and dance—that's why I'm here alone. Couldn't very well get into evenin' duds and break away in time to change and get the choo-choo! . . . What? Sure; back in morning!"

Ghevens sighed with relief; then his valet, thank God, had been right. How nicely everything was turning out—

wonderfully, in fact. He left fairly soon after dinner, going directly to his quarters. Once there, he immediately took off the gaudy cravat, put on a sombre black one, and nervously paced back and forth the length of his rooms. He was glad he had let his valet off for the evening. It was such pleasure to think alone—all alone, keeping it to his very self—of the vengeance he would at last reap.

Four years ago, when Marion Orville—then Marion Thompson—had first come out, he had been one of the various ardent suitors for her hand. People had always wondered, he knew, why such had been the case. He was quiet, precise in his habits, impressing one as middle-aged although only now a trifle over thirty. Marion was young, buoyant, very much of a man's woman. Her chief interests were golf and riding and tennis and automobiling—also, she attended every baseball game on the calendar. Ghevens liked none of these things, even professing to loathe them—although it might have been his inability to engage in them that caused this particular phase of mind. Nevertheless, he had appeared to fall very much in love with Marion, pressing his presence and heart and hand on her at every available occasion. She had always laughingly refused him, assuring him quite frankly that she did not love him and knew that she never could, and that was all there was to it. Why he persisted people wondered—but perhaps it was simply that here was a woman absolutely his extreme. And extremes *do* crave extremes—in some cases!

Then Tom Orville had come along; big, jovial, boyish, athletic Orville, fresh from baseball and rowing and football victories at college that had made him famous the country over. And gradually the rest of Marion's suitors had lagged, dropped behind, and finally given up the race. Not so with Ghevens. Every moment she was not riding or motoring or golfing with Tom, he would continue vowing his love for her and asking her to be his wife—more than ever after he saw her look with

such favor on Tom, so different in every way. But then had come the announcement of her engagement to Orville. A wonderful couple, everyone said: two big, physically perfect, vital animals, so well suited, such jolly good fun, and all that!

It had instilled a deep and further hatred against Orville in Ghevens' heart that even he had not deemed himself capable of, really surprised that he could so poignantly feel any emotion—for his want of Marion, he realized, had been more the lust of possession than anything else. Nevertheless, since that day nearly two years ago when he had attended the wedding, perforce, the one thought that recurred to him, whenever he saw Tom—and he saw him almost daily either at the club or an affair of their set—was that the bigger, winning man would yet suffer keenly for the inward humiliation he had felt.

Various plans, during the last two years, had come to his mind; but none had seemed feasible. Or, if they had, they had not been quite perfect or he had been nervous about his part in them. But only that morning, when he had learned through his valet that Tom was to be out of town, that Marion was to attend a dance, and that even the servants would be out, the scheme that he thought so faultless had come to him.

He was highly elated as things had gone so far, for Tom had surely taken notice of the cravat, as he knew he would. He laughed silently as he remembered that Tom, when he had left, had for the second time absent-mindedly asked him where he could purchase one like it, vowing that he must procure one when he returned. Oh, well, he'd get one, sure enough—but not in the manner he expected! This time Ghevens laughed aloud, thanking the Gods for the combination of circumstances that made all so simple!

His valet, that morning, had asked for leave of absence for the night to attend some servants' ball. Yessir, everyone was going to be there. The Dodds' help, the Manleys', the—and so he had prattled on. And Ghevens had eagerly

caught at the news that the Orvilles were both going to be out. Yessir, Mr. Orville was going to Philadelphia to meet a friend late that night, and Mrs. Orville had been kind enough to allow the servants to leave, laughing at being afraid of burglars. Yessir, fine, nice people, the Orvilles, and great to their servants! . . . Oh, thank you, sir—yes sir, he'd *surely* enjoy himself, sir! . . . And Ghevens, for once, had thanked the below-stairs gossip that seems to lose not the most minute detail and to get around with such a thorough and marvelous speed!

Oh, yes. Why, he'd have to raise Gibson's wages for that information—he would, by George. For at last big, genial Tom Orville would taste the pangs of a humiliation far worse than that which he himself had suffered—and so would Marion, too. Oh, yes, there was no denying the fact that his plan was perfect. Everyone and everything seemed in his favor. Even Tom, who always laughed at thieves and insisted on leaving the bedroom window wide open, winter as well as summer, day and night, had put on the final touch that made his scheme possible. At last he'd have his revenge—a delicate, gorgeous revenge of which he felt highly proud. It could not be more thorough, more perfect—or more simple! Yes, the stage was set as if he himself had been allowed to execute the work!

His eyes burned feverishly as he glanced at the clock—ten-thirty. It was just about time, now, just about. Carefully he folded the noticeable cravat, placed it handily in his side pocket, and donned a heavy overcoat with a high collar. This he turned up and buttoned over his chin, selecting a soft felt hat and pulling it far down over his forehead. Before leaving he again used the mirror, quite satisfied that he was not easily recognizable, thanks to his coat collar and hat.

His nerves were a bit on edge, yet he steeled himself quickly with the knowledge that he would reap the vengeance he desired. Marion and Tom—laughing, jolly, well-liked couple—would take

on a different tone to-morrow. There was no doubt of it—and it would all be through *him*, whom Marion had laughingly refused.

He preferred to walk to the quiet street in the higher Fifties where the residence of the Orvilles stood, again thanking his good fortune that next to it was a large apartment building with an areaway between. Once on the dimly-lit street, Ghevens walked slowly along, close to the house-fronts, peering cautiously about for other pedestrians. Fortunately for him, none seemed to be abroad, and when he came to the Orville house he was able to slip quietly into the areaway. There, with cat-like steps, he made his way to the rear, climbed to the top of the fence, and from there pulled himself onto the iron balcony. From there it was an easy task to get onto the high railing, grasp the window-ledge, and pull himself through the aperture and into the bedroom occupied by Marion and Tom. His nerves were keyed up to high tension, and had he thought of it he would have wondered why he was not afraid. But his brain had had no room, since that morning, for anything else beside his scheme of revenge that seemed intricately simple and perfect!

Swiftly, noiselessly, Ghevens tiptoed across the room to a large dresser. Here, with a loving touch, he took the cravat from his pocket and placed it on the dresser with a caressing pat. A dry laugh came to his lips and he clenched his hands as the sheer joy of his unclean mind sent a tremble through his entire form. What—*what* would Tom do when he discovered the cravat which he would instantly recognize? Surely it was evidence indisputable. Yes, what would he say—what would he do? He—he'd like to be there, unseen, and view what followed—for Marion would surely not displace the cravat, thinking it Tom's. Yes, Tom's—just the kind of flamboyant tie her husband would wear. Oh, yes, his choice had been perfect!

As silently and as easily as he had entered, Ghevens left and made his way safely to the street, almost as if this

business of going into houses unseen at the dead of night was his continuous work. He was proud of the way he had done it. On the street, he walked slowly home, his heart pounding madly with long-desired satisfaction, his shrewd face wearing the look of joy that almost approached degeneracy. Thank God! He'd always sworn to fix Tom and Marion—and now he had!

Finally he reached home, flung himself into an easy chair, and softly rubbed his hands together as he thought of what he had done. . . . Then, quite suddenly, his innate craven soul mastered him and he realized what it might mean to him. His face blanched and he rose from his chair, trembling like grain before the wind. He—he . . . Lord—what would Tom do to him—to *him*—when he found that cravat? . . .

How had he had the courage to perpetrate this act? He must have been mad.

All that night Ghevens battled with his mean, small soul, his brain thinking of wild, weird plans to clear himself, and yet always coming back to the decision of simply swearing black and blue that it wasn't his cravat. Nothing could be proved and that was the only thing to do! . . .

He got out of the bed that had given him no rest, at an early hour. With the coming of daylight his courage had returned to a certain extent and he did not feel as nervous as formerly—for light sometimes has a particularly bracing effect on a craven soul.

He took his coffee at a single gulp, scalding his throat and refusing testily to take anything else. Quickly he made his way to the park, and once in the quiet greenness of it his courage came back more than ever.

For several hours—the longest walk he had ever taken in his life—Theodore Ghevens strolled about the park walks. At a trifle after ten, although much earlier than usual, he decided to go to the club. He felt that he must see Orville and get the thing over with, the sooner the better. He would not feel contented or relieved in mind until the

whole business was finished and he had successfully lied out of it. Unfortunately, though, Tom would not arrive at the club much before twelve, even though he got back from Philadelphia quite early—but, of course, he'd go home first. Perhaps, though, as Tom always rose at such an early hour, he might be there soon.

At the club, several jocular remarks were thrown at him as to his early appearance, and every one sent anger to his heart and made him feel like crashing his fist into the mouth that had spoken—yet he smiled his thin smile and muttered some commonplace. One or two members, even, asked him why he was not wearing his newest cravat, and Ghevens found it difficult to keep his face straight, though he felt it go paler and colder. The—the thing was getting on his nerves more than he had thought it would.

More than ever, as each moment went by, he wished that Orville would put in an appearance. Confound him, why didn't he come? He was usually there before twelve, all over the place and quite the center of conversation. Oh, well, it was only eleven forty-five, even though it did seem that he had waited fully treble that time. He was morbidly anxious for Tom to arrive and get the thing over with, for he had surely found the cravat by this time!

Presently Orville did arrive—a trifle after twelve, to be exact. But, when he did, Theodore Ghevens' soul turned icy and his face went quite ashen. He found it difficult to stop from screeching to relieve his shattered nerves, his fingers digging into the leather of his chair, where he had been reading, until the nails bit through. His body, inside, felt as if some volcanic eruption were in progress. *Tom Orville was wearing the cravat he had left on the dresser! . . .*

Ghevens' state of mind was pitiful. He would have given all he possessed to be able miraculously to fade from view, to get away from that towering, laughing form. What—what a shock—Tom wearing the cravat! He was

doing it, probably, in order to acquaint him with the fact that he knew. It struck him like a grim, ominous warning that he had heard the Black Hand and such organizations first sent out, to instill fear into their victims and torture them before taking payment with their lives. Also, what made it seem more probable than otherwise, was that Orville had appeared not to notice him. It—*it was done to torture him!*

He glanced about the room with hunted eyes for some avenue of escape. None seemed available, for to reach any exit he would have to pass Tom—and the latter, seeing his quarry getting away, might slip those powerful fingers about his throat and throttle him then and there. Yes, there was no telling what Tom might do should he once become angry. It—it was best to try and remain cool and carry the thing off as he had planned. But now that it was upon him he felt unable to face the thing. If only he could get away!

Why didn't Tom come over and accuse him—why did he so cruelly delay the matter? Why did he stand there, boisterously talking and laughing of the gay time he'd had in Philly with old Stevens. Every word, recounting the spree they'd had to do honor to the occasion sent Ghevens' nerves more raw than ever. Why didn't he come over? . . . Hang him, torturing him that way!

And then, leisurely, Tom turned about, called him by name, and sauntered slowly over, smiling with apparently more joviality than ever!

Again Ghevens' soul turned. How he wished that Tom had left the club and given more time! Meeting the issue face to face, he cursed himself for an imbecile for not having left the country, as he had first planned. Tom might throttle him then and there. There was no knowing *what* this big, jolly, athletic chap might do when once aroused! . . . He felt his face go chalky, felt the beads of chilled perspiration break on his forehead, felt his heart almost stop.

"Hullo, there, old Theo," came Tom's rollicking voice, with a smile and an insinuating wink.

Dimly, Ghevens saw the big figure towering over him as if through a thick fog. He wet his parched lips, trying to bring forth speech. He believed that he answered something, but he was not sure. He did not seem alive; he felt that a quiet, numbing death was creeping over him—and soon those hands might be about his throat— . . .

Again, through the haze, came that wink and genial laugh. He heard the voice as if far away, in another world, yet strangely clear and distinct.

"What do you know about my tie, eh? Ha, ha, ha!—joke's on you, eh? You're not the *only* one, you know! Told you I was going to get one just like it—what?"

The cheery, slangy words sent Ghevens nearly mad. Again he tried to speak, but this time he could not. Why was he so tortured—why, why, why? He felt like screaming; he even tried to do so to relieve his agony. No sound came. What would he do—what would he do? . . . He—he would try to tell the whole story, truthfully, and it might save him! Yes, that was by far the best—the only—thing to do. But why had he been such a fool—why, why, why? . . . But he'd tell the whole thing; that was best. He struggled to regain his voice. At last it came; and,

though he knew not the outcome, he felt immeasurably relieved. What would happen he did not care—yes, yes he did. And—and the truth might save him.

"Tom, I want to—"

But Orville had broken in. "Hang it, Theo, what in the devil's the matter? Looking a bit peaked, old scout!" Again that genial wink and smile. "Oh, I gotcha, Steve. Jealous about my tie, eh? Mad 'cause I copped your comedy! But what do you think, eh? Some joke on our friend Tubbs, all right. Got in from Philly this morning. Had—well, had kind of a spree there, you know, and the first thing I thought of was about that tie—wouldn't be satisfied until I got one like it. Jumped in a taxi and bought one and—and what do you think happened when I got home?"

He paused, beaming and winking; and Ghevens steeled himself for the blow he thought was coming. But the voice went on with a loud roar:

"Why, when I opened the box and dumped the thing out on the dresser—*hanged if there weren't two ties there!* . . . Thought at first I was seeing things after my gentle spree, but I counted 'em over carefully, three times, and there they were—*two of 'em!* . . . Pretty good joke—what?"

Mr. Theodore Ghevens, when he found his voice, thought that it was—very, *very* good!



AN altruist is one who would be sincerely sorry to see his neighbor's children devoured by wolves.



CLEVERNESS is the art of putting other people's ideas into your own words.



THE THOUSAND-AND-SECOND NIGHT

A MODERN ARABIAN NIGHT IN THE CAPITAL OF PERSIA

By Robert Garland

I
IT is quite possible that I may forget Teheran, but I shall never forget Zobeida. Persia and its comic capital are far away, but Zobeida, whose eyes are those of a gazelle and whose voice is as a fountain playing in the night, is near at hand. She stands beside me as I write, a living, breathing memory.

Had I the gift, I would pen you a prelude in a high romantic key, *molto con passione*, as the Italians say. I would limn Zobeida in words of living fire, as is her due, fashioning you a verbal rhapsody. I would sing of curve of throat and hip and limb, proving for once and all that Allah, when He wants to be, is the master artist. Not only would I tell of languorous eyes, dusky lashes and of an alluring smile, but I would make the woman stand smoldering before you, sullen and suave. You would see, as I have seen, her frown break the strong straight line of heavy brows, displaying that unknown something she is holding back from all the world. These things you would not forget, even as I can not forget them. And, what is more, I would make you gasp, as I still do, before the brilliance of her smile of smiles.

But, alas, such miracles are not for me, and, I fear, can never be. I must rest content within my limitations. All I can do is tell you of this Persian dancing girl as best I may, paint her, with trembling hand, against the exotic background of the far city in which

she plays idly with the hours as a child plays with a string of beads. Teheran is difficult of access, as you shall shortly see, but merely to have seen Zobeida is worth all the toil involved in getting there. Could I have known that she was there, I never would have faltered on my way. Without the memory of Zobeida, Teheran would not exist for me. With her, it is a haven of delight, an earthly, mud-built paradise. Zobeida is Teheran, and Teheran is Zobeida.

Let us hasten to them. . . .

II

THE Transcaucasian railway landed us luxuriously at Baku. These Russian railways are of a wider gauge than ours. Their carriages seem half as wide again, and are, therefore, twice as comfortable. Dining cars we had, with shaded lights and service unexcelled. There were cars with Scotch-and-sodas and the *London Times*; there were stateroomed Pullmans minus their rightful African attachments. As we hastened toward the Caspian Sea every luxury was ours, even the luxury of running on scheduled time was not denied us.

We thought to jump from London to Berlin with ease; from Berlin to Warsaw modern comforts were more or less to be expected; but beyond the Polish capital we hoped for the worse. Had we not been prepared for a railway such as may be found in southern Maryland? But travel books, as well

as travel articles, are mostly lies. As far as Baku the Transcaucasian Railway left nothing to be desired. This far it gave us all the comforts to which we had not been used at home. Beyond Baku I know nothing of its ways. Here it left us high and dry—low and damp, if honesty were wise!—and turned its iron back upon us.

Baku out-Pittsburghs Pittsburgh. It is huge, wealthy, modern, filled with bustle and confusion. Its streets are lined with millionaires and motorcars, for Baku reeks with its recently discovered oil. The very smell of Baku made us tired. We longed for our swiftly moving, softly lighted train. We felt anachronistic and forlorn. Although we were all but on the border, Persia had never seemed so far away. But we did not care. For some unaccountable reason we were broken and disconsolate. All we wanted was a bed. I have seen but little of Baku, and I know but two or three of its hundred thousand souls. It was night when we arrived; in the morning it wrapped itself in a cloak of fog. If the hotel is an index to the town, Baku was kind.

The Caspian did not welcome us. With all its watery power it tried to drive us back. There was something personal in its wrath. It hid purposely, I believe, the Gilan coast in banks of mist and called upon the winds for aid. Our dirty Russian packet-boat, which was none too large, danced up and down. But during the night, when fatigue had driven us below, the sea subsided and the wind withdrew. At daybreak the flat green coast lay stretched before us, backed by high, misty mountains such as one sees upon a lacquer-tray. The morning sun told us that we might safely land at Enzeli.

Enzeli is nothing much to speak of, although of late it has developed Monte-Carlo-ian ambitions. The Grand Hôtel des Bains is the only highlight I can call to mind, and this because we made an excellent breakfast on the terrace overlooking the tempered Caspian. While waiting for the motorbus for

Resht we were shown the Shah's pavilion, which suggested the pagoda Rhoda ran. Resht is red-tiled, and, from a distance, strangely Mongolian in appearance, buried in splendid trees. There we hoped to find a motorcar to take us to Teheran, but no sooner had we honked ourselves into the town than we knew that all was lost. I should as soon have thought of asking for an ice-cream soda as a motorcar!

Resht I shall always remember. In it there is nothing to see, nothing to do, nothing to eat, nowhere to sleep. We examined lodgings offered by the best hotel, deciding death in the open to be preferable. We wished loudly that we had not come, and the natives did not dispute the matter with us. So we dined on quinine and bribed our driver to push on through the jungle which stretches to Astrabad. Having threaded the stupendous Sefid Rud Gorge and climbed the Elburz Range, we came upon a dun and ochre landscape, curiously effective. Across Persia's great plateau we crawled, changing horses every now and then, and made Kazvin and an hotel whose courtyard and garden offset the aspect of its *salle à manger*.

Beyond Kazvin, Demavend, god and guardian of Teheran, entered our lives suddenly and unexpectedly. Demavend, the great, the beautiful, the inconstant, is, next to Zobeida, my most haunting Teheranian memory. Zobeida is my heart's desire, but Demavend is the desire of my soul. The huge triangle of this happily extinct volcano rises sharply against the vivid sky and dominates the country about Teheran as Etna dominates the Ionian side of Sicily. Cold and white, incredibly austere, Demavend guards you so long as you linger in Teheran. You watch its coloring from dawn until the setting sun illuminates it theatrically, as with a spotlight, after the lesser peaks are steeped in twilight.

At last Teheran came into view. You see its arching trees when the town is still invisible. The trees are green as green can be; they stand out

strongly against the yellow of the plain. The town is there, yet you see it not, and this because it is largely of the mud on which it stands. Drawing nearer at a snail-like pace, you make out many a brilliant dome and soaring minaret. And finally a dream city lies beyond, huddled within its castellated walls.

Our horses and our youthful driver revived miraculously as we drew near Teheran, but nothing short of a resurrection could have made a man of me. Never have I been so tired; I was saturated with fatigue. A vision stalked before me, a vision of the Hotel Vanderbilt and a bed and bath I knew of there. Other than this nothing mattered in the least. The gates of the Persian capital interested me not at all; the gates of Heaven would have bored me equally. We hastened through the Kazvin Gate; glazed bricks of blue and yellow, black and white, topped by five blue-tiled Maxfield Parrish minarets. We rushed, bouncing like a rubber ball, over holes and other obstacles, past endless and impenetrable mud walls, until we drew up grandly before the Hôtel de Calais.

Immediately I stumbled off to bed. Somewhere, far away, a drum beat restlessly, while near at hand a harsh voice called out something I could not understand. And then I slept until night had claimed the ugly town. When I awoke the moon was climbing through the trees and a nightingale was singing in the garden on which my window gave. And this night, a night of silver moonlight and a few faint stars, I was to see Zobeida, to fall a victim to her eastern spell. When I recall what was in store for me it seems remarkable that I should not have known. For what other reason could such a night have been made?

But, as the Moslems say, Allah is the most wise. Unexpected pleasures are the best. . . .

III

JUST as one connects laundries with China, tea-houses with Japan and ba-

nana-stands with Italy, one connects nightingales with Persia. In every mental picture of the land of the Lion and the Sun a Tetraxian nightingale pours forth its song against a background of Omar Khayyam, Hafiz and unnumbered Persian rugs. And, strange as it may seem, tradition is quite correct. In China I have never seen a laundry, and the Peninsula and banana-stands are scarcely on speaking terms, but, after this, matters take a turn, for, as you know, Japan is nothing more than one large tea-house, with mousmè and cherry-blossoms on the side, and Persia is as thick with nightingales as Wilmington is with cobblestones. Truth to tell, Persia overdoes its nightingales a bit.

As I dressed after a refreshing sleep, the *bulbuls* outside my window sang on and on, their silvery notes mingling, if such a thing could be, with the silvery moonlight that seemed to be dripping through the soaring trees of pine and poplar, cypress and plane. The night was still and warm, and the enormous moon had frightened all the little stars away. A strong, sweet odor, strangely disquieting, drifted up from the garden below, relieving that unmistakable odor of the Orient to which I can never grow accustomed. My spirits revived. Here, said I, is a place where adventure may be found.

Below, stuck up in the courtyard of my hotel, I found a welcome awaiting me. My friend, an Englishman residing in Teheran, had called and, finding me asleep, had left a letter bidding me to an entertainment he was giving that very night. Standing beside a rippling pool, I read his kindly note, while the tinkle-tinkle of a fountain drowned the singing of the nightingales. The entire diplomatic set—bores, bored and semi-bores!—would be on hand, he wrote, as well as several peerless Persians. Girls and boys would dance and sing and entertain us generally. As the way was devious and dark, being a Persian way, he would send his servants for me. At nine o'clock, the time appointed, a

small-sized caravan arrived, armed as if for war, under the generalship of one Hassan, a personable youth, whom I was destined to know very well indeed. So I set forth spectacularly, with two lantern-bearers in the lead, Heaven knows how many retainers in the rear, and the fear of God strong within my heart.

We threaded endless narrow streets, lined with monotonous walls of mud, broken every now and then by huge spiked wooden gates like those of mediæval Italy. The moon, now that she was needed, hid her face behind a wandering cloud, proving her sex for once and all. The way was twice as dark and three times as devious as I had thought it possible for any way to be. The streets were filled with refuse, holes and shadows. Wild, hungry looking dogs darted across our illuminated circle and disappeared into the shadows that lurked greedily beyond our lanterns' glow. From far away came a tom-tom's pulsing beat, and at regular intervals a dog howled dismally until I felt that I should like to join in. Once in a great while we came upon a discouraged city light, accentuating the darkness which seemed about to creep upon the fainting flame and overpower it.

Beyond the frequent noises of the Eastern night there was a strange stillness, a stillness almost visible. That vast silence somehow made its presence felt. It was as if the howling of the dogs, the beat of the tom-toms, the occasional wift of exotic music that drifted above the walls were all but non-existent, mere bubbles, fragile, temporary, upon a vast river of quietude that was flowing swiftly and relentlessly from one unknown region to another. Thus the East always impresses me, and never has the effect been more poignant than on this, my first night in Teheran. This indefinable, brooding quality of the Orient, this effect of sublime thoughts unexpressed, of marvelous deeds yet to be done, is its greatest charm, disquieting as it oftentimes is.

One or two venerable carriages rattled along the worse than unpaved streets. At an unlighted corner we ran into a procession much like ours. An occasional pedestrian, lantern in hand, hurried by with inquiring and friendly glance. Two enormous waddling black bundles hugged the walls of mud, shuffling along in heelless slippers; shapeless, hideous phantoms from which peered large and not unamicable eyes. Beneath the *chader* (which is the huge, all-enveloping black domino the women wear) and *rouhband* (the long, narrow veil of white covering the face) there may have been beauty and to spare. But, on the other hand, there may not have been. In Persia, every woman has a chance until the *chader* and the *rouhband* are removed. And then, if the woman is clever, it is sometimes too late for the gentleman to change his mind!

The Persian capital, at night, can not be spoken of as gay. Behind the everlasting walls the night life of the city went on its sweet and Oriental way, but in the streets all was peaceful and serene. In retrospect, Annapolis glittered like the *Soleil Roi*. Scraps of music fluttered across secretive walls; a distant tom-tom made itself more felt than heard; human voices sometimes mingled with the nightingales; but these were ever so remote, like sounds in a dream. And, for one thrilling moment, I heard Billy Murray singing "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee" on a wheezy phonograph.

We passed beneath a soaring gateway and out into what bore the air of open country, although we were still within the city walls. The moon came out and turned our lanterns sick and dim. Beneath another gate we passed, a towering, glimmering pile against an iridescent sky. Somewhere near at hand a military band was rendering "Aida" in a manner all its own. A turn to the left, another to the right, a challenge, a reply, and I found myself in fairyland, gazing into the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen.

Zobeida had arrived. . . .

IV

SHE stood, did Zobeida, against a background filched from The Book of a Thousand Nights and One Night. Her setting was sublime; this she knew, as any woman would have known, and womanwise, she made the most of it.

Glowing yellow lanterns hung from tall, dark trees. Fountains flung their lace-like liquid high in air. Terrace after terrace climbed toward the sky against which a white pavilion stood out like a ghostly silhouette, each terrace hung with unnumbered lights and filled with many a living purple shadow. Above, the Persian moon—which is like no other moon—swam giddily in clouds. Below, pool after pool reflected lanterns, moon and sky; huge marble basins filled with molten gold. Demavend, white and immaculate, shone in the east as if miraculously suspended between Heaven and earth. From a band, invisible and far enough away, came the Nile music from “Aida,” not too badly played. And the splashing of the fountains was as the murmur of that sacred stream as it flows beyond the pyramids, from Turra down to Gizeh.

It was fantastic, unsubstantial, bizarre; a latter day extravaganza. The scene was built of dream stuff, hung with unreality. A cry sprang to my parted lips; a band of iron seemed to grip my throat.

The woman’s hand went to her heart, and, instantly, her eager eyes met mine. For an endless idiotic moment we stood and stared, while my heart hammered foolishly within me. The woman was part and parcel of the night. Her eyes were large and dark and almond-shaped, but not tilted like the Japanese; straight they were, with the longest lashes I have ever seen. Above her nose her eyebrows made a long black line. Her hair was massed upon her shapely head beneath a dancer’s crimson *chargat*, and in its depths lurked blue-black shadows. Her mouth was soft and warm and very red; it was a sullen mouth which at the same time

attracted and repelled. And the full under lip told its tale. . . .

“*Bismillah!*” I exclaimed spontaneously.

The woman sighed, after which she smiled adorably.

“May your shadow never grow less, my *sahib*,” murmured she. The sound of her voice was as the sound of running water. “*Mashallah!*” she added fervently. “May your nose be fat.”

Hassan took me in with laughing eyes. The woman frowned and turned aside. I could see that the youthful Persian annoyed her.

“Woman is a calamity, my *sahib*,” Hassan quoted softly, “but no man should be without one. And the *sahib* is all alone.” His voice was smooth and strangely like a piece of violet velvet. He started forward; there was nothing I could do but follow, although heaven knows I did not want to go. “Behold,” said he with sweeping gesture, “we have arrived, *alhamdulillah*.”

Descending a flight of marble steps we traversed a lengthy flower-bordered path, roofed with balls of yellow flame. I tried—honestly, I did!—not to look back, but the effort was a useless one. Lot himself could not have acted otherwise. The woman stood as I had left her, statue-still, her hand above her heart, her crimson *chargat* a splash of color against the night. She made no move, neither did she smile, but was quite content to follow me with large dark eyes until a kindly column intervened.

“*Yallah!*” breathed Hassan, apropos of nothing.

A moment later he dropped back and walked beside me. I could see that there was something on his mind. He gazed fondly at the swimming moon and seemed to be murmuring sweet nothings in his beard. A smile of child-like innocence illumined his handsome face. Suddenly he looked at me sideways, his eyes aglow. When he spoke, it was slowly, so I could not fail to understand.

“She is young,” he murmured—“chanted” would only be a fair exag-

geration—"yes, very, very young. She is fresh as the snows that lie on Demevend, but she is not cold. And she is fair, as the *sahib* knows. She is a dancing girl, and comes from the valley of the Amu Daria, which is in Bokhara. Her mother also was a dancing girl; her father—*aib ne dared!* Her—"

"Be quiet," said I, hurrying on.

"Her eyes are those of a gazelle," continued he, "and her body is like a cypress swaying in the summer breeze. When—"

"Hassan," I requested, "be pleased to shut up."

The young man smiled pleasantly, showing his gleaming teeth.

"When she walks it is as if a tender fawn stole beneath the watching trees. Her voice is that of the nightingale singing to the rose. Her disposition is sweeter than water of roses. Her face is like the moon on the fourteenth night; it—"

"It is not!" interrupted I.

Hassan chuckled appreciatively.

"*Yallah!*" he exclaimed, "but what I say is true. Her face is like the moon on the fourteenth night. Her lips rival the pomegranate, whose crimson makes rubies pale. Her—"

This was more than I could stand.

"*Bismillah*, be still," commanded I, and for a moment Hassan merely watched me with a worldly eye.

We were climbing an enormous flight of marble stairs. The band had ceased; a distant tom-tom, accenting the brooding stillness of the oriental night, throbbed like the heart of the Universe. From the gardens came the laughter of women, which mingled with the fountains' song. A nightingale was singing overhead. The enormous moon dropped spears of light between the trees.

Hassan drew near; his voice was faint and pleading.

"Her name is Zobeida," he breathed, "and she is very beautiful. She is owned by one Ali, a godly man, who is a friend of mine. He is a *dellal*, and honest as the day. For a little, things can be arranged."

He paused dramatically

"For very little, my *sahib*. Ali is most reasonable."

We were approaching a low pavilion, set in a grove of towering trees. Moving about were people in European dress.

"A moment more," said Hassan, "and it will be too late."

I did not reply, and the youth once more led the way. Standing beneath an enormous yellow lantern, I made out my host awaiting me. I hastened up; spoke to him. Hassan retired with creditable discreetness behind his master's back and eyed me knowingly. He moved his head slowly up and down; his arresting eyes flashed a challenge. Hassan has a very winning way. . . .

"Come," said my host, greetings over, "dancing will soon begin."

Hassan nodded once again, with infinite precaution. His smile flashed across the intervening space. Laying his finger across his crimson lips he promised silence everlasting.

For a second, or the part of one, I closed my eyes, summoning Zobeida. Her eyes, which are like the eyes of a gazelle, looked into mine; her sullen lips were warm and red; I felt her breath upon my face and it was sweeter than the breath of the jessamine. She was young, desirable. Her hand was on her heart; her quick-drawn breath fluttered like a butterfly. . . .

I raised my head slowly, then lowered it. In a flash, Hassan disappeared. I heard his rapid step upon the gravel walk.

My host placed his hand on my arm.

"Come," said he.

We moved, arm in arm, toward the pools of liquid light beyond which the band had just begun to improve upon "The Chocolate Soldier."

V

THAT night boys and girls danced for our entertainment beside a glassy pool; strange oriental dances to strange oriental music. Zobeida danced with them, flame in every movement, and,

once in a while, her eyes caught mine. Other than this, she made no sign.

We supped with the other guests in the white pavilion atop the hill and watched the yellow lanterns die one by one, as if snuffed out by the jealous moon. The refreshments were as exotic as they were heterogeneous; the conversation might have taken place in Berkeley Square. And as for me, I could think of nothing but Zobeida.

As Hassan led me hotelward he spoke scarcely a word, but was content to hum monotonously to himself. My thoughts circled about Zobeida. The streets were deader than those of Pompeii; even the hungry dogs had gone to rest. At the hotel door he bade me good night, adding, as an after thought, that all had been arranged. Zobeida, daughter of the moon, would be strolling in my host's garden at half-past ten, in the shaded alley that leads to the pavilion on the hill.

"Zobeida is young and beautiful," he breathed, "and to her the *sahib* is as a god." He paused, then: "Ali was most reasonable," he added. I was to give him Ali's fee; he would see it safely delivered.

I slipped some gold in his soft, dark hand.

"The garden is as the garden of Paradise," he told me, as he moved away, "and Zobeida is as an angel walking therein. The moon will be hanging in the sky, and, as the *sahib* knows, it is the moon that makes all lovers mad."

Suddenly he turned and faced me.

"The *sahib* will be able to write a supplementary Arabian Night's Entertainment," suggested he.

"Yes," I agreed. "A Thousand-and-Second Night."

Hassan smiled orientally.

"*Furda inshallah*," he breathed.

Then, with an "*Ittefat-i-shuma ziad*," the youth was gone.

VI

THE next day, from morn to eve, Zobeida and I took in the town.

Invisible to mortal eye, my dancing

girl walked beside me through the busy streets and drove with me along the avenues beneath arching trees. It was well that she was imperceptible, for had she been there in the flesh we would have both been mobbed. A Persian woman, no matter what her caste may be, must not be seen in the presence of one of the *firenghi*, who is, of course, unclean, and who is apt to be a Christian and a dog.

Teheran is truly a comic opera capital. It reminds me of a typical Persian, a man steeped in the life and the traditions of the unchanging East, who has donned, for the moment, European clothes. The clothes are out of date—if they were ever in date!—and are put on the wrong way; they accent rather than cover their wearer's orientalism. Such is Teheran! It is, after all, nothing but an ordinary dirty uninteresting Persian city, mud built and of transitory aspect, smeared ever so lightly with a pseudo-European veneer.

The principal thoroughfare is almost bearable. It is the Khiaban-Ala-ed-Dowleh, which everyone speaks of as the Rue des Legations, a fine street lined with poplars and gay with the military of almost every nationality. It begins at the British Legation and ends spectacularly at the Meid-i-Toup-Khaneh, with its huge octagonal tank of dirty water. Here is Teheran's Broadway and Forty-second street. Here, also, is the enormous brass cannon used as *bast* (sanctuary) by the criminals of the city. This open space is surrounded by badly constructed buildings in imitation of the colonnades of an Italian *piazza*. The columns are uncountable; each painted a different and inharmonious color.

At one end of the Meid-i-Toup-Khaneh is the beautiful Bank of Persia, which is, to my mind, the most beautiful building in Teheran, covered, as it is, with brilliant varicolored tiles. Just beyond is the Nasiriyah Gate, arched and delicately facaded, which leads to the palace and to the bazaars. On the same side of the square, at the other end, is the Dowlet Gate over

which floats the royal standard when "The Point of Adoration of the Universe," "The Shadow of Allah," "The Asylum of the World," in other words, the Shah, is in residence. In this *piazza* I came upon the Nagara-Khana, where, twice a day, at sunrise and sunset, barbaric music is performed to the glory of Allah and his earthly counterpart, the custom dating from the days of Zoroaster. Here an occasional tram wanders idly about, as if lost and lonely.

In the Meidan-i-Maksh, which isn't much to look at, the Persian army was drilling under the noisy supervision of Captain Massakroff, straight out of "The Chocolate Soldier." Each soldier was an ardent individualist with ideas of his own as to drilling, and Captain Massakroff did nothing, so far as I could see, to dilute his individuality. I plunged heroically into the narrow, vaulted, meandering streets where the bazaars are; streets which would make Bedlam look like the Century Club. But, let me confess it, the backwaters of Teheran proved too much for me.

Never have I heard such pandemonium; never have I known such an inferno of noise, filth and smell. Everyone was yelling as if that were all he had to do. Donkeys brayed; camels, hundreds of them, grunted hideously; bells jangled; dogs barked unceasingly and howled when trodden upon; men shrieked murderously at one another in an effort to make a cent or two. The streets were thronged with every kind of animal, making progress all but impossible, while on either side men sat cross-legged on Persian rugs within their little stalls, or haggled hellishly over one *shahi*. Women, wrapped and veiled, shuffled past; silly, formless figures of an irritating sameness. Any one of them, I thought, might be my Zobeida. . . .

Sickening of all this; tired of the noise, the dirt and the unbearable and all-pervading smell, I summoned the first *caleskeh* that was ever made and drove to my hotel. The Cossakish coachman charged me ten *krans*, the

tariff being two, but I paid him gladly, thankful to be alive.

Flinging myself upon my welcome bed, I spent the long hot afternoon watching the dark and forbidding clouds which were piling overhead and dreaming of Zobeida, a sensuous Persian garden and The Thousand-and-Second Night which was to come.

After a while, I fell asleep. . . .

VII

WHEN I awoke it was ten o'clock, and the rain was coming down as if making up for a drouth of a hundred years.

Hurriedly I donned raincoat and goloshes and sallied forth, arriving before the appointed hour. No one was in sight. The garden was wet and damp and unspeakably depressing. No lanterns glowed among the foliage; no moon swam overhead; no nightingale poured forth its song of love. Everything was watersoaked; everything became a watersprout, poured water in a different way. For a while I stood beneath a fountain, thinking that it was a tree.

For an hour I waited, the longest hour I have ever known, but no Zobeida loitered beneath the trees. No human being disturbed my solitude. My cigarette sizzled, and went out. The garden grew more and more Venetian as the moments dragged. Loneliness came and stood beside me in the wet; not so much as a friendly fish navigated the path in which I stood. I had plenty of time in which to think as the rain poured down my back and ran in playful little eddies about my feet. Then, feeling sure Zobeida, whose voice is that of a nightingale singing to a rose, could not procure a boat and realizing she could come no other way, I paddled home to bed, where I remained a week, nursing a wretched cold.

VIII

BUT colds are curable, and I do not say there was no other night when the

moon shone and the *bulbuls* sang and Zobeida walked in the shade of the cypress trees. With this we have naught to do. All that concerns us is The

Thousand-and-Second Night, which ended as such things should, with Virtue triumphant and Vice lowered with a cold.



LEAVES FROM A BOOK OF DREAMS

By John Hanlon

I

"HOW shall I know that I really love him, mother?" I asked as they bound the flowers about my brow; but she only smiled and kissed me once upon the forehead.

"How shall I know that he loves me truly, O mother?" I asked, as they flung the foamy veil over my shoulders; but she only smiled and pressed her hand close against my heart.

II

The bride went unto her rich bridegroom; but, as she crossed the marble threshold, she glanced wistfully back towards the youth who sold water by the palace gate. He bowed his head, and tried to whistle carelessly; but the notes crashed into discords.



A LYRIC

By Bliss Carman

MY heart is a garden of dreams
Where you walk when day is done,
Fair as the royal flowers,
Calm as the lingering sun.

Never a drouth comes there,
Nor any frost that mars,
Only the wind of love
Under the early stars,—

The living breath that moves
Whispering to and fro,
Like the voice of God in the dusk
Of the Garden long ago.



AN AFFAIR

By Paul Hervey Fox

MARIE sat in the crowded, clattering trolley with the hateful books under her arm, and moodily considered her future. The school year had begun once more; and she was back at the dreary grind of teaching. Oh, for a touch of deviltry, a hint of romance, to interrupt the eternal monotony of her existence! But . . . she was plain. That her name should be Marie, she reflected, was only an added irony. Marie suggested a pretty, pink little thing with splendid eyes; *she* ought to have been called Susan or Sarah.

She awoke from her dismal reverie as the car rumbled across a switch and stopped at the street where her school was located. As she made for the door she caught her breath a little suddenly. A man standing there, a rather tall fellow with prematurely white hair, was scrutinizing her over the edge of his paper. The experience was an unusual one, for the glance had been by no means casual. It was rather as if he had attempted to fasten her face in his memory. As she walked towards the big red-brick edifice that was her prison she was in a flutter of excitement.

She managed to catch the same trolley the day following, and with a kind of shy eagerness looked about for the man with the distinguished white hair. He wasn't on board, and Marie, with a bitter little sigh, gave herself up to cynical meditations. Then about four or five blocks away from her destination he entered. He cast a quick glance around, saw Marie, and, without waiting, strode up and took a position in front of her. Marie's heart was thump-

ing in a very undignified fashion. She didn't dare raise her head. . . .

For the next three days this procedure continued. No matter where she took a seat, he always read his paper in front of her, even though he had to push through the crowd to find her. He was a gentleman, Marie decided; in the face of that faultless conduct she had grown quite sure of herself with him. The day after that was Saturday. Acting upon a sudden impulse, she determined to dress herself as tastefully as possible and take that particular car all the way downtown. Possibly something might—might happen.

The man with the white hair boarded the trolley next morning, and as always came forward and gripped the strap over her head. When the car came to the street where she regularly got off she glanced up at him quietly. He gave a start of surprise when he saw that she hadn't moved. His mouth opened slightly and closed. Then he colored. His conduct was odd; and it somehow frightened Marie. She felt exactly as if she had blundered in some unknown way. She jumped up and pressed the button for the next corner. As she went through the door she tried hard to control herself, but instinct could not be denied. She turned.

The man with the distinguished white hair was sitting down in the seat she had just vacated, to the apparent envy of several other strap-hangers. His face wore a look of satisfaction. He didn't even glance in Marie's direction. Then suddenly, stunning her, the whole thing was lit up in her mind. *He had stood in front of her each morning merely in order to get her seat!*

THE PHILANTHROPIST

By Hayden Jameson

IF you will consult your dictionary and turn to the word "philanthropy," you will discover that it is defined as "benevolence toward the human race."

If you will go with me to the office of George Fuller Felton, you will find how it works out sometimes—if not too often.

Mr. Felton was as to age thirty-six, and as to this world's goods extremely well-to-do. Consequently, philanthropists had come into his life on many occasions—also into his check book. "Benevolence toward the human race" assiduously attacks check books—and other things.

Mr. Felton was dictating a letter when he was interrupted by the unannounced entrance of an unusually handsome woman who was as to age thirty-four and as to dress entirely the fashion. Before she had introduced herself as Mrs. Matthews, he had recognized her as the possessor of that vague thing which people call a striking personality.

(Psychological observation Number One: "Personality," which we take to mean all that is forceful, impressive and virile, is the manifestation of great sex development.)

Mrs. Matthews explained, with that graciousness and warmth which are becoming to women in high station, that she was one of the trustees of a home for "unfortunate girls and young women," and she left Mr. Felton no room for doubt that his check book would be called into play. To this he made no objection, saying that he considered the "home" a splendid charity and that she found in him a ready contributor.

"We have some of the most remark-

able cases," said Mrs. Matthews, apparently opening a conversation which Mr. Felton fondly hoped had been closed.

(Psychological observation Number Two: Mr. Felton did not know that we talk about only those things which we like, and that, if we are barred from them by lack of means, geographical limitations, conventionalities or what-not, we seek indirect paths to reach the lovely or the ugly things that attract us.)

Mrs. Matthews who, be it understood, was beyond reproach among her associates and regarded as an exemplary wife and mother, proceeded with the narrative of the "remarkable cases." In reality, all of them were as old as the beginnings of history and, naturally, revolved about the ancient institution of the betrayal of women, young and old, by men, also young and old. Mr. Felton was not only bored. He also was embarrassed. And, since Mrs. Matthews talked until the luncheon hour, he saw an opportunity to put an end to the conversation. He grasped it. He invited Mrs. Matthews to have luncheon with him.

To his amazement, she accepted the invitation. As they stood at the elevator—Mrs. Matthews complacent over the success of her solicitation and Mr. Felton benumbed by the prolongation of her talk—he noticed that she was not carrying the silver mesh bag which she had brought into his office.

He returned to the office and got it for her.

(Psychological observation Number Three: He was unaware that a definite mental mechanism lies behind all

our "forgetting" and "mislaying of objects," and that the only time we leave in other places articles closely identified with us is when we want an excuse for returning to that place or wish to leave the other person a reminder of ourselves.)

The luncheon was a tremendous success—from the Matthews standpoint. She related many "unfortunate cases," and built up numerous opportunities for bedimming her eyes with the haze of a beautiful sympathy and loving understanding. Unquestionably, she devoted all her energy to the "home." Her thoughts were always there, with the women who had been so unfortunate and with the men who had been responsible for the misfortunes.

"Those girls," she declared with emphasis, "are as good as I am. There is no reason why they should not be accepted as our friends."

(Psychological observation Number Four: Mr. Felton had not learned in his mercantile life that a common mental mechanism is to excuse our own weaknesses by condoning them in others.)

As has been pointed out, Mrs. Matthews had a striking personality. There was about her something of the sensuous. A hardly perceptible but distinctly alluring perfume stole out from her garments. She slightly overdressed the rôle of femininity. Moreover, she was beautiful to behold.

That was why Mr. Felton felt his emotions perceptibly quicken when, as they both reached for the salt, her fingers were upon his and remained there a moment longer than was at all necessary. When he looked at her in quick surprise she averted her gaze momentarily.

(Psychological observation Number Five: He was not sufficiently versed in such things to know that too much conversation leads swiftly and sharply to physical illustrations.)

In all probability he would have thought more of that contact with her fingers if she had not been, like Cæsar's wife, beyond suspicion, and, as she said,

in a position to talk fearlessly and frankly of the "unfortunate girls."

(Psychological observation Number Six: Also, he had never paused to reflect that some people can commit great sins, just as they can accomplish great things, by word of mouth alone.)

"They are wonderful women," she was saying as they were leaving their table. "Love has been unkind to them, but, in spite of that, they go out into the world and really conquer the world and make people do homage to them. Many of them are my friends. I wish I had the time to cultivate them all."

At that moment Mr. Felton's glance, traveling across the restaurant, discovered Ruth Lytton, who was just at that time coming into prominence as an illustrator for the magazines.

He knew her history.

"By the way," he said to Mrs. Matthews, "there's a brilliant young woman over there, a friend of mine. I'd like you to meet her."

He felt no hesitation in making the suggestion. Mrs. Matthews' conversation had been calculated to make him feel as if he had known her for years.

When they were within ten feet of Miss Lytton's table and Mr. Felton was already nodding to her, Mrs. Matthews turned sharply away and went toward the door of the restaurant.

Mr. Felton followed her shortly.

"Why, Mr. Felton, I'm surprised!" said Mrs. Matthews, evidently outraged. "That creature is impossible. I know all about her."

(Psychological observation Number Seven: Mr. Felton was unaware that the laws of society—all laws of society having been made by women—are built on the fundamental truth that the "good women" are merciless toward the "bad women" because every "good woman" realizes keenly that she must build up this sentiment in order to protect herself from doing the thing which she damns in the "bad woman.")

Mr. Felton returned to his office and cursed women philanthropists for the remainder of the afternoon.

THE DEFINITION OF MARJORIE

By Josephine A. Meyer

OF course the original mistake was not having tipped Alphonse in advance—a good substantial tip—you know Alphonse. But where would comedy be without mistakes to start them?

Alan Carolton was so young, so flustered, so untried in all the arts and Alphonse—Alphonse is always too occupied to read frivolous fiction so I dare write it here—Alphonse is a devil of ingenious malice.

"Ah, yes, monsieur," he told Alan, "here is just the place. A view *superbe* and quite, quite alone."

"But there are two tables here," suggested Alan. "If someone else should come, it would be worse than being in the main dining-room."

"We can arrange that, monsieur. It does not get so crowded here." And that is when Alan took the kind, sweet, fatherly, protecting smile at its face value and "had not the nerve," I quote him, "to insult with a tip, anyone so humanly interested." Poor Alan? No, he was rewarded for his delicacy. Let us not pity Lucy Shorer, either—this is a comedy.

Alan was seated at the lonesome table when the sight of her in the vine-edged doorway shot him to his feet with the convulsive spring of a jumping-jack, violently operated, his joints were so young and of such free action. You know Lucy Shorer, the slim, blonde English type that keeps its age, especially nowadays when the stringy *débutante* meets her half way. With our glasses on we should have got the number of her summers, but youth does not wear glasses. If I have not been cruelly explicit enough, let me add it was because

she was not Alan Carolton's mother that Lucy Shorer was here to-day. . . .

"Mrs. Shorer," murmured Alan and flushed to the downy edge of his scalp at the mere mention of her cherished name. "You *did* come."

"I came," she repeated, slowly, her blue eyes full upon him, her sweet voice flooded with something that started prickles down his spine.

"You—I—I—chose this place out here—if you don't mind, because—because the view is so pretty." He helped her with the chair and his hands almost dropped away from the shock conveyed by her silken wraps. Of course, a college student, he knew all about the power of silk to generate electricity. . .

"It is a pretty view," she smiled at him. "It is a place I should have chosen to show you, had I seen it first." Then her eye fell upon the other table.

"That's all right," he explained hastily. "The head-waiter said he would arrange it that no one would use that table." Her shocked, protesting stare plunged him into agonies of self-abasement. That he could have thought for one instant that she was indelicate enough to think—oh! Why had not Providence struck him mute in time! He tumbled headlong into a new subject. "I ordered clams—the little ones you like."

"That was sweet of you." The angel was not offended, or at least, she was tenderly forgiving. He gulped, almost as though he were swallowing her whole, and babbled on dazedly.

"I hope you'll like it all. I did my best to think up something you'd like, but—if I've balled it up, you'll tell me, won't you?—and let me order some-

thing else—anything you want. After the clams they have such wonderful Welsh rarebits here, they say, that I thought that would be nice. And then lobster-salad—and someone told me they have a special way of creaming corn, so I ordered that, and alligator pears—I have been learning to like them for your sake, and then just waffles for dessert. It's only very light lunch, but you said you'd rather that. . . ."

Mrs. Shorer was quite pale but bore up courageously.

"Beautiful," she murmured with trembling lips, and again, "Beautiful!" she repeated more successfully. "I—I wonder—if I shall be able to eat all those wonderful things. How did you come to think up such a meal?"

"I don't know," he flushed with the radiant modesty of one admitting divine inspiration. "I just chose what I liked. Nothing conventional—like those long, stupid dinners one puts up with at people's houses."

"Oh—I remember one long dinner that wasn't stupid," she trilled reproachfully.

"I—I—" he choked, "I ordered cocktails and champagne."

She looked at him for some time, speculatively. After all, her first wish had been that she might have been his mother.

"Let's countermand—the champagne," she suggested.

"Don't you like it?" he was quick to flinch under a discovered error.

"It—it doesn't go well with Welsh rarebits."

"Then we'll do without the rabbit."

Who says a woman will not sacrifice to the uttermost?

"I'd rather have—the rabbit," she declared, swallowing a shudder. Even Nettie Carolton might have been touched had she heard.

The cocktails arrived and—well, it would not have been the second mistake if he had not made the first,—Alphonse got word that the party on the terrace "canned the fizz."

They toasted each other with the

cocktail and it melted something within him.

"Mrs. Shorer," he said, gazing at her directly now, "I don't know what would have happened to me last week if I hadn't found out you were a widow."

She burst into a quick laugh.

"You silly, silly boy! What difference does that make to you?"

"I mean," he stammered, "after knowing you as 'Mrs.'—Of course, if you had been an old maid," he grew scarlet, "a spinster—" he choked, "Miss Shorer—" he stopped dead.

"Why," she fluted in astonishment, "you're not such a foolish boy as to—to make love to me!"

"Foolish?" he gasped.

"Wouldn't it be foolish?"

"You mean I have no chance?"

His directness had almost the same effect on her as her subtlety had on him.

"Chance?" she repeated, stammering. We who wear glasses would have noticed two shades of pink in her cheeks. "Oh no, that isn't quite the point. . . ."

"Then I *have* a chance!" he burst out the harder for the moment's repression. "You — you — to-day — Would you let me call you . . . Lucy?"

"That is my name, Alan," her sweet eyes added volumes,—"to my friends."

"Friends—may—sort of—change?"

A waiter, laden with clams, blotted out his vision of her lovely face, and hovered about them, making attentive noises. Alan ate his clams three at a time to get them out of the way. He looked anxiously at her and, for the first time, neglected to admire the unhurried daintiness with which she absorbed her food. . . . If the waiter were only gone with the plates!

"Don't you like them?" he asked, desperately.

"Delicious," she purred, breaking a roll.

He fidgeted.

"Don't think you've got to eat them if you don't care for them," he begged, at last,—"I'll order something else,—oysters,—or clam chowder—"

She put down her fork and smiled. "I love them. But I mustn't eat too many. Think of what is coming."

"Are you crazy about Welsh rarebit, too?" he beamed. "You are just *perfect*."

"Ah, but it is so bad for me! I may eat only a mouthful!" she began in panic her preparations for an honorable retreat.

"Maybe it won't be, out here in the open air. Sauerkraut disagrees with me frightfully; but once I ate it outdoors and never noticed it. I had baked bananas with it, too. . . . Are you all finished?" For she had given the dish before her an involuntary little shove as though she had in truth had more than enough.

So the waiter disappeared at last.

"I'm so glad he's gone. He ought to know better than to hang around like that," Alan frowned tyrannically at the empty doorway. "If he bothers you I'll tell him, when he comes back. Would—would you—like me to tell him?"

She gazed at her long, shiny fingertips.

"Why?" she asked, softly. "We shall say nothing he should not overhear."

"Oh, nothing wrong," Alan leaned forward, trembling. "But—but something private . . . Lucy . . . I must say it and he'll be back if I don't hurry, and Welsh rarebit takes an awful time to eat . . . Lucy . . ." He timidly placed his big-knuckled, boyish hand over her pink-tipped fingers. "Do you know why I'm so glad you're a widow?"

"Glad I'm a widow!" she chided, "how heartless!"

Her apparent misunderstanding inflamed him. His grip on her hand reminded her vividly of a painful five minutes she had once endured with a defective window-screen. . . .

"It's because I want to marry you! I love you. I've loved you for nearly a month, from the first moment I saw you at that silly Fenton tea affair. You've always understood me so, until to-day. And I keep thinking of you all the time and things you say and the way

you look at me, and I can't get you out of my mind. I nearly killed that cat, Mrs. Orrin Fenton, for something she said about you, and afterward, when I thought it over, I found I didn't care. I wouldn't care, even if it were true,—which I don't believe,—not for a second, but I swear I wouldn't care. Honest."

"Humph! What did Myrtle Fenton say about me?" demanded Mrs. Shorer with a quick kindling glint in her English blue eyes.

"It's such nonsense! Well, it will make you laugh. She said you were in love with my father before he married my mother."

"Ah, that!" she laughed throatily and cooingly, like a sleepy bird. "What a pussy-cat the woman is! Did you ever realize how much in love a baby of, say, four years old, can be with a grown man, and how jealous when he marries someone after promising to wait for her?"

"Was that it?" he blazed, wrathfully. "Oh, what a liar!"

Lucy Shorer jumped and stiffened, but grew calm again as he proceeded.

"She had the wickedness to tell me that you married Mr.—your husband—out of pique. She implied you were as old as that!"

The waiter returned. If you are not in the mood for Welsh rarebit, sooner than come face to face with one, go and sit before a galley ventilator when there is a sea on. . . .

"What's the matter?" Alan noticed her peculiar blotchy pallor with alarm.

"Nothing—I'm—I'm just a little faint."

"Won't you have something—another cocktail?—bring one!" he commanded to the waiter, who withdrew hastily. "Maybe you are hungry. If you would eat your rarebit—"

She shivered violently and pushed her chair back from the table. The next instant he was beside her.

"Lucy, is there anything the matter? Is it anything I've said?" he cried remorsefully.

Her little jewelled hands rested on

his arm and he covered them with one big paw.

"No," she said softly, "no—nothing."

He drew her hands to his lips and then was on his knees beside her.

"Lucy—you will marry me. Say it—say that—I love you, Lucy, say that you love me."

One might even suspect Alphonse of waiting for a cue if one knows what religious devotion Alphonse pays to a generous tip. At any rate he chose his moment with effect.

"A nice, quiet table here, monsieur," said his voice without (as the playwrights have it) and enter Alphonse, and quickly to his feet sprang Alan. . . . "Ah, *pardon*,—but there are no table *lef* inside. I am so sorry!"

A tall man with a grizzled Van Dyck beard stood aside that a girl might enter, an awkward flapper, with dresses to her bony ankles and her soft, gold-tinted hair still down her back. Being shy and nervous, she walked as though she were keeping her balance on a moving platform and seemed to pitch herself desperately at the empty table. The gray-bearded man waited gallantly at the door to give Lucy Shorer a chance to arm herself.

"Ah,—Lucy Shorer!" he then exclaimed with surprised delight. "How charming to meet you here! And is this Alan Carolton? It's not possible!"

Alan quivered with rage. Mrs. Shorer was laughing in ripples that covered all the scales on the piano.

"Howard Bemis! Who would have thought of seeing you here! I thought you were in the West."

"Trains run to New York this time of year. It's the season when one comes on to give one's ward an Easter treat. Marjorie," he called to her and the flapper rose, dropping a fork,—which caused Alan to jump irritably. "Marjorie Percy,—Mrs. Shorer and Mr. Alan Carolton."

She bowed painfully to both. Alan gazed down upon her from the heights.

"This is such a God-sent opportunity," proceeded Bemis genially, "why should we not join forces? These

two young people really ought to meet. Poor Marjorie! She used to enjoy her Easter vacations when she was a little girl, and her treat consisted in being allowed to eat all the indigestible things forbidden as a general rule. And the circus! What can ever replace the circus of our childhood? I'm afraid Marjorie has grown old enough to discover I'm an unconscionable foggy. Secretly she probably wishes she were back in school."

Marjorie's polite denial took the form of a snort that startled herself as much as anyone. Bemis had motioned Alphonse to bring up extra chairs, and I don't think I misjudge Alphonse when I state that he did it with almost joyous alacrity.

"Well," continued Bemis, "what have you ordered? We may take the same."

"Clams, rarebit, lobster, alligator pears and wheat-cakes," recited Lucy Shorer in the voice of one repeating the last sacrament.

"Waffles," corrected Alan reproachfully, "—and a sort of creamed corn."

"How about it?" Bemis questioned his ward without smiling.

"All right," she gulped. "Sounds fine," she added with an attempt to be gracious.

Lucy Shorer's eyes met those of Bemis, tragically.

"We'll wait till you catch up with us," she murmured. "Unless—unless—" she transferred her gaze hopefully to Marjorie,—“if you would take my rarebit so it does not get cold—”

"Can you eat rarebit before clams?" responded Marjorie, hungrily.

She did. Alan glowered uncertainly; he could not offer his plate to Lucy, having tasted it experimentally at her suggestion that it was cooling.

Meantime the two who were not eating had to converse. Bemis mentioned a Willy Pittman of whom Alan had never heard. Lucy was unbelievably interested. . . . Alan devoted himself to his rarebit to account for his silence. But even when the last morsel had been disposed of, the elders continued their

private talk, oblivious to its effect. For a few minutes Alan sulked openly. He called it being silent and forbidding; so did Marjorie's round, gray, admiring eyes,—kitten eyes, full of comfort for his hurt pride. Alan decided to show poise, to let Lucy see he was sure of her, to be kind and entertain this child.

"Go to school?" he ventured patronizingly.

She nodded, her face bright peony.

A deadly pause was filled with the even tones of the elders, and Lucy's musical laugh.

"And you don't mean to tell me that the Hyslops stood for it?"

"Ate it up."

No chance for anyone unacquainted with the Hyslops.

"Whereabouts?" demanded Alan of Marjorie, almost savagely.

"Cranford." She trembled.

"Nice?"

"Horrid."

Alan cleared his throat.

"And Fanny Lee,—what does she say to that?" chattered Lucy.

Marjorie stirred and sent another fork flying. She clutched the edge of her chair and moistened her lips.

"Do you go to college?" she gasped, hoarsely.

"I graduate this year."

"Oh! . . . What college?"

"Yale."

"Oh,—good! I know a girl, she's my chum, who knows someone at Yale. He's a—I forget what. She thinks he's a hero. His name is Whyte,—Teddy Whyte."

"Teddy Whyte!" Alan's face cleared. "He's stroke on the crew. A very good friend of mine," he added, with dignity.

"Are—are you on the crew?"

"Too heavy. I play football—and baseball."

"Football? That's much more exciting than rowing." Her eyes shone.

"But my football days are over. You can't play, once you leave college."

"But baseball. I like that even better."

"Hardly that either," he smiled.

"Look at Matty and Eddie Collins—"

"Sa-ay!" he grinned suddenly in real amazement, "you're a regular fan!"

She leaned toward him with a swift glance at her guardian, who was too engrossed to notice her.

"Why hasn't he the sense to take me to a big league game?" she demanded. "I'm dying to see one."

Alan hesitated.

"How long is your vacation?"

"Two weeks."

"Same as mine. Would he let you go to a game with me?"

"O-oh! If he only would! He would with a chaperon. You could ask her." She nodded at Mrs. Shorer, adding in a whisper, "She looks nice and jolly, and he seems to know her awfully well."

Alan's eyes blazed at her impertinence. Then the situation, with all its advantages, flashed upon him. With Lucy as "chaperon" the ball game would be ideal. His voice went back to its former tones of rather weary and thoroughly grown-up amusement.

"Of course," he drawled. "That would be charming."

"Maybe," continued Marjorie, too excited to note his relapse, "maybe he'd come to keep her company."

Lucy scrupulously disarranged dish after dish as it was put before her, and all the while she talked with almost hysterical vivacity.

A half hour of this was the limit of her endurance. The young people—Alan had dropped his newly acquired age for the occasion—were discussing the Australian crawl, with gestures. Lucy took the opportunity to whisper to Bemis across her little coffee-cup.

"For goodness' sake pack that baby off somewhere and let me smoke!"

Bemis addressed his ward.

"From the other end of the verandah you can see a strip of the Sound, Marjorie,—a handsome sight. Go, take a look."

She rose abruptly, her face flushed as though he had reprimanded her. The

men rose too. She waited, as though for Lucy.

"I've seen it, dear," purred Lucy.

As Marjorie strode off Bemis spoke swiftly to Alan.

"Mrs. Shorer wants to smoke. Will you keep Marjorie busy somewhere for ten minutes?"

Alan responded beautifully. For the first time he felt that the others properly recognized his equality. He left the table with one long, piercing look of dammed-up passion, to which Lucy, in the presence of Bemis, seemed unable to give adequate return.

"It's of no use," said Bemis, whimsically, when they were alone. "It is stronger than either of you."

"What?" She accepted a cigarette and kept her eyes steadily blank.

"Marjorie." He struck a match and held it up for her.

She drooped her eyes over the glare.

"Marjorie?" she laughed softly.

"The definition of Marjorie," declared Bemis, puffing life into his own cigarette, "is—Youth." He shook out the match.

The cruelty of it quenched her laugh, but she came back gamely.

"Alan and I," she blew a perfect ring, "are engaged."

"If you had said you were married that would not change it."

"Change what?"

"Marjorie."

She gazed away stubbornly, and after a short silence he crushed out his cigarette and leaned forward.

"Alphonse," he observed, "has had a big day."

She turned to look at him, somewhat startled.

"Alphonse?"

"You see, I had to out-tip Alan, and since there is no sane reckoning what a boy in his state will stop at, I had to come down handsomely."

"Ah, so you knew we were here?"

"Assuredly. Some day poor Marjorie will forgive me this dull treat."

"Poor Marjorie?" Lucy stared, then raised her brows and shrugged her

slender shoulders. "You might have very well spared her."

"No. It was impossible. I was at Caroltons' yesterday."

"Oh."

"Nettie Carolton had been opening Alan's letters. That's how we knew about this date of yours."

"Very thoughtful of her to beg you to join us." Lucy quenched her cigarette with dainty thoroughness.

"Oh, I declined, gratefully but absolutely."

"And so you came."

"Oh, yes. I couldn't help it. I couldn't keep me away."

"Nettie Carolton has a remarkable influence over men."

"Has she? . . . It was another woman who made me come."

"Oh, really?"

"Lucy," he began, seriously, "think! I hadn't proposed to you for six months."

"Too late. I'm engaged."

"Break it," he commanded. She laughed defiantly. "For his sake, Lucy! If you break it now, when he's at his worst, he'll mope for a month. He needs to diet. It would do him a lot of good."

"You believe I could kill his appetite?" exclaimed Lucy. "Flatterer!"

"Well, then I've got to kill yours. You're going to be fifty, Lucy, some time before he's thirty. You're going to be seventy while he's still—"

"Don't!" she cut in quickly. "I—I can't bear the sound of an adding-machine."

"A year after you're married, Marjorie will be eighteen. . . ."

"That's ungentlemanly, Howard!" Lucy tugged at her sleeve and then looked helplessly at the tiny patch of fine cambric her efforts produced. "I—I can't cry," she declared, "there's no room."

"My handkerchief is at your service," volunteered Bemis gallantly.

"Thank you. The storm is over."

"Lucy, do you still love Ainslee Carolton?"

"Ainslee? Good Lord, no! He's

fat. I've forgotten him, completely. It's Nettie! . . . Oh, Howard! Her face when she finds we're engaged!"

"Do you mean that, dear?"

"What?" She drew back quickly from his impetuous move toward her.

"We're engaged."

"Alan and I," she corrected coldly. But he did not increase the distance between them nor cause his gaze to waver.

"Oh, yes," she repeated, uncomfortably, trying to be coolly unaware of his ardent stare. "I may die before the year's out, but I shall carry to the grave the memory of her face at my wedding to Alan."

"We can't die when we want to, Lucy." Bemis suddenly and very decisively covered her hand with his. "I know. I tried once, twenty-one years ago."

"Your technic — lacked — strong — emotional impulse." Her hand fluttered under his. She had tried in vain to draw it away. "It's—it's—lucky—for you. You see,—you recovered."

"You know better, Lucy. I am a constant man. I fell in love only once and it lasted me all my life."

The distance between their faces had all but forfeited its right to be called even a "space," when a burst of girlish laughter and the heavier guffaw of a boy caused a quick change of scene. Lucy's eyes were steely blue as she pushed back her chair.

"I won't give up," she whispered, savagely.

"You can't," Bemis let another fit of giggling from the lawn below die away. "You can't give up something you don't possess."

"Don't I?" retorted Lucy.

"Oh, say," drawled Alan's voice. "Your shoes are dusty! Here, put up your foot."

"Your *handkerchief*?" chirped the delighted Marjorie. . . .

Bemis rose as they came up the steps. Lucy sat still.

"Marjorie, we've got to go," he announced. "Good-bye, Carolton, I'm glad I met you. And Lucy," he bowed over her hand, "I'll call you up to-night," he murmured.

Alan was bowing over Marjorie's hand in somewhat awkward imitation. "About that ball-game," he was whispering. "Ask on the way home. I'll call you up to-night."

When they were gone Alan came slowly forward to Mrs. Shorer's chair and hung over her tenderly.

"You haven't kissed me yet," he cooed.

She got up so swiftly that the blow on his chin, from her shoulder, rather dazed him.

"No, Alan, no!" she gasped. "I can't. You won't understand. Women are different—more constant than you dream. We fall in love once and it lasts us all our life. I—" she gulped, but took the leap gallantly. "I am a widow." . . .



HALF the men in hell are there because of a woman in their lives. The other half are there because there was no woman in their lives.



THE PRAYER OF A LITTLE FROG

By William Drayham

THOU knowest in Thy wisdom, Lord, that at heart I am a Little Frog; simple and unpretentious, a bit afraid of this great, seething world that Thou hast made. Thou knowest, also, that I long for quiet, peaceful ways, for it was Thou who placed this longing deep within my soul. And knowing this, O Lord, I pray Thee hearken to my prayer.

This puddle called New York is far too big for me; take me away from it, far, far away! Within its troubled waters I am as a derelict at sea. The commotion of its comings and goings overpowers me, its hugeness fills me with dismay. I grasp its grandeur, Lord: I see the thrilling beauty of its vastness unbelievable, but, nonetheless, Thou knowest that this immensity stirs in me a strange unrest, poignant and disturbing.

Attend me, Lord, for what I say is true. The roar and rattle of this pond of ponds are not sweet to me; I yearn for my quiet pool where we little frogs croak contentedly, basking in the sunshine of our proportionate importance. O Lord, I pray Thee that it be Thy will to take me back to my little pond before the memory of its quietude is driven from my heart, before its floating lily-pads and quiet, reflected evening stars are quite forgot, before the other little frogs know not my name.

This enormous pond is thine, I know. Thou madest it even as Thou madest my dreamy little pool, but Thou knowest, Lord, Thy larger work is not

for me. Its shaded ways, infrequent as they are, are dear to me; these I can feel, and, feeling, understand, but beyond these I am lost. Four million croaking frogs, each croaking in a different key, are more than I can bear. My modest voice is as a thing of naught; the fearful turmoil of this pool of pools sets all my scheme of things awry. I am an egoist, as Thou knowest, Lord, and I like my voice to be heard within the limits of my pond, as in the tranquil little pond where I am known.

Take me away from here, O Lord, before it is too late. Take me away while the din is still unpleasant to mine ears; take me back, I pray Thee, to my humble pool where we little frogs, magnified by the smallness of our sequestered pond, are quite content. Take me back, O Lord, to where I still have time to watch the clouds drift overhead, to where the wild flowers bloom and bird-song fills the air. Thou knowest, Lord, I long to be once more where I can hold life's verities within my grasp, where simple things are all about me, where, when I feel disposed, I can croak in peace, knowing that there is some chance, however slight, that I may be heard.

Take me away, O Lord, before it is too late. Take me away before I learn that, after all, I am nothing but a very little frog whose croakings make no difference to a vast unheeding world. O Lord, my God, take me away from here! Take me away!



A MAN'S keenest pleasure is derived from looking back at troubles after they are over. A woman's is derived from looking ahead to troubles that haven't yet begun.

LA DICHOTOMIE

By Edmond Lahaye

MADAME, je vous présente mes hommages, fit gravement, en s'inclinant, le docteur-chirurgien Maubert dès qu'il eut introduit dans son cabinet de consultations, la comtesse de Penville, sa meilleure cliente.

Puis, reprenant immédiatement place sur son fauteuil, il indiqua d'un geste lent, un siège à sa visiteuse.

— Rien de grave ne vous arrive, Madame la Comtesse?

Je suis si surpris que vous eussiez pris la peine de venir me consulter, au lieu de me faire mander.

— Hum! c'est ennuyeux. . . . très difficile à dire, alors j'ai préféré vous voir sans domestiques autour de moi.

— Voyons! voyons! toutes les maladies sont avouables, que diable!

— C'est que . . . c'est un cas un peu particulier!

— Mais . . . cependant. . . . Enfin, où souffrez vous?

— Dans le ventre.

— Ah! vraiment! Ce n'est sans doute rien, expliquez-moi exactement ce que vous ressentez.

— De violentes douleurs . . . tenez, ici . . . puis là; je dois avoir un fibrome.

— Tiens! en voilà une idée! Pourquoi croyez-vous cela?

— C'est que je souffre . . . je souffre. . . .

— Ce n'est point une raison; toutes les femmes qui souffrent du ventre, et elles sont légion, n'ont point une tumeur!

— Mais, je grossis, je grossis énormément. . . .

— Ah!

— D'ailleurs, une de mes amies qui, il y a quelque temps, a été opérée à

Paris pour cette maladie, ressentait les mêmes symptômes que moi.

— Vous pouvez vous tromper, Madame . . . enfin, je vais vous examiner.

— C'est nécessaire?

— Oh absolument, Madame! veuillez vous deshabiller, puis vous étendre sur ce canapé.

Je vous vois embarrassée, permettez que je vous aide. C'est bien . . . parfait . . .

— C'est que . . .

— Oh! un médecin peut tout voir; nous sommes habitués . . . étendez-vous . . . bien . . . parfait.

En effet, le ventre n'est pas normal. . . . Tiens, tiens, mais. . . .

— Docteur, vous pourriez peut-être employer le speculum; je crois même que le chirurgien qui a examiné mon amie, s'est servi d'une espèce de sonde. . . .

— Laissez-moi vous écouter. . . . Bigre! bigre! il n'y a pas de doute. . . . c'est bien cela!

Madame, votre maladie ne nécessite point l'intervention du chirurgien, mais celle de la sage-femme; vous me comprenez parfaitement. Vous pouvez vous revêtir.

La comtesse éclata en sanglots et se cachant le visage avec ses mains, elle gémit:

— Oh! docteur, que dites-vous là; c'est épouvantable . . . ce n'est pas possible!

— Allons! allons! n'insistez pas, vous avez cherché à m'abuser, reprit sévèrement Maubert. Vous allez être mère, j'admets que cela vous ennuie . . . mais je n'y puis rien.

Les sanglots de Mme. de Penville redoublèrent; elle se dressa sur son

séant et avoua tout d'une traite :

— Eh bien oui, j'aime mieux tout vous dire ; j'ai fait des bêtises avec un de mes laquais, qui a quitté le château depuis des mois déjà. . . . Je vous en prie, docteur, ne m'abandonnez pas, débarrassez-moi, je ne puis rester ainsi. . . .

— Madame ! vous vous oubliez, j'imagine ! . . . je suis déjà très fâché contre vous, car avec votre histoire de fibrome, j'aurais pu, si je vous avais écoutée, en employant certains instruments chirurgicaux, vous blesser et faire un accident. . . . C'est certainement ce que vous cherchiez, mais je n'ai point été votre dupe. N'insistez donc pas, vous me désobliveriez davantage.

— Mais, songez donc quel scandale . . . je suis veuve, j'ai quarante-cinq ans . . . tout le monde me connaît dans cette ville où je suis née, on m'estime et m'honore . . . quand on va savoir . . . mon Dieu que je suis malheureuse ! . . . je vais me tuer ! c'est la seule ressource qui me reste . . . je ne veux pas être la risée de tout le pays . . . ma réputation est perdue . . . ah ! ah ! . . .

Et la comtesse prit une violente attaque de nerfs.

Le chirurgien Maubert attendit la fin de la crise et, conciliant, reprit :

— Allons, Madame, du courage ; il est nécessaire que vous supportiez les conséquences de votre faute. Cependant, je veux bien vous aider honnêtement : Je connais à Paris une brave femme chez qui vous pourrez mettre au monde votre bébé. Allez-y, vous y serez parfaitement soignée. Pour donner le change à votre entourage, prétextez un voyage pour raison de santé ; je suis prêt à appuyer vos dires.

— Oh ! merci, docteur, merci ; mais je puis être gravement malade ?

— Ceci est une autre affaire, je continuerais à vous donner mes soins. Il est certain qu'à votre âge, un premier accouchement ne se passe généralement pas bien, mais, je serai là et je réponds du succès ; s'il y a des suites, vous pouvez compter sur moi.

Il vous reste donc, madame, à aller donner des ordres pour que l'on prépare vos malles. Voici l'adresse en question. . . .

— Dans le cas où vous auriez besoin d'un confrère, avez-vous quelqu'un de sûr et de discret ?

— Tranquillisez-vous, je réponds de tout.

— Encore une fois merci, docteur ; je n'oublierai jamais le service que vous allez me rendre.

— C'est bon . . . c'est bon.

Le dindemain matin, tandis que la comtesse de Penville partait pour Paris, le docteur-chirurgien Maubert causait dans son cabinet de travail avec un de ses collègues :

— Alors, Maquis, je peux compter sur toi ?

— Comment peux-tu en douter, mon vieux Maubert ?

Alors, récapitulons :

La vieille va accoucher dans une huitaine, tout au plus ; j'envoie le plus loin possible le grosse en nourrice.

— Au diable !

— Ne blagues pas et laisse-moi continuer !

Je fais ramener la mère ici, et, quinze jours après nous l'opérons.

— L'Ovariectomie, bien entendu ?

— Naturellement ! Coût : dix mille francs, soit cinq mille pour toi et cinq mille pour moi.

— Et vivent les opérations et la dichotomie !

— Dame ! cela rapporte davantage que d'être faiseur d'anges, et on a rien à craindre des gendarmes !



SOME REMARKS ON THE THEATER

By George Jean Nathan

"The great are great only because we are on our knees. Let us rise!"

—PRUD'HOMME.

I

THE BATHOS OF DISTANCE

WE hear talk about theatrical traditions—"the proud traditions of the theater," so I believe the phrase is. What are they, these proud traditions? Did the Greeks write one play so fine (from any point of view you choose) as Hauptmann's "Weavers" or Barrie's "Peter Pan" or Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra"? Did Augustin Daly know one half so much about producing a play as David Belasco? Was Booth as good an actor, by and large, as Forbes-Robertson? Is not Elsie Ferguson thrice as capable as Mary Anderson—and isn't she twice as comely? Was the *mise-en-scène* of the playhouse of Molière to be compared with that of Winthrop Ames? Compare Lester Wallack, as actor-manager, with Arnold Daly or William Faversham. In the original Gilbert and Sullivan productions was there a better leading comedian than De Wolf Hopper? Did Charles K. Hoyt write a better farce than George Ade's "County Chairman," or Buchanan's "The Cub" or Howard's "Snobs" or Margaret Mayo's "Baby Mine"? Was Charlotte Cushman as competent an actress as Julia Marlowe? Are not John Galsworthy's "Strife" and "The Pigeon" finer pieces of work than the best of Sardou; Bahr's "Concert" and Brieux's "Hannetons" better comedies than Robertson's? Did A. M. Palmer know as much about casting a play as A. H. Woods? "The Lady of Lyons" was

consciously designed by the piqued Bulwer-Lytton as boob-bait after the failure of his "Duchess de la Vallière"; is it as good as the more recent mob-meal unconsciously provided by Henry Arthur Jones under the title of "Mrs. Dane's Defence"? Where in antiquity a better farce fellow than Feydeau? Is it likely that Shakespeare's production of any one of his dramas was as effective as the presentation of his "Winter's Tale" at the New Theater? Were Congreve and Wycherly as good as Caillavet and de Flers? Compare the girls in "Mlle. Nitouche" with those in the "Follies."

II

AN ACTOR

There is, in the vulgar vaudevilles, an actor who possesses, withal, more of the genuine talent for comedic mimicry, more of the authentic technique of histrionism and more of the really artistic touch for character acting than nine-tenths of his colleagues upon the so-termed American legitimate stage. This fellow, having failed of the perspicacity to acknowledge frankly that O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels make walking easier and that Tuxedo Smoking Tobacco is cooling to the tonsil, has been relegated to the obscure halls. And there forgotten. Yet he is a real comedian and as near an artist as an actor may be. I remember this man originally as a member of a low burlesque company. That was some twenty years ago. But then, as now, his talents were

unmistakable. His name, for the benefit of the curious: Mr. George Bickel.

III

ON GLAMOUR

They say that glamour has gone from the drama; that this is why the race of theatergoers is dying. They say the old air of mystery, the old sorcery and strange fascination, are no more. But they are mistaken. It is not the drama from which glamour has gone; it is the theater. There was a day—remote, alas—when to go to the theater was an occasion, a privilege. A privilege, forsooth, to be enjoyed not indiscriminately by hoi polloi. In those days the cut-rate ticket was not known. In those days "paper" was used for snowstorms into which to drive erring daughters with their babies and not, as now, for snowstorms with which to drive erring movie-goers into theaters. Today it is no longer a privilege, as I say, to go to the theater. Anybody may go. There are even some theaters to which dramatic critics are admitted.

IV

ALI BABA

Some things ever strike me as incongruous, jarring, esthetically disturbing. A woman in smart finery up a side-street, for example. More relevantly, a producer or playwright who, upon the presentation of a new play, synchronously prints in the newspapers a seemingly misrelated interview pointing out the absurdities of plagiarism charges which producers and playwrights have often to meet, and elaborating upon the now-familiar doctrine that "no sooner is a successful new play produced than one hears cries of 'Wolf!' and 'Thief!' from obscure amateurs who imagine their brain-children have been stolen." That the howl of plagiarism is frequently groundless, one must admit. But just the same it is significant that one playwright who scooted into print this last season with

a characteristic lamentation over the ubiquity of the cabbage-charge had lifted the idea for his farce bodily out of a farce by Sacha Guitry, produced a couple of years before in Paris, and that one producer who tumbled himself into similar lamentation probably sought thus subtly to have laughed out of court any subsequently arising (and veracious) allegation that the play he was presenting was the direct result of kleptomania upon the manuscript of a Spanish play called "The Cradle Song."

V

ON THE POWER OF THE VOICE

Coquelin wrote: "The power of the voice is incalculable. All the picturesque effects in the world are not worth a cry uttered with the right intonation." Possibly. But, all the same, let me write that, in a vulgar moment, I went into a moving-picture hall not long ago and, in a film called "The Moonstone," caught sight upon the screen of a young girl whose silent expression was thrice as dramatic, thrice as poignant, penetrating and eloquent, as Bernhard's memorable cry in "Izeyl."

VI

RICHARD MANSFIELD

Mansfield was looked on by many as a fine actor because of the realism of his death scenes. Any actor can "die" realistically. The good actor is the one who can *live* realistically.

VII

A NOBLE DRAMATIC MOMENT

There are, in the world's drama, many noble situations, many stunning moments. Search into them all, very carefully. Then tell me if you have found a finer one than that in "The Mob" of Galsworthy, where the mere distant and approaching rattle of the drums shakes the iron-bound logic and resolve of mankind.

VIII

STAGE LOVE

We are sometimes told (by actresses) that an actress, engaged in a passionate love scene, feels nothing—need feel nothing—that the actress serves simply as a steel tool in the hands of the dramatist. By the same process of reasoning, the foreman of a distillery, ordered by his employer to sample a quart of whiskey from a new barrel, feels nothing.

IX

CHARLES FROHMAN

Charles Frohman is dead. It is the American theater's great misfortune that it lost, through his death, not a producer, but a gentleman. What the American theater needs is not so much producers as gentlemen.

X

THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT

The trouble with the American playwright is that he is attracted to the drama less by love of the drama than by love of the advance royalty.

XI

INTROSPECTION

I often say to myself: "Why do you keep up this dramatic criticism? Why do you waste your time writing of the work of others? If you know so much about what's wrong with their work, why don't you quit talking about it and do their work yourself?" And, so saying, I am often on the point of acting upon the advice when, lo, pops up some manager or playwright who excludes me from his theater or lambasts me from cart-tail or pamphlet on the ground that I do not know what I am talking about—and so brings me to speculate why these persons do not do the same.

XII

IMPERSONAL CRITICISM

The impersonal critic is a worthless

critic. He is as worthless as an impersonal producer or an impersonal playwright. The chief argument against the impersonal critic is, after all, not that he is impersonal, but that he is a critic. The practice by any such fellow of professional criticism is both ludicrous and objectionable. He is not a critic; he is a reporter. Reporting is the recording of what one has seen and heard. Criticism, the recording of deductions made from what one has seen and heard. The difference is the difference between a Sunday newspaper supplement article on the monkeys in the Bronx Zoo and the Darwinian theory.

XIII

MR. BELASCO'S FOURTH UNITY

Some five or six years ago, David Belasco made announcement that he was about to add a fourth unity to the time, place and action of Rudolph P. Aristotle. This fourth, said Mr. Belasco, was what he chose to term the unity of blood. It was Mr. Belasco's contention that, in the acted drama, it might not be a bad idea to keep a close eye upon the looks of the actors assigned to play the roles of characters supposed to be blood relatives. I have heard no more about the notion. It was never, so far as I know, put into operation by Mr. Belasco. And yet there would appear to be something in the idea. It is no facile job, believe me, to go to the theater of an evening and commission the imagination to get busy on Marie Doro as the daughter of some twin-screw squaw with a sidewheel movement.

XIV

NO LONG SPEECHES!

When the critical professors busy themselves with giving advice to playwrights, it becomes one of their most toothsome tactics to warn the aforesaid playwrights against the writing into their dialogue of long speeches. Long speeches, say the critical professors, are not dramatic; they are not so vital with

dramatic life as the short sentences; they slacken the action of a play. Etc. The contention of the critical professors rests upon two grounds, both of which are quicksand. Artistically, the long speech is as thoroughly sound as the short speech—viewed however the professors choose. The long speech is, in this direction, as dramatic, as instinct with dramatic life, as quickening of dramatic action (in the best sense) as its runt colleague. Consider, for example, the long speeches of Prospero and others in "The Tempest," of Hamlet, of Proteus and others in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," of Falstaff in "The Merry Wives," of the Duke of Vienna in "Measure for Measure," of two-thirds of the characters in "The Comedy of Errors" and "Much Ado"—in short, consider all of Shakespeare. Then continue and consider a great measure of Shaw and Galsworthy and Brieux and the Russians, Barrie and Rostand and Stephen Phillips and Echegaray, Hauptmann and Synge. So, too, practically, or commercially, is the long speech as thoroughly sound as the short speech. Have not Shaw, Galsworthy, Brieux, Barrie and Rostand profited sufficiently well despite their practice of the long speech in dramatic dialogue? And what about "The Lady of Lyons" and "East Lynne"? Superstition No. 3908—blooie!

XV

THERE ARE ONLY SO MANY SITUATIONS

When a critic finds fault with a play so far as to set down his impression that the theme and the situations divulging that theme are not new, it is the custom of the anti-critic to rail against the offender by quoting from Georges Polti's "Thirty-six Dramatic Situations" to the effect that Goethe once said "It is almost impossible in the present day to find a situation which is thoroughly new. Only the manner of looking at it can be new, and the art of treating it and representing it." In the minds of many of our producers, play-

wrights and other believers in Bryan, the anti-critic, so railing, is hailed as a seer; as, withal, a highly wise little fellow. In reality, he is something of a driveller. The old horse-car was one situation. When a man came along with sufficient skill and imagination to sick the nags away and inject electricity into the car, that was entirely another situation. To argue that both were, after all, cars, is to argue that a storage battery is charged with oats. The critical objection to most playwrights is not so much that they fail to invent new situations as that they fail to improve upon the old ones. Or even to exercise taste in the manipulation of the old situations which they pilfer. The man who stole the Mona Lisa was merely a thief. But what if, having stolen it, he had put it in a bird's-eye maple frame?

XVI

LE GOUT INFLAMMATOIRE

Musical comedy is based on the theory that a lady's leg hath charms to soothe the savage beast. The theory is, obviously, absurd. Hence the success of musical comedy.

XVII

ON CRITICAL DIGNITY

As an analytical commentator on the American theater and drama, I am now and again hauled upon the carpet by this or that good soul for what is termed my lack of seriousness and critical dignity. As a boy, I recall having once seen a man in a top-hat and Prince Albert at a country circus.

XVIII

VARNISH

"No varnish," said Dickens, "can hide the grain of the wood; the more varnish you put on, the more the grain will express itself." Respectfully commended to those who still cherish the notion that Pinero is a great dramatist.

XIX

A BABY'S FIRST LAUGH, ETC.

A celebrated remark of Margaret of France: "I do not kiss the man, but the mouth that has uttered so many charming things." Where a more apt criticism of the work of James M. Barrie?

XX

ON HACK WORK

When a playwright achieves a popular financial success with a cheap piece of work, I respect his sagacity as a tradesman. When he, achieving such a success, chooses to regard himself as of a peg higher than a mere tradesman, when he then chooses to anoint himself as something of an artist, I laugh at him. I, too, in my day, have done hack work—and have duly profited thereby. But I found myself compelled to give up one of my best friends because, one day, the fellow told me in all sincerity that he had just read some of the indubitable trash I was then shedding—and considered it a fine piece of writing.

XXI

HOW TO SEE A PROFESSOR

Professor Richard Burton, head of the Drama League of America, or something, has given birth to a book called "How To See A Play." I have not read the good Professor's book and, what is more, I am not going to read the good Professor's book. Any man who could write a full-size book upon the subject of how to see a play would be successful in composing a cyclopedia on the equally complex subject of how to see a good-looking girl. There is but one way to view a play (or a good-looking girl) and that one way may be summed up in a single sentence. A play (or a good-looking girl) should be viewed with the philosophy of a German, the humor of a Frenchman and the heart of a Japanese. So, and only so, does the intelligent spectator sit before a drama.

XXII

ACTING ON THE HALF SHELL

No great actor ever took his profession seriously. Edmund Kean, whom George Henry Lewes dubs "incomparably the greatest actor I have seen," was half-drunk the night he gave his finest performance of Othello. Rachel's attitude toward her art is well known from the pages of her biography. On one occasion, while in the midst of one of her passionate, tragic performances of Racine, she plucked a rose from her girdle and began eating it. At the height of her career, she was in the habit of rushing through her performances at top speed and appearing in the last scenes already half-dressed for the street, so that she might not lose time in getting back to her current lover. It is said of Salvini that, when he played Hamlet, he used now and again to take delight in falling upon Horatio's neck with such violence that both he and his colleague were set rolling on the floor.

And Louis James, ridiculous as it may seem and difficult to believe, when playing engagements in Southern cities, actually hired an oyster-shucker and lodged him in his dressing-room so that he might, during his performances of "Julius Cæsar," be amply supplied with bivalves to slip down the backs of his toga'd associates.

XXIII

WORDS SPEAK LOUDER THAN ACTIONS

The question as to the indispensability of action in drama is ever with us. "Drama," says the iceman, "is not drama unless it has action." "Action," says the milkman, "is the chief requisite of drama." "Without action," says the policeman, "drama ceases to exist." And the simple truth is this: action is essential to plays in proportion to their intrinsic worthlessness.

XXIV

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

There never lived an actor so profi-

cient in his craft but that he could learn something from watching a child. All children are natural actors—save nine-tenths of those on the stage.

XXV

A CRITICAL OPINION

It is held by many to be impossible for a critic personally to associate with those whose work he is called upon to criticize. Which, of course, is sheer nonsense. It is not impossible. It is merely dull.

XXVI

THE NINETY-AND-NINE

The American drama is reared upon a foundation of four F's: fibbery, falsity, flattery and flim-flam. Yet what may one reasonably expect when ninety-nine persons out of every one hundred in an American theatrical audience are of the firm conviction that it always rains on the Fourth of July, that because a dog scratches himself he has fleas and that burglars do not shave?

XXVII

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

The idea, so cherished and widely preached, that it is impossible to figure out what the public wants and will like is, upon investigation, found to be full of holes—as are most such ideas concerning the theater. Any open-eyed person is able easily to turn the trick. The lament is the blind man's. I have, in a previous paragraph, shown that Bulwer-Lytton knew exactly what the public wanted and gave it to them, in "The Lady of Lyons." Shakespeare knew what his public wanted—and he gave it to them. His comedy was to them "sure-fire," his dramatic scenes so many certain "punches." The records of the time prove as much. Shakespeare financed some of his plays with his own money; was his own producer. In view of the results, what better proof of his playwriting clairvoyance so far as

the public's taste was concerned? Shaw has repeatedly told the public what it wanted and has then proceeded to write it for them: from "Man and Superman" to "Fanny's First Play." George M. Cohan's local ability to hit the mark(s) is well known. Euripides knew his public every bit as well as Harry B. Smith knows his. The former wrote seventy-five hits in succession. The latter has written the same hit seventy-five times in succession. It's all too absurdly simple.

XXVIII

WHAT REMAINS TO BE SCENE

I am working upon a one-act play. The scene is, of course, a library—this particular library happening to be that of a wealthy American dramatist. I quote from the stage directions in my manuscript:

SCENE—*It were a waste of valuable time to describe the scene as the playwright sees it and would like to have it. Although the playwright realizes that the setting in question should suggest the library of a popular and wealthy American dramatist (but one in partly good taste nevertheless), and although the playwright were to specify the peculiar character of such a library's decorations, furniture and hangings, he is perfectly sure that, whatever he were to write down, the setting as ultimately disclosed to the audience will be the same old library set that has done monthly service in our theater since it was first shown to the public in Fox's Broadway Theater forty or fifty years ago. That is to say, the library the audience will lay eyes on will be a room with a ceiling thirty or forty feet high, in the center of which ceiling will be observable a small hole (surrounded by a fancily-painted circle) evidently intended for a chandelier; the latter, however, not being there. There will be a white mantel at the right and a fireplace concealing a small bunch-light with a red gelatine slide in front of it.*

'At the back there will be a huge aperture (evidently meant to be the entrance to the hallway) hung with a strip of stiff heliotrope velvetine edged with gold braid. There will be an imitation mahogany table, two small gilt chairs, one big armchair of imitation oak upholstered in green, a brown sofa and two reddish looking bookcases containing immaculate rows of blocks painted to look like books. There will also be a door at the left, made of canvas, which will invariably stick and refuse to open at important moments during the action of the play, to say nothing of a small electric switch near the mantel (a compromise with modernity) which, when turned, will throw on the lights with scarcely more than two minutes' delay.

XXIX

ART FOR ACTING'S SAKE

No actor or actress has ever attained to eminence in a poor play or a repertoire of poor plays. The actors and actresses whom the world calls, and has called, great have not achieved their repute save in dramatic works of high merit. Does not this for once and for all dismiss the notion that an actor's art is an art, that it is in itself a distinct craft, that an actor is by and in himself a figure? Great paintings have been painted from bad models. Great musical compositions have been wrought from pitiable instruments. Great acting has never been revealed save through great drama.

XXX

ON ENTERTAINING REVIEWS

It is a widely mouthed theme that it is much easier to write an entertaining review of a bad play than a good play. The theory, though debated now and then by outraged critics, is nevertheless perfectly true. And why is it perfectly true? It is perfectly true because the audience to whom such re-

views are addressed are themselves more entertained by a bad play than a good play.

XXXI

OUR COMMERCIAL PUBLIC

How many, after all, the pleasant and meritorious moments in the so-called commercial theater of our day, moments which have been permitted by a dense or careless public and an equally dense or careless professional criticism to pass comparatively unnoticed; or else have been deliberately snickered out of court. Consider the engaging scene in Augustus Thomas' "The Ranger," the scene between the two characters in the beleaguered stockade and the unriddling recollection by one of them of a similar situation in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Recall the gorgeous final curtain of Tom Barry's "Upstart," with the descending asbestos abruptly cutting off the flow of the young up-lifter's passionate rhetoric. What, too, about the Chopin motif through Molnar's "Where Ignorance Is Bliss" and the caretaker's tag, "They've all gone to the moving pictures," in Lennox Robinson's "Patriots"? Consider the tender bit in Gillette's "Clarice" where the doomed man tears up the little sketches over which the girl has so bravely and painstakingly labored. And the resigned smile of the husband and father at the close of Harold Chapin's little tragedy, "The Dumb and the Blind." And the scene between the ageing bachelor, still striving to be young, and the life-filled vixen in the second act—I believe it's the second—of Hubert Henry Davies' "A Single Man." And the scene 'twixt the suffragette and the faun in Knoblauch's play. And the "But we thought you didn't believe in marriage" and the "Oh, but my case is different" scene in Fulda's translated "Our Wives." These are but the handful that come to mind at the moment. And pity 'tis, 'tis true, that they occurred, all of them, in commercial failures.

THE GENEALOGY OF ETIQUETTE

By H. L. Mencken

BARRING sociology (which is yet, of course, scarcely a science at all, but rather a form of unmanly sport, like knitting or theology), psychology is the youngest of the sciences, and hence chiefly guesswork, empiricism, poppycock, hocus-pocus, buncombe, rumble-bumble and tosh. On the one hand, there are still enormous gaps in its data, so that the determination of its simplest principles remains difficult, not to say downright impossible; and, on the other hand, the very hollowness and nebulosity of it, particularly around its edges, encourages a horde of quacks to invade it, sophisticate it and make nonsense of it. Worse, this state of affairs tends to such confusion of effort and direction that the quack and the honest inquirer are often found in the same man. It is, indeed, a commonplace to encounter a college professor who spends his days in the laborious accumulation of psychological statistics, sticking pins into babies and plating upon a chart the ebb and flow of their yells, and his nights chasing poltergeists and other such celestial fauna over the hurdles of a spiritualist's atelier, or gazing into a crystal in the privacy of his own chamber. The Binét test and the buncombe of thought transference are alike the children of what we roughly denominate psychology, and perhaps of equal legitimacy. Even so ingenious and competent an investigator as Prof. Dr. Sigmund Freud, who has told us a lot that is of the first importance about the materials and machinery of thought, has also told us a lot that is trivial and dubious. The essential doctrines of Freudism, no doubt, come close to the truth, but many of

Freud's remoter deductions are far more brilliant than sound, and most of the professed Freudians, both American and European, have grease-paint on their noses and bladders in their hands and are otherwise quite indistinguishable from evangelists, corn-doctors and circus clowns.

In this condition of the science it is no wonder that we find it wasting its chief force upon problems that are petty and idle when they are not downright and palpably insoluble, and passing over problems that are of immediate concern to all of us, and that might be quite readily solved, or, at any rate, considerably illuminated, by an intelligent study of the data already available. After all, not many of us care a hoot whether Little Bright Eyes and the Indian chief Wok-a-wok-a-mok are happy in heaven, for not many of us have any hope or desire to meet them there. Nor are we greatly excited by the discovery that, of twenty-five college students who are hit with clubs, $17\frac{3}{4}$ will say "Ouch!" and $22\frac{1}{5}$ will say "Damn!"; nor by the announcement that the normal Caucasian bride, being female, says "I will!" before the altar of God 1.743951 + seconds ahead of the normal Caucasian bridegroom, being male (and probably in liquor); nor by a table showing that 38.2 per centum of all men accused of homicide confess when locked up with the carcasses of their victims, including 23.4 per centum who are innocent; nor by nine pages of fine print (to say nothing of the footnotes and bibliography), proving that there is a deuce of a difference between afferent and efferent neurons, despite the natural tendency

to assume that they are brothers; nor by plans and specifications, by Cagliostro out of Lucrezia Borgia, for teaching poor, God-forsaken school children to write before they can read and to multiply before they can add; nor by endless disputes between half-witted pundits as to the precise difference between perception and cognition; nor by even longer feuds, between pundits even crazier, over free will, the sub-conscious, table-tapping, alcoholic hallucinations, the endoneurium, the functions of the corpora quadrigemina, heliotropism and the meaning of dreams in which one is pursued by hyenas, process-servers or grass-widows, each bent upon working his, her, or its wicked will upon one.

Nay; we do not bubble with rejoicing when such fruits of psychological deep-down-diving and much-mud-upbringing researches are laid before us, for after all they do not offer us any nourishment, there is nothing in them to engage our teeth, they fail to make life more comprehensible, and hence more bearable. What we yearn to know something about is the process whereby ideas are engendered in our skulls, and in the skulls of those about us, to the end that we may pursue a straighter and a safer course through the muddle that is life. Why do the great majority of Presbyterians (and, for that matter, of Baptists, Episcopalians and Swedenborgians as well) regard it as unlucky to meet a black cat and lucky to find a pin? What are the logical steps behind the theory that it is indecent to eat peas with a knife? By what process does an otherwise sane man arrive at the conclusion that he will go to hell unless he is baptized by a total immersion in water? Just what is the matter with the sort of man who reads the *Nation*? What causes men to be faithful to their wives: habit, fear, poverty, lack of imagination, lack of enterprise, stupidity, religion? What is the psychological basis of morality? What is the true nature of the vague pooling of desires that Rousseau called the social contract? Why does an American regard it as scandalous to wear dress

clothes at a funeral, and a Frenchman regard it as equally scandalous *not* to wear them? Why is it that men trust one another so readily, and women trust one another so seldom? Why are we all so greatly affected by statements that we know are not true?—*e. g.*, in Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, the Declaration of Independence and the CIII Psalm. On what theory do nine Americans out of ten hold that it is immoral for women to smoke? What is the origin of the so-called double standard of morality? What is the actual motive of the old maids who raise such a bel-low against it? Why are women forbidden to take their hats off in church? What is happiness? Intelligence? Sin? Courage? Virtue? Beauty? Why do the plain people believe in such empty sganarelles as the Hon. William Jennings Bryan and the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday?

All these are questions of interest and importance to all of us, for their solution would materially improve the accuracy of our outlook upon the world, and with it our mastery of our environment, but the psychologists, busily engaged in chasing their tails, leave them unanswered, and, in most cases, even unasked. The late William James, more acute than the general, saw how precious little was known about the psychological inwardness of religion, and to the illumination of this darkness he addressed himself in his book, "The Varieties of Religious Experience." But life being short and science long, he got little beyond the statement of the problem and the marshalling of the grosser evidence—and even at this business he allowed himself to be constantly interrupted by spooks, hobgoblins, seventh sons of seventh sons and other such pets of psychologists. In the same way one Gustav le Bon, a Frenchman, undertook a psychological study of the crowd mind—and then blew up. Add the investigations of Freud and his school, chiefly into abnormal states of mind, and those of Lombroso and his school, chiefly quackish and for the yellow journals, and you have ex-

hausted the list of contributions to what may be called practical and everyday psychology. The rev. professors, I daresay, have been doing some useful plowing and planting. All of their meticulous pin-sticking and measuring and chart-making and table-tapping, in the course of time, will enable their successors to approach the real problems of mind with more assurance than is now possible, and perhaps help to their solution. But in the meantime the public and social utility of psychology remains very small, for it is still unable to differentiate accurately between the true and the false, or to give us any effective protection against the fallacies, superstitions, crazes and hysterias which rage in the world.

In this emergency it is not only permissible but even laudable for the amateur to sniff inquiringly through the psychological pasture, essaying modestly to uproot things that the myopic (or, perhaps more accurately, hypermetropic) professionals have overlooked. The late Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, now in Hell, did it often, and the usufructs were many curious and daring guesses, some of them probably close to accuracy, as to the genesis of this, that or the other common delusion of man—*i. e.*, the delusion that the law of the survival of the fittest may be repealed by parliamentary enactments. Into the same field now plunges Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons, a lady once wildly hymned by Park Row for her invention of trial marriage—an invention, by the way, in which the Nietzsche aforesaid preceded her by at least a dozen years. The record of her researches she calls "FEAR AND CONVENTIONALITY" (*Putnam*), and with true scientific caution she presents it with a maximum of painstaking and a minimum of theorizing. Her task, indeed, is not so much to establish principles as to amass data, and at it she shows the utmost diligence. I know of no other book, indeed, which offers a better array of observations upon that powerful complex of assumptions, prejudices, instinctive reactions, racial emo-

tions and unbreakable habits of mind which enters so largely into the everyday thinking of all of us. She does not concern herself, as so many psychologists fall into the habit of doing, with thinking as a purely laboratory phenomenon, a process in vacuo. What she deals with is thinking as it is done by men and women in the real world—thinking that is only half intellectual, the other half being as automatic and unintelligent as swallowing, blinking the eye or falling in love.

The power of the complex that I have mentioned is usually very much underestimated, not only by psychologists, but also by all other persons who pretend to culture. We take pride in the fact that we are thinking animals, and like to believe that our thoughts are free, but the truth is that nine-tenths of them are rigidly conditioned by the babbling that goes on around us from birth, and that the business of considering this babbling objectively, separating the true in it from the false, is an intellectual feat of such stupendous difficulty that very few men are ever able to achieve it. The slanging now going on between the German professors and the English professors shows how little men are really moved by the cold and unsentimental truth and how much by hot and idiotic likes and dislikes. The war has simply allowed these eminent pundits to say of one another openly and to loud applause what they would have been ashamed to say in times of greater amenity, and what most of them would have denied stoutly that they believed. Before there was any sign of war the average English professor, deep down in his heart, thought that any man who ate sauerkraut and went to the opera in a sack-coat and intrigued for the appellation of *Geheimrat* and preferred German to English and venerated Bismarck and called his wife "Mutter" was a scoundrel. He did not say so out loud, and no doubt it would have offended him had you accused him of believing it, but he believed it, nevertheless, and his belief in it gave a muddy, bilious color

to his view of German metaphysics, German electro-chemistry and the German chronology of Babylonian kings. And by the same token the average German professor, down in the dim recesses of his hulk, held that any man who wore spats and read the London *Times* and ate salt fish for breakfast and drank tea of an afternoon and spoke of Oxford as a university was a *schaffskopf*, a *schuft* and a *schwein-hund*.

Nay, not one of us is a free agent. Not one of us actually thinks for himself, or in any orderly and scientific manner. The pressure of environment, of mass ideas, of the socialized intelligence, is too enormous to be withstood. No American, no matter how sharp his critical sense, can ever get away from the notion that mobocracy is, in some subtle and mysterious way, more conducive to human progress and more pleasing to a just God than any of the systems of government which stand opposed to it. In the privacy of his study he may observe very clearly that mobocracy exalts the facile and specious man above the really competent man, and from this observation he may draw the conclusion that its abandonment would be desirable, but once he emerges from his academic seclusion and resumes the rubbing of noses with his fellow-men, he will begin to be tortured by a sneaking feeling that such ideas are heretical and unmanly, and the next time the band begins to play he will thrill with the best of them—or the worst. It is not astonishing to find the German Socialists operating machine-guns against their French brethren; it is not even astonishing to find them arguing that Karl Marx would have approved. Nor is it astonishing to find quite intelligent Americans believing that the Kaiser started the war for his private pleasure, and Russian savants whooping that Russia is the savior of liberty, and the English philologist, Prof. Dr. Archibald Sayce, staking his professional honor on the doctrine that no German has ever contributed anything of worth to philology. These

things are not astonishing; they are merely human. Even the unparalleled allegation of Prof. Dr. Sayce does not prove that he is a lunatic, but merely that he is an Englishman, and that he himself has said it—which, as W. S. Gilbert has assured us, is greatly to his credit.

It is the business of Mrs. Parsons, in her extremely interesting book, to prod into certain of the ideas which thus pour into every man's mind from the circumambient air, sweeping away, like some huge cataract, the feeble resistance that his own powers of ratiocination can offer. In particular, she devotes herself to an examination of those general ideas which condition the thought and action of man as a social being—those general ideas which govern his everyday attitude toward his fellow-men and his prevailing view of himself. In one direction they lay upon us the bonds of what we call etiquette—*i.e.*, the duty of considering the habits and feelings of those around us—and in another direction they throttle us with what we call morality—*i.e.*, the rules which protect the life and property of those around us. But, as Mrs. Parsons shows, the boundary between etiquette and morality is very dimly drawn, and it is often impossible to say of a given action whether it is downright immoral or merely a breach of the punctilio. Even when the moral law is plainly running, considerations of mere amenity and politeness may still make themselves felt. Thus, as Mrs. Parsons points out (page 141), there is even an etiquette of adultery. "The *ami de la famille* vows not to kiss his mistress in her husband's house"—not in fear, but "as an expression of conjugal consideration," as a sign that he has not forgotten the thoughtfulness expected of a gentleman. And in this delicate field, as might be expected, the differences in racial attitudes are almost diametrical. The Englishman, surprising his wife with a lover, sues the low rogue for damages and has public opinion behind him, but for an American to do it would be for him to lose

caste at once and forever. The plain and only duty of the American is to open upon the fellow with artillery, hitting him if the scene is south of the Potomac and missing him if it is above.

I confess to an endless interest in such puzzling niceties, and to much curiosity as to their origins and meaning. Why do we Americans take off our hats when we meet a moon-faced flapper on the street, and yet stand covered before a male of the highest worth and eminence? A Continental would regard this last as boorish to the last degree; in greeting any equal or superior, male or female, he lifts his chapeau. Why does it strike us as ludicrous to see a man in dress clothes before 6 p. m.? The Continental puts them on whenever he has a solemn visit to make, whether the hour be six or noon. Why do we regard it as indecent to tuck the napkin between the waistcoat buttons—or into the neck!—at meals? The German does it without thought of crime. So does the Frenchman. So does the Italian. All three are punctilious men—far more so, indeed, than we are. Why do we snicker at the man who wears a wedding ring? Most Continentals would stare askance at the husband who didn't. Why is it bad manners in Europe and America to ask a stranger his or her age, and a friendly attention in China? Why do we regard it as absurd to distinguish a woman by her husband's title—*e.g.*, Mrs. Judge Jones, Mrs. Professor Smith? In Teutonic and Scandinavian Europe the omission of the title would be looked upon as an affront.

Such fine distinctions, so ardently supported, raise many interesting questions, but the attempt to answer them quickly gets one bogged. Several years ago I ventured to lift a sad voice against a custom common in America: that of married men, in speaking of their wives, employing the full panoply of "Mrs. Brown" or "Mrs. Robinson." It was my contention—supported, I thought, by logical considerations of the loftiest order—that a husband, in speaking of his wife to his equals,

should say "my wife"—that the more formal mode of designation should be reserved for inferiors and for strangers of undetermined position. This contention, somewhat to my surprise, was vigorously combatted by various volunteer experts. At first they rested their case upon the mere authority of custom, forgetting that this custom was by no means universal. But finally one of them came forward with a more analytical and pertinent defense—the defense, to wit, that "my wife" connoted proprietorship and was thus offensive to a wife's *amour propre*. But what of "my sister" and "my mother"? Surely it is nowhere the custom for a man, addressing an equal, to speak of his sister as "Miss Smith." . . . The discussion, however, came to nothing. It was impossible to carry it on logically. The essence of all such inquiries lies in the discovery that there is a force within the liver and lights of man that is infinitely more potent than logic. His reflections, perhaps, may take on intellectually recognizable forms, but they seldom lead to intellectually recognizable conclusions.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Parsons offers something in her book that may conceivably help to a better understanding of them, and that is the doctrine that the strange persistence of these rubber-stamp ideas, often unintelligible and sometimes plainly absurd, is due to fear, and that this fear is the product of a very real danger. The safety of human society lies in the assumption that every individual composing it, in a given situation, will act in a manner hitherto approved as seemly. That is to say, he is expected to react to his environment according to a fixed pattern, not necessarily because that pattern is the best imaginable, but simply because it is determined and understood. If he fails to do so, if he reacts in a manner conducive to his better advantage or to what he thinks is his better advantage, then he disappoints the expectation of those around him, and forces them to meet the new situation he has created by the exercise of independent

thought. Such independent thought, to a good many men, is quite impossible, and to the overwhelming majority of men, extremely painful. "To all of us," says Mrs. Parsons, "to the animal, to the savage and to the civilized being few exceptions are as uncomfortable, . . . disquieting or fearful, as the call to innovate. . . . Adaptations we all of us dislike or hate. We dodge or shirk them as best we may." And the man who compels us to make them against our wills we punish by withdrawing from him that understanding and friendliness which he, in turn, looks for and counts upon. In other words, we set him apart as one who is anti-social and not to be dealt with, and according as his rebellion has been great or small, we call him a boor or a criminal.

This distrust of the unknown, this fear of doing something unusual, is probably at the bottom of many ideas and institutions that are commonly credited to other motives. For example, monogamy. The orthodox explanation of monogamy is that it is a manifestation of the desire to have and hold property—that the husband defends his solitary right to his wife, even at the cost of his own freedom, because she is the pearl among his chattels. But Mrs. Parsons argues, and with a good deal of plausibility, that the real moving force, both in the husband and the wife, may be merely the force of habit, the antipathy to experiment and innovation. It is easier and safer to stick to the one wife than to risk adventures with another wife—and the immense social pressure that I have just described is all on the side of sticking. Moreover, the indulgence of a habit automatically strengthens its bonds. What we have done once or thought once, we are more apt than we were before to do and think again. Or, as the late Prof. William James puts it, "the selection of a particular hole to live in, of a particular mate, . . . a particular anything, in short, out of a possible multitude . . . carries with it an insensibility to *other* opportunities and occasions—an insensibility which can

only be described physiologically as an inhibition of new impulses by the habit of old ones already formed. The possession of homes and wives of our own makes us strangely insensible to the charms of other people . . . The original impulse which got us homes, wives, . . . seems to exhaust itself in its first achievements and to leave no surplus energy for reacting on new cases." Thus the benedict looks no more on women (at least for a while), and the post-honeymoon bride, as the late David Graham Phillips once told us, neglects the bedizenments which got her a man.

In view of the popular or general character of most of the taboos which put a brake upon personal liberty in thought and action—that is to say, in view of their enforcement by people in the mass, and not by definite specialists in conduct—it is quite natural to find that they are of extra force in democratic societies, for it is the distinguishing mark of democratic societies that they exalt the powers of the majority almost infinitely, and tend to deny the minority any rights whatever. Under an aristocracy the revolutionist has a relatively easy time of it, for the persons whose approval he seeks for his innovation are relatively few in number, and most of them are already accustomed to more or less intelligible and independent thinking. But under a democracy he is opposed by a horde so vast that it is a practical impossibility for him to reach and convince all of its members, and even if he could reach them he would find most of them quite incapable of rising out of their habitual grooves. They cannot understand innovations and they don't want to understand them; their one desire is to put them down. Even at this late day, with enlightenment raging through the republic like a pestilence, it would cost the average Southern or Middle Western Congressman his seat if he appeared among his constituents in dress clothes or spats, or wearing a wrist-watch. And if a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States,

however gigantic his learning and his juridic rectitude, were taken in adultery with the wife of a Senator, he would be destroyed instantler. The fate of the late Governor Slaton, of Georgia, may be recalled here. His offense was not that he did something beyond his plain rights or in violation of logic, but that he did something contrary to the habits, traditions and lofty principles of the Georgian *posse comitatus*.

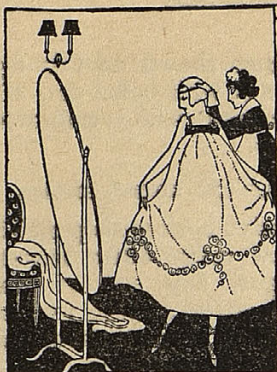
But how, then, explain the fact that the populace is constantly ravished and set aflame by fresh brigades of moral, political and sociological revolutionists, that it is forever playing the eager victim to new mountebanks? The explanation lies in the simple circumstance that these performers upon the public midriff are always careful to ladle out nothing new, and hence incomprehensible and abhorrent. What they offer is almost invariably the same old peruna with a new label—the tried, tasted and much-loved stuff, the colic cure that mother used to make. A few general ideas, as ancient as the United States, suffice for all issues, and being ancient they are familiar, and being familiar they are grasped and venerated. *Imprimis*, the office-holder is a scoundrel. *Ergo*, rotation in office, direct elections, the initiative, the referendum, the recall of judges, the commission form of government, the city manager. *Zum zweiten*, the millionaire is another scoundrel. *Ergo*, fiat money, trust busting, free-trade, the income tax, the regulation of railroads, muck-raking, Populism, Bleasism, Progressivism, Socialism. *Troisièmement*, anyone who does anything that everyone can't do is still another scoundrel. *Ergo*, abolition, prohibition, Puritanism, woman-suffrage, public-ownership, no taxation without misrepresentation! The whole political history of the United States is a history of these three ideas. There has never been an issue before the people which could not be translated into one or other of them. Add a few empty phrases from the Bible (familiar to a pious people, and thus sound) and you have all that any

American rabble-rouser has ever said in ten thousand speeches. Even the high tariff men concealed their flouting of No. 2 by casuistical appeals to No. 3: their case, in brief, was that something ought to be done to destroy the criminal advantages of the European manufacturer.

But here I plow into the psychology of politics, a subject too vast to be dealt with adequately in a magazine article, or even, for that matter, in a book. It demands whole libraries—and a corps of a thousand psychologists working in eight-hour shifts, like coal miners. Mrs. Parsons does not give it any attention in her entertaining volume. She confines herself to the purely social relations—*e.g.*, between man and woman, parent and child, host and guest, master and servant. The facts she offers are extremely interesting, and their discovery and co-ordination reveals a tremendous industry, but of even greater interest are the facts that lie over the margin of her inquiry. Here is a golden opportunity for other investigators. The field is enormous, and the plow, as yet, has scarcely touched it. Nietzsche did his bit: he threw a gleam or two of light into the psychological origins of morality, and in particular, of Christian morality. Le Bon did his bit: he helped us to some measure of understanding of the peculiar mind of the crowd. And Freud, too, has done his bit, and some of his followers after him. But the chief work is yet ahead. The really big problems yet await solution.

What is the true nature of the intricate and mysterious process that we call falling in love? Is it determined by psychological factors, or is it mainly a physical reaction? Why do men who are presumably sane believe in such plain absurdities as the doctrine of infant damnation? What is the true motive of the militant Puritan, the pursuer of prostitutes, the smut-snouter? In what manner do persons of apparent intelligence arrive at the conviction that cancer may be cured by reading nonsensical platitudes out of "Science and

[More of this stuff anon]



In the Shops of the Smart Set

By Jeanne Judson



If you are interested in advance information, not only about the mode, but about things novel, dainty and useful, to be found in New York's best shops, you will read the following pages with pleasure and profit. We will be glad to tell you where any of these articles can be found, or we will purchase them for you if you desire. Simply address your inquiry to "In the Shops of the Smart Set," 331 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

"WILL they really wear them that short?" exclaimed a woman as she gazed in amazement at one of the early fall frocks displayed by a Fifth Avenue shop.

"Most people probably won't," frankly admitted the saleswoman. "But the really smart length for skirts this winter will end half way between the ankle and the—the curve of the limb."

Of course with skirts like this it will be necessary to wear rather high boots, which means that the vogue of fancy shoes and elaborately decorated hosiery is by no means over.



LOUIS XV STYLE TEND- ENCY

A careful analysis of the fall fashions, as shown by the first models displayed in the shops, gives evidence of a marked Louis XV tendency throughout. The tighter waists, the more pronounced hips, the picture hats

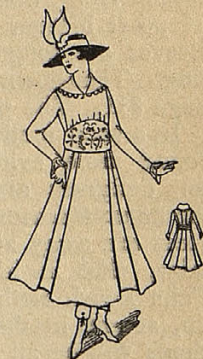
are all Louis XV style motifs.

As for the fall coats, they will have well-defined waist-lines, very tight waists,

and very high collars. This, of course, means a larger hip line. Long, tube sleeves with bell cuffs are another feature. Some authorities say that the skirts are to be a bit less full, but if they are to be shorter it seems more probable that the very full lines will continue.

Some of the gowns designed for late fall wear are showing much draping, and fur and fur fabrics are to be used extensively.

An evening wrap of waterfall cloth, in mother-of-pearl finish, a two-tone effect of rose and pearl, is a full-length, capelike affair, with wide, deep-cuffed sleeves and a collar which forms a scarf to be thrown over the shoulder, ending in a huge tassel. There is a wide bias flounce around the bottom of the coat.



FALL FROCKS ON DISPLAY

The frock illustrated on the upper right-hand side of this page is of dark blue French serge. It has a wide red girdle of thread embroidery, studded with silver beads, which forms two narrow satin-piped bands at the back.

There are long sleeves with bell cuffs and a white collar finished with a looped cord edge. The skirt hangs in wide panel pleats from the girdle. This



model, displayed by a shop at Thirty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, costs \$55.00.

Another attractive fall frock is of combined taffeta and serge. This is also dark blue in color. It has a white satin collar edged with silver, and a belt of

colored bead embroidery. Bead embroidery, by the way, is to be used very extensively this fall as trimming. It is strikingly effective and lends a touch of richness to the simplest garment. The coat-like blouse is of taffeta, opening with a panel effect in front, which is edged with rows of pearl buttons down the side. The sleeves are long and rather close fitting. This gown is also illustrated on page 311. The price is \$39.50.

In a shop further up Fifth Avenue I found more evidences that the fashion designers are busy preparing for the autumn season, while fashion's devotees are away at seashore and mountains, clad in linen and pongee and Palm Beach cloth and khaki and muslin, secure in the knowledge that the shops will be all ready to supply their needs when they come back to the city.

Here was a frock of blue satin, made with a vest effect, bound with narrow black silk braid. It had a patent leather belt of black, three inches wide, and around each of the cuffs, which were finished with four pleats, were two narrow circlets of black patent leather fastened with small silver buckles. A "tomboy" collar of white silk braid finished the neck. A wide panel down the front of the skirt had deep pockets on each side, caught in with big buttons. The price of this frock is \$75.00. It is shown on the upper left-hand corner of this page.

The stockings shown on this figure are of white silk with polka dots of alternate black and white embroidery, four in a row.

TO ENCOURAGE SHORT SKIRTS

In an exclusive hosiery shop on Fifth Avenue I saw many other attractive hosiery designs, any one of which would be adequate excuse for short skirts even if they were not fashionable.

There were herringbone rib silk stockings in any desired color for \$3.50 a pair. Silk stockings of any color, with stockings with a panel effect front of openwork and hand embroidery. These come in only black and white for \$7.50 a pair. Silk stockings of any color, with a large pansy embroidered just above the instep, are only \$2.00 a pair, perhaps because pansies symbolize thought—in regard to one's expenditures. Even more chic, and accordingly more expensive, are silk hose with three large butterflies embroidered one above the other. A large black spider embroidered on the instep is another effective, though rather startling, hosiery decoration.

SMART STREET GLOVES

One of the smartest of the new gloves is of gun-metal kid, with eight star points of white kid at the wrist and finished with a piping of white kid. The price is \$2.25.

CHARMEUSE FELT HATS

One does not have to wait until fall weather to wear the charmeuse felt hats which are making their appearance in many of the Fifth Avenue shops. They are being worn as sport hats in all the glowing summer colors—old rose, Kelly green, peony pink, and old blue. Charmeuse felt is a new hat material, combining the lightness of French felt and the soft lustre of velour.

The hat shown on the lower corner of this page is of peony pink trimmed



with an edging of crewel worsted and a beaded cord with a tassel of crewel worsted on the top. The price is \$9.50. Another hat shown in the same shop with this one is green with a border and embroidered flower design of crewel worsted. Hats in the same colors and designs of plain felt are \$4.50. For later wear darker colors will doubtless be more in favor.

PICTURE HATS

One of the very first of the fall hat models to make its appearance is a black velvet turban, built high on one side, with a gold band around it and an ornament of a gold wheel and mercury wings in front. A new feature in trimming on this hat is the series of small gold rings placed at intervals along the gold band, as if the wearer expected to have a ribbon run through one of them to be led by. The hat costs \$25.00. It is shown on page 313. Another hat presaging the later styles is also of velvet with a brim of almost picture wideness, with a band and stick-up of coque feathers, which will be very popular during the coming season. This hat is \$30.00.

The coming vogue of the very large hats is further shown in a model of hatters' plush. The wide brim is turned straight up in the back and slopes down over the face in front. A band of antique moire around the crown is tied at one side and hangs over the brim, the ends finished with gun-metal balls tipped with rhinestones (not so heavy as it sounds) which bob against the wearer's cheek.

Metal beads are to be extensively used on all the hats. One model of black velvet has a spider web of metal beading over crown and brim and in the center of the web a large metal bead spider.

ATTRACTIVE BEACH APPAREL

Most dainty and attractive are the



sport blouses of silk and linen, a combination of coat and middy blouse, loose like a middy blouse and belted like a coat. They cost from \$2.00 up.

A very attractive beach coat is of yellow velour cloth, lined with white silk and trimmed with moleskin. It is circular in form. Wide pockets fastened with large pearl buttons adorn the sides. It is a Premet model and is priced at \$135.00.

One prominent Fifth Avenue shoe shop predicts that black and various shades of blue with white stitching and piping will supplant the color combinations of summer. Of course this will probably hold good only on street shoes. Evening slippers will doubtless be as gay as ever.

If one is looking for bargains this is an excellent time to go shopping. They are as numerous as they are attractive. I saw a little dance frock of watermelon taffeta and chiffon in a model gown shop on Broadway for only \$21.00. A full under skirt of the chiffon is covered by a much wider and shorter skirt of the taffeta. The waist is of taffeta with ruffled sleeves of taffeta and chiffon and a vest of chiffon, crossed by two bands of brown velvet, an unusual but good-looking color combination.

Frocks of white serge, flannel and gabardine were on sale for from \$5.00 up, and coat frocks of corduroy for \$10.00. Beach coats in vivid stripes of flannel were selling for \$5.00.

NEW NOVELTIES SHOWN

Very cool and peaceful is a white metal cat designed as a door stop, which is being shown by one shop. The cat is fast asleep, in a sitting posture, and is eight and one-fourth inches high. The price is \$5.00. This is illustrated on page 314. Among other attractive novelties in this same shop is a baby's bath sponge with a celluloid doll's face at

the top. It is eight inches long and, of course, will float on top of the water, and is designed to amuse the baby during the bath ceremony. The price is \$1.25. Another novelty, just as useful but not so ornamental, is a waterproof apron costing 80 cents. It is enclosed in a dainty box with a hand-colored card on which is an appropriate verse. This is ideal for gift purposes.

SILK MIDDY BLOUSES

Just to go back for a moment to the warm weather apparel that is still with us—nothing has been more favorably received this summer than the silk middy blouses. These garments have always been much liked for their comfort and coolness, but the accepted materials used in their making have put a very definite limit on their use.

Now, however, when they may be purchased in white China silk or in natural color pongee they can be worn much more generally. They are on sale in several shops for \$4.50.

FOR AFTERNOON TEA

A shop on Forty-second street has an attractive window display of garden furniture, showing an afternoon tea arrangement on the terrace of an Italian garden.

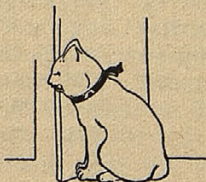
There is a table of steel with an umbrella frame of McHughwillow.

A settee and armchair also of metal and willow construction complete the set.

There are detachable covers of homespun linen for each piece, showing a printed decoration of verdure with a perspective indication of a classic edifice, the design and coloring all being of Italian suggestion.

At night or in case of rain, these coverings are easily removed, leaving the furniture and canopy frame in place, as they are made to withstand all sorts of weather.

This is only one of the many garden and veranda sets for country homes, which may be found in this shop.



MADE IN AMERICA TOILET PREPARATIONS

One of the most difficult to overcome prejudices of American women is that against domestic toilet preparations. There is a belief among them that to possess merit a face powder must have a foreign label on the box and a large price attached.

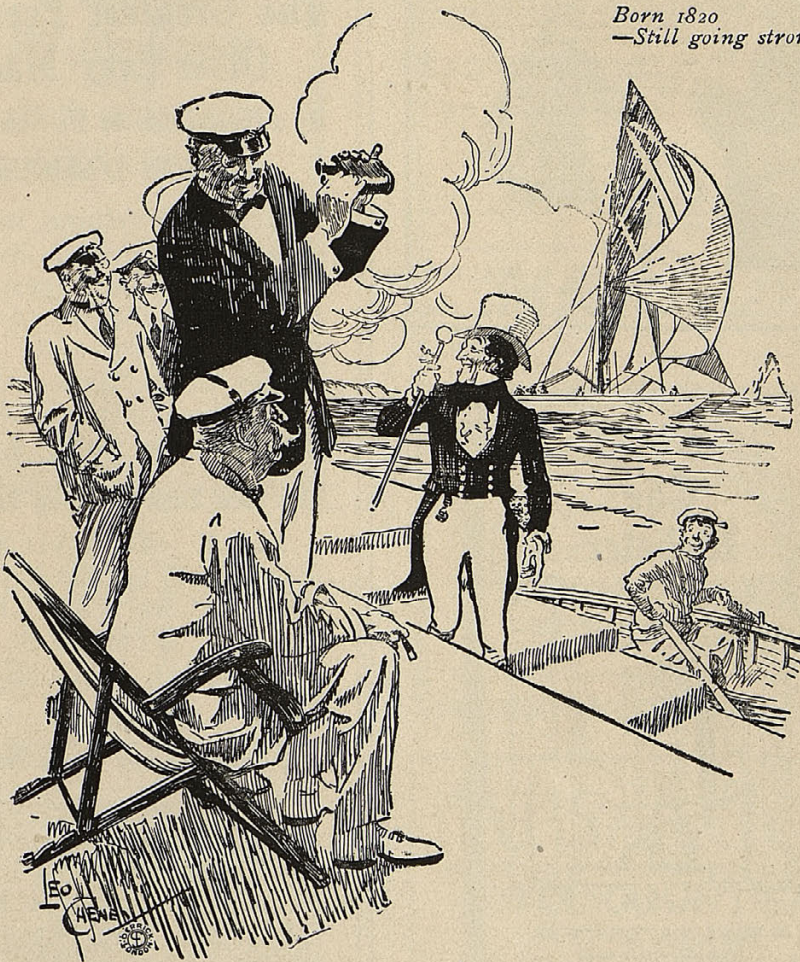
Since the war, however, many American women have been investigating American-made toilet preparations, and as a result thousands have begun using the products of a certain New York manufacturer, which previously were known only to the favored few who make their purchases on merit alone, regardless of price or label.

This New York manufacturer is making a face powder which actually sells for only twenty-five cents a box, but which possesses all the fineness, adherent properties and purity that are usually credited only to the most expensive face powders. It comes in four shades to match every complexion, white, flesh, pink and brunette—and is scented with a fragrance too delicate to be called a perfume.

This same company puts out what is probably the most widely sold bath powder in America—in fact, the first real American bath powder to be put on the market. It is delicately perfumed, refreshing and dainty enough to appeal to the most fastidious women.

There is a full line of these toilet preparations and all are of equally high standard and equally surprising in the lowness of their price.

No matter where you live you can always avail yourself of the best that the New York shops have to offer, through the Shopping Service which THE SMART SET has established. Or if you live in the city you can save time by making use of this department, which is designed for the convenience of all of our readers. We will purchase anything for sale in New York City upon receipt of its retail price, or if the cost is unknown to you, we will price the same and hold it for you until the requisite amount is received. Every article described in this department is guaranteed to be as represented. This service is at your disposal free of charge.



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Abdominal Reducer	..	6.00

Also Union Suits, Stockings, Jackets, etc., for the purpose of reducing the flesh anywhere desired. Invaluable to those suffering from rheumatism.

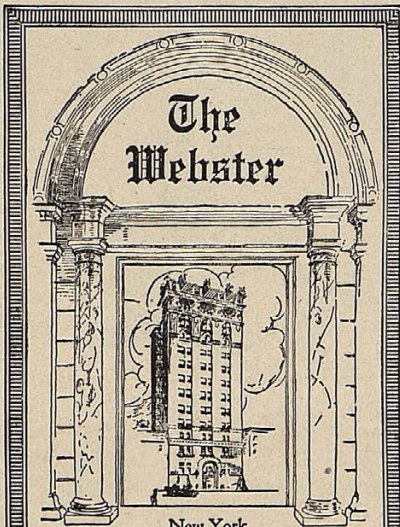
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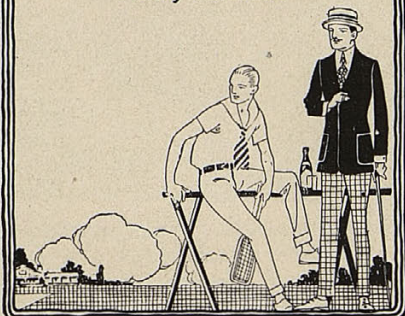
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If you are in New York visit the shop on Thirty-Eighth Street. If you live outside ask in the best shops for BOWER HATS. Look for the trade mark shown above.

PATTERN AND TAILORED HATS

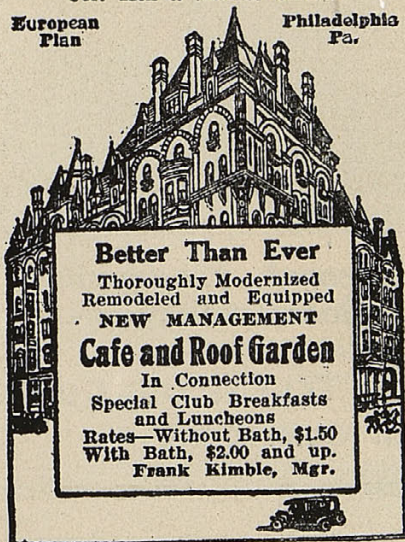
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GANESH EYELASH AND EYEBROW TONIC OINTMENT, \$1, for improving the growth and thickness of lashes and brows.

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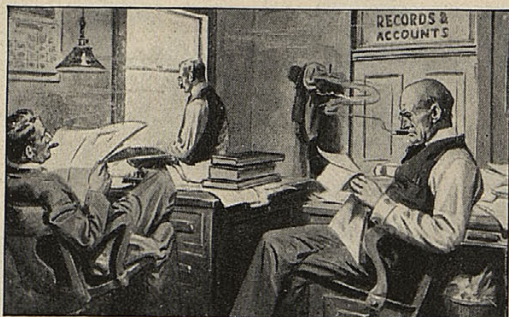
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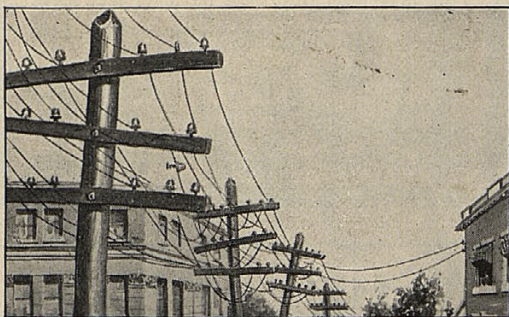
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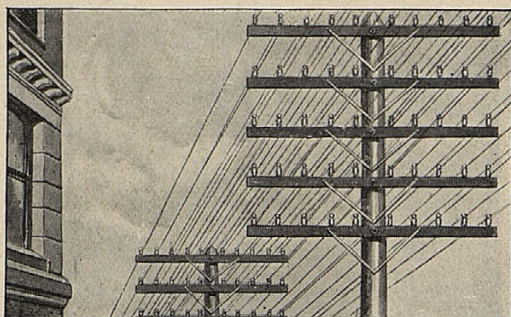
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